THE DRAMATICK WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

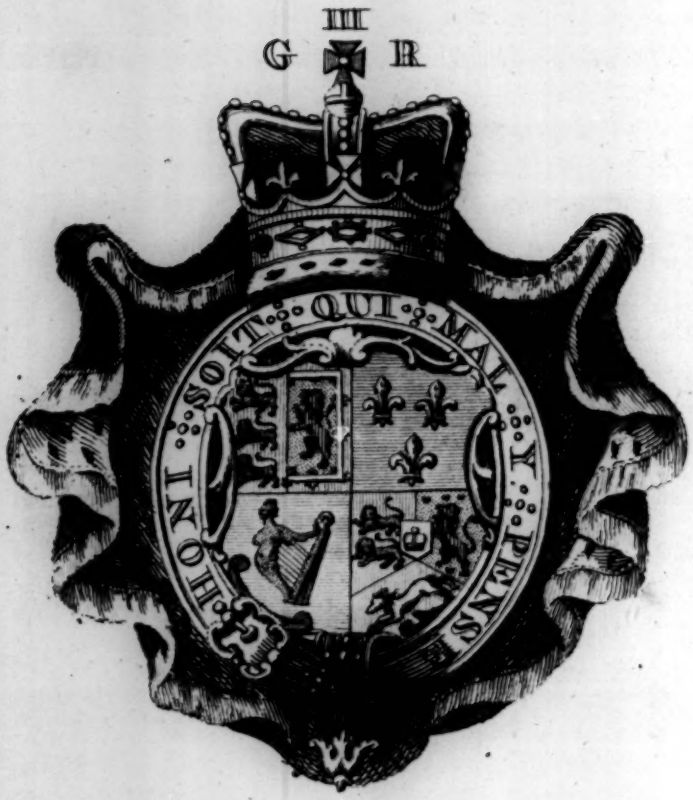
VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

TROILUS and CRESSIDA: Or, *Truth found too late.*
The SPANISH FRYAR: *Or, The Double Discovery.*
The DUKE *of* GUISE.
Vindication of the DUKE *of* GUISE.
ALBION *and* ALBIANUS.

LONDON:
Printed for J. TONSON in the *Strand.*

MDCCXXXV.


III
G R
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

G.R. III.
B.M.

Gravelot inv. *G. Vander Gucht Scul.*

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA:

OR,

Truth found too late.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

To which is Prefix'd, A PREFACE *Containing the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy.*

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON in the *Strand.*

MDCCXXXV.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT,

Earl of SUNDERLAND.

Principal Secretary of State, One of His Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council, &c.

My LORD,

SINCE I cannot promiſe you much Poetry in my Play, 'tis but reaſonable that I ſhou'd ſecure you from any Part of it in my Dedication. And indeed I cannot better diſtinguiſh the Exactneſs of your Taſte from that of other Men, than by the Plainneſs and Sincerity of my Addreſs. I muſt keep my Hyberboles in Reſerve for Men of other Underſtandings: An hungry Appetite after Praiſe, and a ſtrong Digeſtion of it, will bear the Groſſneſs of that Diet: But one of ſo critical a Judgment as your Lordſhip, who can ſet the Bounds

of Juſt and Proper in every Subject, would give me ſmall Encouragement for ſo bold an Untertaking. I more than ſuſpect, my Lord, that you wou'd not do common Juſtice to your ſelf: And therefore, were I to give that Character of you, which I think you truly merit, I wou'd make my Appeal from your Lordſhip to the Reader, and wou'd juſtify my ſelf from Flattery by the publick Voice, whatever Proteſtation you might enter to the contrary. But I find I am to take other Meaſures with your Lordſhip; I am to ſtand upon my Guard with you, and to approach you as warily as *Horace* did *Auguſtus*;

Cui malè ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

An ill-tim'd, or an extravagant Commendation, wou'd not paſs upon you: But you wou'd keep off ſuch a Dedicator at Arms-end; and ſend him back with his *Encomiums*, to this Lord, or that Lady, who ſtood in Need of ſuch trifling Merchandiſe. You ſee, my Lord, what an Awe you have upon me, when I dare not offer you that Incenſe, which wou'd be acceptable to other Patrons: But am forc'd to curb my ſelf, from aſcribing to you thoſe Honours, which even an Enemy cou'd not deny you. Yet I muſt confeſs I never practis'd that Virtue of Moderation (which is properly your Character) with ſo much Reluctancy as now. For it hinders me from being true to my own Knowledge, in not witneſſing your Worth; and deprives me of the only Means which I had left, to ſhew the World that true Honour and unintereſted Reſpect which I have always payed you. I would ſay ſomewhat, if it were poſſible, which might diſtinguiſh that Veneration I have for you, from the Flatteries of thoſe who adore your Fortune. But the Eminence of your Condition

in

in this Particular is my Unhappineſs: For it renders whatever I would ſay ſuſpected. Profeſſions of Service, Submiſſions, and Attendance, are the Practice of all Men to the Great: And commonly they who have the leaſt Sincerity, perform them beſt; as they who are leaſt ingag'd in Love, have their Tongues the freeſt to counterfeit a Paſſion. For my own Part, I never cou'd ſhake off the ruſtick Baſhfulneſs which hangs upon my Nature; but valuing my ſelf at as little as I am worth, have been afraid to render even the common Duties of Reſpect to thoſe who are in Power. The Ceremonious Viſits which are generally payed on ſuch Occaſions, are not my Talent. They may be real even in Courtiers, but they appear with ſuch a Face of Intereſt, that a modeſt Man wou'd think himſelf in Danger of having his Sincerity miſtaken for his Deſign. My Congratulations keep their Diſtance, and paſs no farther than my Heart. There it is that I have all the Joy imaginable, when I ſee true Worth rewarded, and Virtue uppermoſt in the World.

If therefore there were one to whom I had the Honour to be known; and to know him ſo perfectly, that I could ſay, without Flattery, he had all the Depth of Underſtanding that was requiſite in any able Stateſman, and all that Honeſty which commonly is wanting; that he was brave without Vanity, and knowing without Poſitiveneſs: That he was loyal to his Prince, and a Lover of his Country; that his Principles were full of Moderation, and all his Counſels ſuch as tended to heal, and not to widen the Breaches of the Nation: That in all his Converſation there appear'd a native Candour, and a Deſire of doing Good in all his Actions; if ſuch an one whom I have

deſcrib'd, were at the Helm, if he had riſen by his Merits, and were choſen out in the Neceſſity and Preſſures of Affairs, to remedy our Confuſions by the Seaſonableneſs of his Advice, and to put a Stop to our Ruin, when we were juſt rowling downward to the Precipice; I ſhou'd then congratulate the Age in which I live, for the common Safety; I ſhould not deſpair of the Republick, though *Hannibal* were at the Gates; I ſhould ſend up my Vows for the Succeſs of ſuch an Action, as *Virgil* did on the like Occaſion for his Patron, when he was raiſing up his Country from the Deſolations of a Civil War.

Hunc ſaltem everſo juvenem ſuccurrere ſeclo
Ne ſuperi prohibete.

I know not whither I am running, in this Ecſtaſy which is now upon me: I am almoſt ready to reaſſume the ancient Rights of Poetry; to point out, and propheſy the Man, who was born for no leſs an Undertaking, and whom Poſterity ſhall bleſs for its Accompliſhment. Methinks I am already taking Fire from ſuch a Character, and making Room for him, under a borrow'd Name, amongſt the Heroes of an *Epick* Poem. Neither could mine, or ſome more happy Genius, want Encouragement under ſuch a Patron.

Pollio amat noſtram, quamvis ſit ruſtica, Muſam.

But theſe are Conſiderations afar off, my Lord: the former part of the Prophecy muſt be firſt accompliſhed: the Quiet of the Nation muſt be ſecur'd: and a mutual Truſt, betwixt Prince and People, be renew'd: and then this great and good Man

Man will have leiſure for the Ornaments of Peace: and make our Language as much indebted to his Care, as the *French* is to the Memory of their famous *Richelieu*. You know, My Lord, how low he lay'd the Foundations of ſo great a Work: That he began it with a *Grammar* and a *Dictionary*; without which all thoſe Remarks and Obſervations, which have ſince been made, had been perform'd to as little Purpoſe, as it wou'd be to conſider the Furniture of the Rooms, before the Contrivance of the Houſe. Propriety muſt firſt be ſtated, ere any Meaſures of Elegance can be taken. Neither is one *Vaugelas* ſufficient for ſuch a Work. 'Twas the Employment of the whole Academy for many Years; for the perfect Knowledge of a Tongue was never attain'd by any ſingle Perſon. The Court, the College, and the Town, muſt be join'd in it. And as our *Engliſh* is a Compoſition of the dead and living Tongues, there is requir'd a perfect Knowledge, not only of the *Greek* and *Latin*, but of the Old *German*, *French*, and the *Italian*: and to help all theſe, a Converſation with thoſe Authors of our own, who have written with the feweſt Faults in Proſe and Verſe. But how barbarouſly we yet write and ſpeak, your Lordſhip knows, and I am ſufficiently ſenſible in my own *Engliſh*. For I am often put to a ſtand, in conſidering whether what I write be the Idiom of the Tongue, or falſe *Grammar*, and Nonſenſe couch'd beneath that ſpecious Name of *Angliciſm*. And have no other way to clear my Doubts, but by tranſlating my *Engliſh* into *Latin*, and thereby trying what Senſe the Words will bear in a more ſtable Language. I am deſirous, if it were poſſible, that we might all write with the ſame Certainty of Words, and Purity of Phraſe, to which the *Italians* firſt arriv'd, and after them the *French*: At leaſt that we might advance ſo far, as our Tongue is capable

pable of ſuch a Standard. It wou'd mortify an *Engliſh* Man to conſider, that from the time of *Boccace* and of *Petrarch*, the *Italian* has varied very little: And that the *Engliſh* of *Chaucer* their Contemporary, is not to be underſtood without the help of an Old *Dictionary*. But their *Goth* and *Vandal* had the Fortune to be grafted on a *Roman* Stock: Ours has the Diſadvantage, to be founded on the *Dutch*. We are full of Monoſyllables, and thoſe clogg'd with Conſonants, and our Pronunciation is effeminate: All which are Enemies to a ſounding Language. 'Tis true that to ſupply our Poverty, we have traffick'd with out Neighbour Nations; by which means we abound as much in Words, as *Amſterdam* does in Religions; but to order them, and make them uſeful after their Admiſſion, is the Difficulty. A greater Progreſs has been made in this, ſince his Majeſty's Return, than perhaps ſince the Conqueſt to his Time. But the better part of the Work remains unfiniſh'd; And that which has been done already, ſince it has only been in the Practice of ſome few Writers, muſt be digeſted into Rules and Method, before it can be profitable to the General. Will your Lordſhip give me leave to ſpeak out at laſt? and to acquaint the World, that from your Encouragement and Patronage, we may one Day expect to ſpeak and write a Language, worthy of the *Engliſh* Wit, and which Foreigners may not diſdain to learn? Your Birth, your Education, your natural Endowments, the former Employments which you have had abroad, and that which to the Joy of good Men you now exerciſe at Home, ſeem all to conſpire to this Deſign: the Genius of the Nation ſeems to call you out as it were by Name, to poliſh and adorn your Native Language, and to take from it the Reproach of its Barbarity. 'Tis upon this Encouragement that I have adventur'd on the following Critique,

Critique, which I humbly preſent you together with the Play: In which, though I have not had the Leiſure, nor indeed the Encouragement to proceed to the principal Subject of it, which is the Words and Thoughts that are ſuitable to Tragedy; yet the whole Diſcourſe has a Tendency that way, and is preliminary to it. In what I have already done, I doubt not but I have contradicted ſome of my former Opinions, in my looſe Eſſays of the like Nature: but of this, I dare affirm, that it is the Fault of my riper Age and Experience, and that Self-love, or Envy have no part in it. The Application to *Engliſh* Authors is my own, and therein perhaps I may have err'd unknowingly: But the Foundation of the Rules is Reaſon, and the Authority of thoſe living Criticks who have had the Honour to be known to you Abroad, as well as of the Ancients, who are not leſs of your Acquaintance. Whatſoever it be, I ſubmit it to your Lordſhip's Judgment, from which I never will appeal, unleſs it be to your good Nature, and your Candour. If you can allow an Hour of Leiſure to the Peruſal of it, I ſhall be fortunate that I could ſo long Entertain you; if not, I ſhall at leaſt have the Satisfaction to know, that your Time was more uſefully employ'd upon the Publick. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient,

humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE PREFACE.

THE Poet *Æſchylus* was held in the ſame Veneration by the *Athenians* of After-Ages, as *Shakeſpear* is by us; and *Longinus* has judg'd, in favour of him, that he had a noble Boldneſs of Expreſſion, and that his Imaginations were lofty and Heroick: but on the other ſide *Quintilian* affirms, that he was daring to Extravagance. 'Tis certain, that he affected pompous Words, and that his Senſe was obſcur'd by Figures: Notwithſtanding theſe Imperfections, the Value of his Writings after his Deceaſe was ſuch, that his Countrymen ordain'd an equal Reward to thoſe Poets, who could alter his Plays to be Acted on the Theatre, with thoſe whoſe Productions were wholly New, and of their own. The Caſe is not the ſame in *England*; though the Difficulties of altering are greater, and our Reverence for *Shakeſpear* much more juſt, than that of the *Grecians* for *Æſchylus*. In the Age of that Poet, the *Greek* Tongue was arriv'd to its full Perfection; they had then amongſt them an exact Standard of Writing, and of Speaking: The *Engliſh* Language is not capable of ſuch a Certainty; and we are at preſent ſo far from it, that we are wanting in the very Foundation of it, a perfect Grammar. Yet it muſt be allowed to the preſent Age, that the Tongue in general is ſo much refin'd ſince *Shakeſpear*'s time, that many of his Words, and more of his Phraſes, are ſcarce intelligible. And of thoſe which we underſtand, ſome are ungrammatical,

cal, others coarſe; and his whole Style is ſo peſter'd with Figurative Expreſſions, that it is as affected as it is obſcure. 'Tis true, that in his latter Plays, he had worn off ſomewhat of the Ruſt; but the Tragedy which I have undertaken to correct, was in all probability, one of his firſt Endeavours on the Stage.

The Original Story was written by one *Lollius* a *Lombard*, in Latin Verſe, and Tranſlated by *Chaucer* into Engliſh; intended I ſuppoſe a Satyr on the Inconſtancy of Women: I find nothing of it among the Ancients; not ſo much as the Name *Creſſida* once mentioned. *Shakeſpear* (as I hinted) in the Apprenticeſhip of his Writing, modell'd it into that Play, which is now call'd by the Name of *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, but ſo lamely is it left to us, that it is not divided into Acts: which Fault I aſcribe to the Actors, who Printed it after *Shakeſpear*'s Death; and that too, ſo careleſly, that a more uncorrected Copy I never ſaw. For the Play it ſelf, the Author ſeems to have begun it with ſome Fire; the Characters of *Pandarus* and *Therſites*, are promiſing enough; but as if he grew weary of his Taſk, after an Entrance or two, he lets them fall: and the latter part of the Tragedy is nothing but a Confuſion of Drums and Trumpets, Excurſions and Alarms. The chief Perſons, who give Name to the Tragedy, are left alive: *Creſſida* is falſe, and is not puniſh'd. Yet after all, becauſe the Play was *Shakeſpear*'s, and that there appear'd in ſome Places of it, the admirable Genius of the Author; I undertook to remove that Heap of Rubbiſh, under which many excellent Thoughts lay wholly bury'd. Accordingly, I new modell'd the Plot; threw out many unneceſſary Perſons; improv'd thoſe Characters which were begun, and left unfiniſh'd: as *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Pandarus* and *Therſites*: and added that of *Andromache*. After this, I made with no ſmall trouble, an Order and Connexion of all the Scenes; removing them from the Places where they were inartificially ſet: and though it was impoſſible to keep them all unbroken, becauſe the Scene muſt be ſometimes in the City, and ſometimes in the Camp, yet I have ſo order'd them, that there is a Coherence of them with one other, and a Dependence

pendence on the main Deſign: no leaping from *Troy* to the *Grecian* Tents, and thence back again, in the ſame Act; but a due Proportion of Time allow'd for every Motion. I need not ſay that I have refin'd his Language, which before was obſolete; but I am willing to acknowledge, that as I have often drawn his *Engliſh* nearer to our Times, ſo I have ſometimes conform'd my own to his: and conſequently, the Language is not altogether ſo pure, as it is ſignificant. The Scenes of *Pandarus* and *Creſſida*, of *Troilus* and *Pandarus*, of *Andromache* with *Hector* and the *Trojans*, in the ſecond Act, are wholly *New:* together with that of *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* with *Therſites*; and that of *Therſites* with *Ajax* and *Achilles*. I will not weary my Reader with the Scenes which are added of *Pandarus* and the Lovers, in the Third; and thoſe of *Therſites*; which are wholly alter'd: but I cannot omit the laſt Scene in it, which is almoſt half the Act, betwixt *Troilus* and *Hector*. The Occaſion of raiſing it was hinted to me by Mr. *Betterton:* the Contrivance and Working of it was my own. They who think to do me an Injury, by ſaying that it is an Imitation of the Scene betwixt *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, do me an Honour, by ſuppoſing I could imitate the incomparable *Shakeſpear:* but let me add, that if *Shakeſpear*'s Scene, or that faulty Copy of it in *Amintor* and *Melentius* had never been, yet *Euripides* had furniſh'd me with an excellent Example in his *Iphigenia*, between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus:* and from thence indeed, the laſt Turn of it is borrow'd. The Occaſion which *Shakeſpear*, *Euripides*, and *Fletcher*, have all taken, is the ſame; grounded upon Friendſhip, and the Quarrel of two virtuous Men; rais'd by natural Degrees, to the Extremity of Paſſion; is conducted in all three, to the Declination of the ſame Paſſion; and concludes with a warm Renewing of their Friendſhip: But the particular Ground-work which *Shakeſpear* has taken, is incomparably the beſt: Becauſe he has not only choſen two the greateſt Heroes of their Age; but has likewiſe intereſted the Liberty of *Rome*, and their own Honours, who were the Redeemers of it, in this Debate. And if he has made *Brutus*, who was naturally a patient Man, to fly

into

into Exceſs at firſt, let it be remembred in his Defence, that juſt before, he has receiv'd the News of *Portia*'s Death: whom the Poet, on purpoſe neglecting a little Chronology, ſuppoſes to have dy'd before *Brutus*, only to give him an Occaſion of being more eaſily exaſperated. Add to this, that the Injury he had receiv'd from *Caſſius*, had long been brooding in his Mind; and that a Melancholy Man, upon Conſideration of an Affront, eſpecially from a Friend, would be more eager in his Paſſion, than he who had given it, though naturally more Cholerick. *Euripides*, whom I have follow'd, has rais'd the Quarrel betwixt two Brothers who were Friends. The Foundation of the Scene was this: The *Grecians* were wind-bound at the Port of *Aulis*, and the Oracle had ſaid, that they could not Sail, unleſs *Agamemnon* deliver'd up his Daughter to be Sacrific'd: he refuſes; his Brother *Menelaus* urges the publick Safety, the Father defends himſelf, by Arguments of natural Affection, and hereupon they quarrel. *Agamemnon* is at laſt convinc'd, and promiſes to deliver up *Iphigenia*, but ſo paſſionately laments his Loſs, that *Menelaus* is griev'd to have been the Occaſion of it, and by a Return of Kindneſs, offers to intercede for him with the *Grecians*, that his Daughter might not be ſacrificed. But my Friend Mr. *Rymer* has ſo largely, and with ſo much Judgment deſcrib'd this Scene, in comparing it with that of *Melantius* and *Amintor*, that it is ſuperfluous to ſay more of it; I only nam'd the Heads of it, that any reaſonable Man might judge it was from thence I modell'd my Scene betwixt *Troilus* and *Hector*. I will conclude my Reflections on it, with a Paſſage of *Longinus*, concerning *Plato*'s Imitation of *Homer*: 'We ought not to regard a good Imi-
'tation as a *Theft*; but as a Beautiful Idea of him who
'undertakes to imitate, by forming himſelf on the In-
'vention and the Work of another Man; for he enters
'into the Liſts like a new Wreſtler, to diſpute the Prize
'with the former Champion. This ſort of Emulation,
'ſays *Heſiod*, is honourable, Ἀγαθὴ δ' Ἔρις ἥδε βρο-
'τοῖσιν —— when we combat for Victory with a He-
'roe, and are not without Glory even in our Overthrow.

Thoſe

'Thoſe great Men whom we propoſe to our ſelves as
'Patterns of our Imitation, ſerve us as a Torch, which
'is lifted up before us, to enlighten our Paſſage; and
'often elevate our Thoughts, as high, as the Conception
'we have of our Author's Genius.

I have been ſo tedious in three Acts, that I ſhall contract my ſelf in the two laſt. The beginning Scenes of the Fourth Act are either added, or chang'd wholly by me; the middle of it is *Shakeſpear* alter'd, and mingled with my own, three or four of the laſt Scenes are altogether new. And the whole Fifth Act, both the Plot and the Writing, are my own Additions.

But having written ſo much for Imitation of what is excellent, in that Part of the *Preface* which related only to my ſelf; methinks it would neither be unprofitable nor unpleaſant to enquire how far we ought to imitate our own Poets, *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*, in their Tragedies: And this will occaſion another Enquiry, how thoſe two Writers differ between themſelves: But ſince neither of theſe Queſtions can be ſolv'd, unleſs ſome Meaſures be firſt taken, by which we may be enabled to judge truly of their Writings: I ſhall endeavour, as briefly as I can, to diſcover the Grounds and Reaſon of all Criticiſm, applying them in this Place only to Tragedy. *Ariſtotle* with his Interpreters, and *Horace*, and *Longinus*, are the Authors to whom I owe my Lights; and what Part ſoever of my own Plays, or of this, which no Mending could make regular, ſhall fall under the Condemnation of ſuch Judges, it would be Impudence in me to defend. I think it no Shame to retract my Errors, and am well pleas'd to ſuffer in the Cauſe, if the Art may be improv'd at my Expence: I therefore proceed to

The Grounds of Criticiſm in Tragedy.

TRagedy is thus defin'd by *Ariſtotle*, (omitting what I thought unneceſſary in his Definition) 'Tis an Imitation of one intire, great, and probable Action; not told but repreſented; which by moving in us Fear and Pity, is conducive to the purging of thoſe two Paſſions in our Minds.

Minds. More largely thus; Tragedy deſcribes or paints an Action, which Action muſt have all the Proprieties above-nam'd. Firſt, it muſt be one or ſingle, that is, it muſt not be a Hiſtory of one Man's Life: Suppoſe of *Alexander* the Great, or *Julius Cæſar*, but one ſingle Action of theirs. This condemns all *Shakeſpear*'s Hiſtorical Plays, which are rather Chronicles repreſented, than Tragedies; and all double Action of Plays. As, to avoid a Satyr upon others, I will make bold with my own *Marriage A-la-mode*, where there are manifeſtly two Actions, not depending on one another: But in *OEdipus* there cannot properly be ſaid to be two Actions, becauſe the Love of *Adraſtus* and *Eurydice* has a neceſſary Dependance on the principal Deſign, into which it is woven. The natural Reaſon of this Rule is plain; for two different independant Actions, diſtract the Attention and Concernment of the Audience, and conſequently deſtroy the Intention of the Poet: If his Buſineſs be to move Terror and Pity, and one of his Actions be Comical, the other Tragical, the former will divert the People, and utterly make void his greater Purpoſe. Therefore as in Perſpective, ſo in Tragedy, there muſt be a Point of Sight in which all the Lines terminate: Otherwiſe the Eye wanders, and the Work is falſe. This was the Practice of the *Grecian* Stage. But *Terence* made an Innovation in the *Roman*: All his Plays have double Actions; for it was his Cuſtom to Tranſlate two *Greek* Comedies, and to weave them into one of his, yet ſo, that both their Actions were Comical; and one was principal, the other but ſecondary or ſubſervient. And this has obtain'd on the *Engliſh* Stage, to give us the Pleaſure of Variety.

As the Action ought to be one, it ought, as ſuch, to have Order in it, that is, to have a natural Beginning, a Middle, and an End: A natural Beginning, ſays *Ariſtotle*, is that which could not neceſſarily have been plac'd after another thing, and ſo of the reſt. This Conſideration will arraign all Plays after the new Model of *Spaniſh* Plots, where Accident is heap'd upon Accident, and that which is firſt might as reaſonably be laſt: An Inconvenience not to be remedied, but by making one Accident naturally

rally produce another, otherwiſe 'tis a Farce, and not a Play. Of this Nature is the *Slighted Maid*; where there is no Scene in the firſt Act, which might not by as good Reaſon be in the fifth. And if the Action ought to be one, the Tragedy ought likewiſe to conclude with the Action of it. Thus in *Muſtapha*, the Play ſhould naturally have ended with the Death of *Zanger*, and not have given us the Grace-Cup after Dinner, of *Solyman*'s Divorce from *Roxolana*.

The following Properties of the Action are ſo eaſy, that they need not my Explaining. It ought to be great, and to conſiſt of great Perſons, to diſtinguiſh it from Comedy; where the Action is trivial, and the Perſons of inferior Rank. The laſt Quality of the Action is, that it ought to be probable, as well as admirable and great. 'Tis not neceſſary that there ſhould be Hiſtorical Truth in it; but always neceſſary that there ſhould be a Likeneſs of Truth, ſomething that is more than barely poſſible, Probable being that which ſucceeds or happens oftner than it miſſes. To invent therefore a Probability, and to make it wonderful, is the moſt difficult Undertaking in the Art of Poetry: For that which is not wonderful, is not great, and that which is not probable, will not delight a reaſonable Audience. This Action thus deſcrib'd, muſt be repreſented and not told, to diſtinguiſh Dramatick Poetry from Epick: But I haſten to the End, or Scope of Tragedy; which is to rectify or purge our Paſſions, Fear and Pity.

To inſtruct delightfully is the general End of all Poetry: Philoſophy inſtructs, but it performs its Work by Precept; which is not delightful, or not ſo delightful as Example. To purge the Paſſions by Example, is therefore the particular Inſtruction which belongs to Tragedy. *Rapin*, a judicious Critick, has obſerv'd from *Ariſtotle*, that Pride and want of Commiſeration are the moſt predominant Vices in Mankind: Therefore to cure us of theſe two, the Inventors of Tragedy have choſen to work upon two other Paſſions, which are Fear and Pity. We are wrought to fear, by their ſetting before our Eyes ſome terrible Example of Misfortune, which happened to Perſons

ſons of the higheſt Quality; for ſuch an Action demonſtrates to us, that no Condition is privileged from the Turns of Fortune: This muſt of Neceſſity cauſe Terror in us, and conſequently abate our Pride. But when we ſee that the moſt Virtuous, as well as the Greateſt, are not exempt from ſuch Misfortunes, that Conſideration moves Pity in us: And inſenſibly works us to be helpful to, and tender over the Diſtreſs'd, which is the nobleſt and moſt God-like of moral Virtues. Here 'tis obſervable, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to make a Man virtuous, if we deſire he ſhould be pity'd: We lament not, but deteſt a wicked Man, we are glad when we behold his Crimes are puniſh'd, and that Poetical Juſtice is done upon him. *Euripides* was cenſur'd by the Criticks of his Time, for making his chief Characters too wicked: for Example, *Phædra* though ſhe lov'd her Son-in-Law with Reluctancy, and that it was a Curſe upon her Family for offending *Venus*; yet was thought too ill a Pattern for the Stage. Shall we therefore baniſh all Characters of Villainy? I confeſs I am not of that Opinion; but it is neceſſary that the Heroe of the Play be not a Villain: that is, the Characters which ſhould move our Pity ought to have virtuous Inclinations, and Degrees of moral Goodneſs in them. As for a perfect Character of Virtue, it never was in Nature; and therefore there can be no Imitation of it: But there are Allays of Frailty to be allow'd for the chief Perſons, yet ſo that the Good which is in them, ſhall outweigh the Bad; and conſequently leave Room for Puniſhment on the one Side, and Pity on the other.

After all, if any one will ask me, whether a Tragedy cannot be made upon any other Grounds, than thoſe of exciting Pity and Terror in us? *Boſſu*, the beſt of modern Criticks, anſwers thus in general: That all excellent Arts, and particularly that of Poetry, have been invented and brought to Perfection by Men of a tranſcendent Genius; and that therefore they who practiſe afterwards the ſame Arts, are oblig'd to tread in their Footſteps, and to ſearch in their Writings the Foundation of them: For it is not juſt that new Rules ſhould deſtroy the Authority of the old.

old. But *Rapin* writes more particularly thus: That no Paſſions in a Story are ſo proper to move our Concernment, as Fear and Pity: and that it is from our Concernment we receive our Pleaſure, is undoubted; when the Soul becomes agitated with Fear for one Character, or Hope for another; then it is that we are pleas'd in Tragedy, by the Intereſt which we take in their Adventures.

Here therefore the general Anſwer may be given to the firſt Queſtion, how far we ought to imitate *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* in their Plots; namely that we ought to follow them ſo far only, as they have Copy'd the Excellencies of thoſe who invented and brought to Perfection Dramatick Poetry: Thoſe Things only excepted, which Religion, Cuſtom of Countries, Idioms of Languages, *&c.* have alter'd in the Superſtructures,, but not in the Foundation of the Deſign.

How defective *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* have been in all their Plots, Mr. *Rymer* has diſcover'd in his *Criticiſms*: Neither can we, who follow them, be excus'd from the ſame or greater Errors; which are the more unpardonable in us, becauſe we want their Beauties to countervail our Faults. The beſt of their Deſigns, the moſt approaching to Antiquity, and the moſt conducing to move Pity, is the *King and no King*; which, if the Farce of *Beſſus* were thrown away, is of that inferior Sort of Tragedies, which end with a proſperous Event. 'Tis probably deriv'd from the Story of *OEdipus*, with the Character of *Alexander the Great*, in his Extravagancies, given to *Arbaces*. The Taking of this Play, amongſt many others, I cannot wholly aſcribe to the Excellency of the Action; for I find it moving when it is read: 'Tis true, the Faults of the Plot are ſo evidently prov'd, that they can no longer be deny'd. The Beauties of it muſt therefore lie either in the lively Touches of the Paſſion; or we muſt conclude, as I think we may, that even in imperfect Plots, there are leſs Degrees of Nature, by which ſome faint Emotions of Pity and Terror are rais'd in us. As a leſs Engine will raiſe a leſs Proportion of Weight, though not ſo much as one of *Archimedes's* making; for nothing

nothing can move our Nature, but by ſome natural Rea-ſon, which works upon Paſſions. And ſince we acknow-ledge the Effect, there muſt be ſomething in the Cauſe.

The Difference between *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* in their Plotting ſeems to be this; that *Shakeſpear* generally moves more Terror, and *Fletcher* more Compaſſion: For the firſt had a more Maſculine, a bolder and more fiery Ge-nius; the ſecond a more ſoft and Womaniſh. In the me-chanick Beauties of the Plot, which are the Obſervation of the three Unities, Time, Place, and Action, they are both deficient; but *Shakeſpear* moſt. *Ben Johnſon* reform'd thoſe Errors in his Comedies, yet one of *Shakeſpear*'s was Regular before him: which is, *The Merry Wives of Wind-ſor*. For what remains concerning the Deſign, you are to be referr'd to our *Engliſh* Critick. That Method which he has preſcrib'd to raiſe it from Miſtake, or Ignorance of the Crime, is certainly the beſt, though 'tis not the only: For amongſt all the Tragedies of *Sophocles*, there is but one, *OEdipus*, which is wholly built after that Model.

After the Plot, which is the Foundation of the Play, the next thing to which we ought to apply our Judg-ment, is the Manners; for now the Poet comes to work above Ground: The Ground-work indeed is that which is moſt neceſſary, as that upon which depends the Firm-neſs of the whole Fabrick; yet it ſtrikes not the Eye ſo much, as the Beauties or Imperfections of the Manners, the Thoughts, and the Expreſſions.

The firſt Rule which *Boſſu* preſcribes to the Writer of an Heroick Poem, and which holds too by the ſame Reaſon in all Dramatick Poetry, is to make the Moral of the Work; that is, to lay down to your ſelf what that Precept of Morality ſhall be, which you would inſinuate into the People: As namely *Homer*'s (which I have Copy'd in my *Conqueſt of Granada*) was, that Union pre-ſerves a Common-wealth, and Diſcord deſtroys it. *So-phocles*, in his *OEdipus*, that no Man is to be accounted happy before his Death. 'Tis the Moral that directs the whole Action of the Play to one Center; and that Action or Fable, is the Example built upon the Moral, which con-

confirms the Truth of it to our Experience: When the Fable is deſign'd then, and not before, the Perſons are to be introduc'd with their Manners, Characters, and Paſſions.

The Manners in a Poem, are underſtood to be thoſe Inclinations, whether natural or acquir'd, which move and carry us to Actions, good, bad, or indifferent in a Play; or which incline the Perſons to ſuch, or ſuch Actions. I have anticipated Part of this Diſcourſe already, in declaring that a Poet ought not to make the Manners perfectly good in his beſt Perſons, but neither are they to be more wicked in any of his Characters, than Neceſſity requires. To produce a Villain, without other Reaſon than a natural Inclination to Villainy, is in Poetry to produce an Effect without a Cauſe: And to make him more a Villain than he has juſt Reaſon to be, is to make an Effect which is ſtronger than the Cauſe.

The Manners ariſe from many Cauſes: And are either diſtinguiſh'd by Complexion, as cholerick and phlegmatick, or by the Differences of Age or Sex, of Climates, or Quality of the Perſons, or their preſent Condition: They are likewiſe to be gather'd from the ſeveral Virtues, Vices, or Paſſions, and many other Common-places which a Poet muſt be ſuppos'd to have learn'd from natural Philoſophy, Ethicks, and Hiſtory; of all which whoſoever is ignorant, does not deſerve the Name of Poet.

But as the Manners are uſeful in this Art, they may be all compris'd under theſe general Heads: Firſt, they muſt be apparent, that is, in every Character of the Play, ſome Inclinations of the Perſon muſt appear. And theſe are ſhown in the Actions and Diſcourſe. Secondly, the Manners muſt be ſuitable or agreeing to the Perſons; that is, to the Age, Sex, Dignity, and the other general Heads of Manners: Thus when a Poet has given the Dignity of a King to one of his Perſons, in all his Actions and Speeches, that Perſon muſt diſcover Majeſty, Magnanimity, and Jealouſy of Power, becauſe theſe are ſuitable to the general Manners of a King. The third Property of Manners is Reſemblance: and this is founded upon

the

the particular Characters of Men, as we have them deliver'd to us by Relation or Hiſtory: That is, when a Poet has the known Character of this or that Man before him, he is bound to repreſent him ſuch, at leaſt not contrary to that which Fame has reported him to have been: Thus it is not a Poet's Choice to make *Ulyſſes* cholerick, or *Achilles* patient, becauſe *Homer* has deſcrib'd 'em quite otherwiſe. Yet this is a Rock, on which ignorant Writers daily ſplit: And the Abſurdity is as monſtrous, as if a Painter ſhould draw a Coward running from a Battel, and tell us it was the Picture of *Alexander the Great*.

The laſt Property of Manners is, that they be conſtant, and equal, that is, maintained the ſame through the whole Deſign: Thus when *Virgil* had once given the Name of *Pious* to *Æneas*, he was bound to ſhow him ſuch, in all his Words and Actions through the whole Poem. All theſe Properties *Horace* has hinted to a judicious Obſerver. 1. *Notandi ſunt tibi mores.* 2. *Aut famam ſequere,* 3. *Aut ſibi convenientia finge.* 4. *Servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto proceſſerat, & ſibi conſtet.*

From the Manners, the Characters of Perſons are deriv'd, for indeed the Characters are no other than the Inclinations, as they appear in the ſeveral Perſons of the Poem. A Character being thus defin'd, That which diſtinguiſhes one Man from another. Not to repeat the ſame things over again which have been ſaid of the Manners, I will only add what is neceſſary here. A Character, or that which diſtinguiſhes one Man from all others, cannot be ſuppos'd to conſiſt of one particular Virtue, or Vice, or Paſſion only; but 'tis a Compoſition of Qualities which are not contrary to one another in the ſame Perſon: Thus the ſame Man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous; ſo in a Comical Character, or Humour, (which is an Inclination to this, or that particular Folly) *Falſtaff* is a Lyar, and a Coward, a Glutton, and a Buffoon, becauſe all theſe Qualities may agree in the ſame Man; yet it is ſtill to be obſerv'd, that one Virtue, Vice, and Paſſion, ought to be ſhown in every Man, as predominant over all the reſt: As Co-

vetouſneſs in *Craſſus*, Love of his Country in *Brutus*; and the ſame in Characters which are feign'd.

The chief Character or Heroe in a Tragedy, as I have already ſhown, ought in Prudence to be ſuch a Man, who has ſo much more in him of Virtue than of Vice, that he may be left amiable to the Audience, which otherwiſe cannot have any Concernment for his Sufferings: And 'tis on this one Character that the Pity and Terror muſt be principally, if not wholly, founded. A Rule which is extreamly neceſſary, and which none of the Criticks that I know, have fully enough diſcover'd to us. For Terror and Compaſſion work but weakly, when they are divided into many Perſons. If *Creon* had been the chief Character in *OEdipus*, there had neither been Terror nor Compaſſion mov'd; but only Deteſtation of the Man, and Joy for his Puniſhment; if *Adraſtus* and *Eurydice* had been made more appearing Characters, then the Pity had been divided, and leſſen'd on the Part of *OEdipus*. But making *OEdipus* the beſt and braveſt Perſon, and even *Jocaſta* but an Underpart to him; his Virtues, and the Puniſhment of his fatal Crime, drew both the Pity, and the Terror to himſelf.

By what has been ſaid of the Manners, it will be eaſy for a reaſonable Man to judge, whether the Characters be truly or falſly drawn in a Tragedy; for if there be no Manners appearing in the Characters, no Concernment for the Perſons can be rais'd: No Pity or Horror can be mov'd, but by Vice or Virtue, therefore without them, no Perſon can have any Buſineſs in the Play. If the Inclinations be obſcure, 'tis a Sign the Poet is in the dark, and knows not what manner of Man he preſents to you; and conſequently you can have no Idea, or very imperfect, of that Man: Nor can judge what Reſolutions he ought to take; or what Words or Actions are proper for him. Moſt Comedies made up of Accidents, or Adventures, are liable to fall into this Error: And Tragedies with many Turns are ſubject to it: For the Manners never can be evident, where the Surpriſes of Fortune take up all the Buſineſs of the Stage; and where the Poet is more in Pain, to tell you what happened to

ſuch

ſuch a Man, than what he was. 'Tis one of the Excellencies of *Shakeſpear*, that the Manners of his Perſons are generally apparent; and you ſee their Bent and Inclinations. *Fletcher* comes far ſhort of him in this, as indeed he does almoſt in every thing: There are but Glimmerings of Manners in moſt of his Comedies, which run upon Adventures: And in his Tragedies, *Rollo*, *Otto*, the *King and no King*, *Melantius*, and many others of his beſt, are but Pictures ſhown you in the Twi-light; you know not whether they reſemble Vice, or Virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the preſent Scene requires it. But of all Poets, this Commendation is to be given to *Ben Johnſon*, that the Manners even of the moſt inconſiderable Perſons in his Plays, are every where apparent.

By conſidering the Second Quality of Manners, which is, that they be ſuitable to the Age, Quality, Country, Dignity, *&c.* of the Character, we may likewiſe judge whether a Poet has follow'd Nature. In this Kind, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* have more excell'd among the *Greeks* than *Æſchylus:* And *Terence*, more than *Plautus* among the *Romans*: Thus *Sophocles* gives to *OEdipus* the true Qualities of a King, in both thoſe Plays which bear his Name: But in the latter, which is the *OEdipus Colonæus*, he lets fall on Purpoſe his Tragick Style, his Hero ſpeaks not in the Arbitrary Tone; but remembers in the Softneſs of his Complaints, that he is an unfortunate blind Old-man, that he is baniſh'd from his Country, and perſecuted by his next Relations. The preſent *French* Poets are generally accus'd, that whereſoever they lay the Scene, or in whatſoever Age, the Manners of their Heroes are wholly *French: Racin*'s *Bajazet* is bred at *Conſtantinople*; but his Civilities are convey'd to him by ſome ſecret Paſſage, from *Verſailles* into the *Seraglio*. But our *Shakeſpear*, having aſcrib'd to *Henry the Fourth* the Character of a King, and of a Father, gives him the perfect Manners of each Relation, when either he tranſacts with his Son, or with his Subjects. *Fletcher*, on the other ſide, gives neither to *Arbaces*, nor to his King in the *Maid's Tragedy*, the Qualities which are ſuitable to a Monarch:

Though he may be excus'd a little in the latter; for the King there is not uppermoſt in the Character; 'tis the Lover of *Evadne*, who is King only, in a ſecond Conſideration; and though he be unjuſt, and has other Faults which ſhall be nameleſs, yet he is not the Heroe of the Play: 'Tis true we find him a lawful Prince, (though I never heard of any King that was in *Rhodes*) and therefore Mr. *Rymer*'s Criticiſm ſtands good; that he ſhould not be ſhown in ſo vicious a Character. *Sophocles* has been more judicious in his *Antigona*; for though he repreſents in *Creon* a bloody Prince, yet he makes him not a lawful King, but an Uſurper, and *Antigona* her ſelf is the Heroine of the Tragedy: But when *Philaſter* wounds *Arethuſa* and the Boy; and *Perigot* his Miſtreſs, in the faithful Shepherdeſs, both theſe are contrary to the Character of Manhood: Nor is *Valentinian* manag'd much better, for though *Fletcher* has taken his Picture truly, and ſhown him as he was, an effeminate, voluptuous Man, yet he has forgotten that he was an Emperor, and has given him none of thoſe Royal Marks, which ought to appear in a lawful Succeſſor of the Throne. If it be enquir'd, what *Fletcher* ſhould have done on this Occaſion; ought he not to have repreſented *Valentinian* as he was? *Boſſu* ſhall anſwer this Queſtion for me, by an Inſtance of the like Nature: *Mauritius*, the *Greek* Emperor, was a Prince far ſurpaſſing *Valentinian*, for he was indued with many Kingly Virtues; he was Religious, Merciful, and Valiant, but withal he was noted of extream Covetouſneſs, a Vice which is contrary to the Character of a Heroe, or a Prince: Therefore, ſays the Critick, that Emperor was no fit Perſon to be repreſented in a Tragedy, unleſs his good Qualities were only to be ſhown, and his Covetouſneſs (which ſully'd them all) were ſlurr'd over by the Artifice of the Poet. To return once more to *Shakeſpear*; no Man ever drew ſo many Characters, or generally diſtinguiſh'd 'em better from one another, excepting only *Johnſon*: I will inſtance but in one, to ſhow the Copiouſneſs of his Invention; 'tis that of *Caliban*, or the Monſter in the *Tempeſt*. He ſeems there to have created a Perſon which was not in Nature, a Boldneſs

neſs, which at firſt Sight would appear intolerable: For he makes him a Species of himſelf, begotten by an *Incubus* on a Witch; but this, as I have elſewhere prov'd, is not wholly beyond the Bounds of Credibility, at leaſt the Vulgar ſtill believe it. We have the ſeparated Notions of a Spirit, and of a Witch; (and Spirits, according to *Plato*, are veſted with a ſubtil Body; according to ſome of his Followers, have different Sexes) therefore as from the diſtinct Apprehenſions of a Horſe, and of a Man, Imagination has form'd a *Centaur*, ſo from thoſe of an *Incubus* and a *Sorcereſs*, *Shakeſpear* has produc'd his Monſter. Whether or no his Generation can be defended, I leave to Philoſophy; but of this I am certain, that the Poet has moſt judiciouſly furniſh'd him with a Perſon, a Language, and a Character, which will ſuit him, both by Father's and Mother's ſide: he has all the Diſcontents, and Malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; beſides a convenient Proportion of the deadly Sins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Luſt, are manifeſt; the Dejectedneſs of a Slave is likewiſe given him, and the Ignoranoe of one bred up in a Deſart Iſland. His Perſon is monſtrous, and he is the Product of unnatural Luſt; and his Language is as Hobgoblin as his Perſon: in all things he is diſtinguiſh'd from other Mortals. The Characters of *Fletcher* are poor and narrow, in compariſon of *Shakeſpear*'s; I remember not one which is not borrow'd from him; unleſs you will except that ſtrange Mixture of a Man in the *King and no King*: So that in this Part *Shakeſpear* is generally worth our Imitation; and to imitate *Fletcher* is but to Copy after him who was a Copyer.

Under this general Head of Manners, the Paſſions are naturally included, as belonging to the Characters. I ſpeak not of Pity and of Terror, which are to be mov'd in the Audience by the Plot; but of Anger, Hatred, Love, Ambition, Jealouſy, Revenge, *&c.* as they are ſhown in this or that Perſon of the Play. To deſcribe theſe Naturally, and to move them Artfully, is one of the greateſt Commendations which can be given to a Poet: To write Pathetically, ſays *Longinus*, cannot proceed but from a loſty Genius. A Poet muſt be born with this Quality: yet,

unleſs he help himſelf by an acquir'd Knowledge of the Paſſions, what they are in their own Nature, and by what Springs they are to be mov'd, he will be ſubject either to raiſe them where they ought not to be rais'd, or not to raiſe them by the juſt Degrees of Nature, or to amplify them beyond the Natural Bounds, or not to obſerve the Criſis and Turns of them, in their Cooling and Decay: all which Errors proceed from want of Judgment in the Poet, and from being unſkilled in the Principles of Moral Philoſophy. Nothing is more frequent in a fanciful Writer, than to foil himſelf by not managing his Strength: therefore, as in a Wreſtler, there is firſt requir'd ſome meaſure of Force, a well-knit Body and Active Limbs, without which all Inſtruction would be vain; yet, theſe being granted, if he want the Skill which is neceſſary to a Wreſtler, he ſhall make but ſmall Advantage of his natural Robuſtuouſneſs: So in a Poet, his inborn Vehemence and force of Spirit, will only run him out of Breath the ſooner, if it be not ſupported by the help of Art. The Roar of Paſſion indeed may pleaſe an Audience, three parts of which are ignorant enough to think all is moving which is Noiſy, and it may ſtretch the Lungs of an Ambitious Actor, who will die upon the Spot for a thundring Clap; but it will move no other Paſſion than Indignation and Contempt from judicious Men. *Longinus*, whom I have hitherto follow'd, continues thus: If the Paſſions be Artfully employ'd, the Diſcourſe becomes vehement and lofty; if otherwiſe, there is nothing more ridiculous than a great Paſſion out of Seaſon: And to this purpoſe he animadverts ſeverely upon *Æſchylus*, who writ nothing in cold Blood, but was always in a Rapture, and in Fury with his Audience: the Inſpiration was ſtill upon him, he was ever tearing it upon the Tripos; or (to run off as madly as he does, from one Similitude to another) he was always at High-flood of Paſſion, even in the dead Ebb, and loweſt Water-mark of the Scene. He who would raiſe the Paſſion of a judicious Audience, ſays a learned Critick, muſt be ſure to take his Hearers along with him; if they be in a Calm, 'tis in vain for him to be in a Huff: he muſt move them

them by degrees, and kindle with them; otherwiſe he will be in danger of ſetting his own Heap of Stubble on fire, and of burning out by himſelf, without warming the Company that ſtand about him. They who would juſtify the Madneſs of Poetry from the Authority of *Ariſtotle*, having miſtaken the Text, and conſequently the Interpretation: I imagine it to be falſe read, where he ſays of Poetry, that it is Εὐφυΐας ἢ μανικῆς, that it had always ſomewhat in it either of a Genius, or of a Mad-man. 'Tis more probable that the Original ran thus, that Poetry was Εὐφυΐας ἢ μανικῆς, That it belongs to a Witty-man, but not to a Mad-man. Thus then the Paſſions, as they are conſider'd ſimply and in themſelves, ſuffer Violence when they are perpetually maintain'd at the ſame Height; for what Melody can be made on that Inſtrument, all whoſe Strings are ſcrew'd up at firſt to their utmoſt Stretch, and to the ſame Sound? But this is not the worſt: for the Characters likewiſe bear a part in the general Calamity, if you conſider the Paſſions as embody'd in them: for it follows of Neceſſity, that no Man can be diſtinguiſh'd from another by his Diſcourſe, when every Man is ranting, ſwaggering, and exclaiming with the ſame Exceſs: as if it were the only Buſineſs of all the Characters to contend with each other for the Prize at *Billingſgate*; or that the Scene of the Tragedy lay in *Bet'lem*. Suppoſe the Poet ſhould intend this Man to be Cholerick, and that Man to be Patient; yet when they are confounded in the Writing, you cannot diſtinguiſh them from one another: for the Man who was call'd patient and tame, is only ſo before he ſpeaks; but let his Clack be ſet a going, and he ſhall tongue it as impetuouſly, and as loudly as the erranteſt Heroe in the Play. By this means, the Characters are only diſtinct in Name; but in Reality, all the Men and Women in the Play are the ſame Perſon. No Man ſhould pretend to write, who cannot temper his Fancy with his Judgment: nothing is more dangerous to a raw Horſe-man, than a Hot-mouth'd Jade without a Curb.

'Tis neceſſary therefore for a Poet, who would concern an Audience by deſcribing of a Paſſion, firſt to pre-

pare it, and not to ruſh upon it all at once. *Ovid* has judiciouſly ſhown the Difference of theſe two Ways, in the Speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes*: *Ajax* from the very beginning breaks out into his Exclamations, and is ſwearing by his Maker.——*Agimus, proh Jupiter, inquit. Ulyſſes*, on the contrary, prepare his Audience with all the Submiſſiveneſs he can practiſe, and all the Calmneſs of a reaſonable Man; he found his Judges in a Tranquillity of Spirit, and therefore ſet out leiſurely and ſoftly with them, till he had warm'd them by Degrees; and then he began to mend his Pace, and to draw them along with his own Impetuouſneſs: yet ſo managing his Breath, that it might not fail him at his need, and reſerving his utmoſt Proofs of Ability even to the laſt. The Succeſs you ſee was anſwerable; for the Croud only Applauded the Speech of *Ajax*;——

Vulgique ſecutum ultima murmur erat:——

But the Judges awarded the Prize for which they contended, to *Ulyſſes*:

Mota manus Procerum eſt, & quid facundia poſſit
Tum patuit, fortiſque viri tulit arma Diſertus.

The next neceſſary Rule is, To put nothing into the Diſcourſe which may hinder your moving of the Paſſions. Too many Accidents, as I have ſaid, incumber the Poet, as much as the Arms of *Saul* did *David*; for the Variety of Paſſions which they produce, are ever croſſing and juſtling each other out of the Way. He who treats of Joy and Grief together, is in a fair way of cauſing neither of thoſe Effects. There is yet another Obſtacle to be remov'd, which is pointed Wit, and Sentences affected out of Seaſon; theſe are nothing of Kin to the Violence of Paſſion: no Man is at leiſure to make Sentences and Similes, when his Soul is in an Agony. I the rather name this Fault, that it may ſerve to mind me of my former Errors; neither will I ſpare my ſelf, but give an Example of this kind from my *Indian* Emperor. *Montezuma*, purſu'd by his Enemies, and ſeeking Sanctuary, ſtands

ſtands parlying without the Fort, and deſcribing his Danger to *Cydaria*, in a Simile of ſix Lines;

As on the Sands the frighted Traveller
Sees the High Seas come rowling from afar, &c.

My *Indian* Potentate was well skill'd in the Sea for an Inland Prince, and well improv'd ſince the firſt Act, when he ſent his Son to diſcover it. The Image had not been amiſs from another Man, at another Time: *Sed nunc non erat his locus:* he deſtroy'd the Concernment which the Audience might otherwiſe have had for him; for they could not think the Danger near, when he had the Leiſure to invent a Simile.

If *Shakeſpear* be allow'd, as I think he muſt, to have made his Characters diſtinct, it will eaſily be infer'd that he underſtood the Nature of the Paſſions: becauſe it has been prov'd already, that confus'd Paſſions make undiſtinguiſhable Characters: yet I cannot deny that he has his Faiſings; but they are not ſo much in the Paſſions themſelves, as in his Manner of Expreſſion: he often obſcures his Meaning by his Words, and ſometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not ſay of ſo great a Poet, that he diſtinguiſh'd not the blown puffy Style, from true Sublimity; but I may venture to maintain, that the Fury of his Fancy often tranſported him beyond the Bounds of Judgment, either in coining of new Words and Phraſes, or racking Words which were in Uſe, into the Violence of a Catachreſis. 'Tis not that I would explode the Uſe of Metaphors from Paſſions, for *Longinus* thinks them neceſſary to raiſe it; but to uſe them at every Word, to ſay nothing without a Metaphor, a Simile, an Image, or Deſcription, is I doubt to ſmell a little too ſtrongly of the Buskin. I muſt be forc'd to give an Example of expreſſing Paſſion figuratively; but that I may do it with Reſpect to *Shakeſpear*, it ſhall not be taken from any thing of his: 'tis an Exclamation againſt Fortune, quoted in his *Hamlet*, but written by ſome other Poet.

Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune: all you Gods,
In general Synod, take away her Power,

Break all the Spokes and Falleys from her Wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heav'n
As low as to the Fiends.

And immediately after, ſpeaking of *Hecuba*, when *Priam* was kill'd before her Eyes:

The mobbled Queen ran up and down,
Threatning the Flame with biſſon Rheum: a Clout about that Head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood; and for a Robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed Loyns,
A Blanket in th' Alarm of Fear caught up.
Who this had ſeen, with Tongue in Venom ſteep'd
'Gainſt Fortune's State would Treaſon have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw Pyrrhus *make malicious Sport*
In mincing with his Sword her Huſband's Limbs,
The Inſtant burſt of Clamor that ſhe made
(Unleſs things mortal meant them not at all)
Would have made Milch the burning Eyes of Heav'n,
And Paſſion in the Gods.

What a Pudder is here kept in raiſing the Expreſſion of trifling Thoughts! would not a Man have thought that the Poet had been bound Prentice to a Wheel-wright, for his firſt Rant? and had follow'd a Rag-man, for the Clout and Blanket, in the Second? Fortune is painted on a Wheel, and therefore the Writer, in a Rage, will have Poetical Juſtice done upon every Member of that Engin: after this Execution, he bowls the Nave Down-hill, from Heaven, to the Fiends: (an unreaſonable long Mark, a Man would think;) 'tis well there are no ſolid Orbs to ſtop it in the Way, or no Element of Fire to conſume it: but when it came to the Earth, it muſt be monſtrous heavy, to break Ground as low as to the Center. His making Milch the burning Eyes of Heaven, was a pretty tolerable Flight too: and I think no Man ever drew Milk out of Eyes before him: yet to make the Wonder greater, theſe Eyes were burning. Such a Sight indeed were

were enough to have rais'd Paſſion in the Gods; but to excuſe the Effects of it, he tells you, perhaps they did not ſee it. Wiſe Men would be glad to find a little Senſe couch'd under all thoſe pompous Words; for Bombaſt is commonly the Delight of that Audience, which loves Poetry, but underſtands it not: and as commonly has been the Practice of thoſe Writers, who not being able to infuſe a natural Paſſion into the Mind, have made it their Buſineſs to ply the Ears, and to ſtun their Judges by the Noiſe. But *Shakeſpear* does not often thus; for the Paſſions in his Scene between *Brutus* and *Caſſius* are extreamly natural, the Thoughts are ſuch as arite from the Matter, and the Expreſſion of them not viciouſly figurative. I cannot leave this Subject, before I do Juſtice to that Divine Poet, by giving you one of his paſſionate Deſcriptions: 'tis of *Richard* the Second when he was depos'd, and led in Triumph through the Streets of *London* by *Henry Bullingbrook:* the Painting of it is ſo lively, and the Words ſo moving, that I have ſcarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other Language. Suppoſe you have ſeen already the fortunate Uſurper paſſing through the Crowd, and follow'd by the Shouts and Acclamations of the People; and now behold King *Richard* entring upon the Scene: conſider the Wretchedneſs of his Condition, and his Carriage in it; and refrain from Pity if you can.

As in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard: *no Man cry'd, God ſave him:*
No joyful Tongue gave him his welcome Home,
But Duſt was thrown upon his ſacred Head,
Which with ſuch gentle Sorrow he ſhook off,
His Face ſtill combating with Tears and Smiles
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong Purpoſe) ſteel'd
The Hearts of Men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſm it ſelf have pity'd him.

To

To ſpeak juſtly of this whole matter: 'tis neither Height of Thought that is diſcommended, nor pathetick Vehemence, nor any Nobleneſs of Expreſſion in its proper Place; but 'tis a falſe Meaſure of all theſe, ſomething which is like them, and is not them: 'tis the *Briſtol-ſtone* which appears like a Diamond; 'tis an extravagant Thought, inſtead of a ſublime one; 'tis roaring Madneſs, inſtead of Vehemence; and a Sound of Words, inſtead of Senſe. If *Shakeſpear* were ſtript of all the Bombaſts in his Paſſions, and dreſs'd in the moſt vulgar Words, we ſhould find the Beauties of his Thoughts remaining; if his Embroideries were burnt down, there would ſtill be Silver at the Bottom of the Melting-Pot: but I fear (at leaſt, let me fear it for my ſelf) that we who Ape his ſounding Words, have nothing of his Thought, but are all outſide; there is not ſo much as a Dwarf within our Giants Cloaths. Therefore, let not *Shakeſpear* ſuffer for our Sakes; 'tis our Fault, who ſucceed him in an Age which is more refin'd, if we imitate him ſo ill, that we copy his Failings only, and make a Virtue of that in our Writings, which in his was an Imperfection.

For what remains, the Excellency of that Poet was, as I have ſaid, in the more manly Paſſions; *Fletcher*'s in the ſofter: *Shakeſpear* writ better betwixt Man and Man; *Fletcher*, betwixt Man and Woman: conſequently, the one deſcrib'd Friendſhip better; the other Love: yet *Shakeſpear* taught *Fletcher* to write Love: and *Juliet*, and *Deſdemona*, are Originals. 'Tis true, the Scholar had the ſofter Soul; but the Maſter had the kinder. Friendſhip is both a Virtue and a Paſſion eſſentially; Love is a Paſſion only in its Nature, and is not a Virtue but by Accident: Good-nature makes Friendſhip; but Effeminacy Love. *Shakeſpear* had an Univerſal Mind, which comprehended all Characters and Paſſions; *Fletcher* a more confin'd and limited: for though he treated Love in Perfection, yet Honour, Ambition, Revenge, and generally all the ſtronger Paſſions, he either touch'd not, or not Maſterly. To conclude all; he was a Limb of *Shakeſpear*.

I had intended to have proceeded to the laſt Property of Manners, which is, That they muſt be conſtant, and the Characters maintain'd the ſame from the Beginning to the End; and from thence to have proceeded to the Thoughts and Expreſſions ſuitable to a Tragedy: but I will firſt ſee how this will reliſh with the Age. 'Tis I confeſs but curſorily written; yet the Judgment which is given here, is generally founded upon Experience: But becauſe many Men are ſhock'd at the Name of Rules, as if they were a kind of Magiſterial Preſcription upon Poets, I will conclude with the Words of *Rapin*, in his Reflections on *Ariſtotle*'s Work of Poetry: If the Rules be well conſider'd, we ſhall find them to be made only to reduce Nature into Method, to trace Step by Step, and not to ſuffer the leaſt Mark of her to eſcape us: 'tis only by thoſe, that Probability in Fiction is maintain'd, which is the Soul of Poetry: they are founded upon good Senſe, and ſound Reaſon, rather than on Authority; for though *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* are produc'd, yet no Man muſt argue, that what they write is true, becauſe they writ it; but 'tis evident, by the ridiculous Miſtakes and groſs Abſurdities, which have been made by thoſe Poets who have taken their Fancy only for their Guide, that if this Fancy be not regulated, 'tis a meer Caprice, and utterly incapable to produce a reaſonable and judicious Poem.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*,

Repreſenting the Ghoſt of *Shakeſpear*.

SEE, my lov'd Britons, *ſee your* Shakeſpear *riſe,*
An awful Ghoſt confeſs'd to human Eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, diſtinguiſh'd I had been
From other Shades, by this eternal Green,
About whoſe Wreaths the vulgar Poets ſtrive,
And with a Touch, their wither'd Bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous Age,
I found not, but created firſt the Stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek *or* Latin *Store,*
'Twas, that my own Abundance gave me more.
On Foreign Trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, *rich without Supply.*
In this my rough-drawn Play, you ſhall behold
Some Maſter-ſtrokes, ſo manly and ſo bold,
That he, who meant to alter, found 'em ſuch,
He ſhook, and thought it Sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the Succeſſors to my Name?
What bring they to fill out a Poet's Fame?
Weak, ſhort-liv'd Iſſues of a feeble Age;
Scarce living to be Chriſten'd on the Stage!
For Humour Farce, for Love they Rhyme diſpenſe,
That tolls the Knell for their departed Senſe.

Dulneſs

PROLOGUE.

Dulneſs might thrive in any Trade but this:
'Twould recommend to ſome fat Beneſice.
Dulneſs, that in a Play-houſe meets Diſgrace,
Might meet with Reverence, in its proper Place.
The fulſome Clench that nauſeates the Town,
Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down!
Such Virtue is there in a Robe and Gown!
And that inſipid Stuff which here you hate,
Might ſomewhere elſe be call'd a grave Debate:
Dulneſs is decent in the Church and State.
But I forget that ſtill 'tis underſtood
Bad Plays are beſt decry'd by ſhowing Good:
Sit ſilent then, that my pleas'd Soul may ſee
A judging Audience once, and worthy me:
My faithful Scene from true Records ſhall tell,
How Trojan *Valour did the* Greek *excell;*
Your great Fore-fathers ſhall their Fame regain,
And Homer's *angry Ghoſt repine in vain.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

HECTOR,	Mr. *Smith.*
TROILUS,	Mr. *Betterton.*
PRIAM,	Mr. *Percivall.*
ÆNEAS,	Mr. *Joſeph Williams.*
PANDARUS,	Mr. *Leigh.*
CALCHAS,	Mr. *Percivall.*
AGAMEMNON,	Mr. *Gillo.*
ULYSSES,	Mr. *Harris.*
ACHILLES,	Mr. *David Williams.*
AJAX,	Mr. *Bright.*
NESTOR,	Mr. *Norris.*
DIOMEDES,	Mr. *Crosby.*
PATROCLUS,	Mr. *Bowman.*
MENELAUS,	Mr. *Richards.*
THERSITES,	Mr. *Underhill.*

WOMEN.

CRESSIDA,	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
ANDROMACHE,	Mrs. *Betterton.*

TROILUS

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Diomedes, *and* Nestor.

AGAMEMNON.

PRINCES, it seems not strange to us nor new,
That after Nine Years Siege *Troy* makes Defence,
Since every Action of recorded Fame
Has with long Difficulties been involv'd,
Not answering that Idea of the Thought
Which gave it Birth; why then, you *Grecian* Chiefs,
With sickly Eyes do you behold our Labours,
And think 'em our Dishonour, which indeed
Are the protractive Tryals of the Gods,
To prove heroick Constancy in Men?

Nestor. With due Observance of thy Sovereign Seat
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply

Thy

Thy well-weigh'd Words: In ſtruggling with Misfor-
Lies the true Proof of Virtue: On ſmooth Seas, [tune
How many bawble Boats dare ſet their Sails,
And make an equal Way with firmer Veſſels!
But let the Tempeſt once inrage that Sea,
And then behold the ſtrong-rib'd *Argoſie*,
Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
Like *Perſeus* mounted on his *Pegaſus*.
Then where are thoſe weak Rivals of the Main?
Or to avoid the Tempeſt fled to Port,
Or made a Prey to *Neptune*: Even thus
Do empty Show, and true-priz'd Worth divide
In Storms of Fortune.

Ulyſſes. Mighty *Agamemnon!*
Heart of our Body, Soul of our Deſigns,
In whom the Tempers, and the Minds of all
Shou'd be inclos'd: Hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.

Agam. —— You have free Leave.

Ulyſſes. *Troy* had been down ere this, and *Hector*'s Sword
Wanted a Maſter, but for our Diſorders:
Th' Obſervance due to Rule has been neglected;
Obſerve how many *Grecian* Tents ſtand void
Upon this Plain; ſo many hollow Factions:
For when the General is not like the Hive,
To whom the Foragers ſhould all repair,
What Honey can our empty Combs expect?
Or when Supremacy of Kings is ſhaken,
What can ſucceed? How cou'd Communities
Or peaceful Traffick from divided Shores,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Sceptres, Laurels,
But by Degree ſtand on their ſolid Baſe?
Then every thing reſolves to brutal Force,
And headlong Force is led by hoodwink'd Will.
For wild Ambition, like a ravenous Wolf,
Spurr'd on by Will, and ſeconded by Power,
Muſt make an univerſal Prey of all,
And laſt devour it ſelf.

Neſt. Moſt prudently *Ulyſſes* has diſcover'd
The Malady whereof our State is ſick.

Diom. 'Tis Truth he ſpeaks, the General's diſdain'd
By

By him one Step beneath, he by the next:
That next by him below: So each Degree
Spurns upward at Superiour Eminence:
Thus our Diſtempers are their ſole Support;
Troy in our Weakneſs lives, not in her Strength.
Agam. The Nature of this Sickneſs found, inform us
From whence it draws its Birth?
Ulyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
The Chief of all our Hoſt——
Having his Ears buzz'd with his noiſy Fame,
Diſdains thy Sovereign Charge, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our Deſigns; with him *Patroclus*
Upon a lazy Bed, breaks ſcurril Jeſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward Action,
Which, Slanderer, he Imitation calls,
Mimicks the *Grecian* Chiefs.
Agam. As how, *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſ. Ev'n thee, the King of Men, he does not ſpare,
(The Monkey Author) but thy Greatneſs pageants,
And makes of it Rehearſals: like a Player
Bellowing his Paſſion till he break the Spring,
And his rack'd Voice jar to his Audience;
So repreſents he Thee, though more unlike
Than *Vulcan* is to *Venus*.
And at this fulſome Stuff, the Wit of Apes,
The large *Achilles* on his Preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep Cheſt roars out a loud Applauſe,
Tickling his Spleen, and laughing till he wheeze.
Neſtor. Nor are you ſpar'd, *Ulyſſes*, but, as you ſpeak in Council,
He hems ere he begins, then ſtroakes his Beard,
Caſts down his Looks, and winks with half an Eye;
Has every Action, Cadence, Motion, Tone,
All of you but the Senſe.
Agam. Fortune was merry
When he was born, and plaid a trick on Nature
To make a Mimick Prince; he ne'er Acts ill,
But when he would ſeem Wiſe:
For all he ſays or does from ſerious Thought,
Appears ſo wretched that he mocks his Title,

And

And is his own Buffoon.

Ulyſ. In Imitation of this ſcurril Fool,
Ajax is grown Self-will'd as broad *Achilles*,
He keeps a Table too, makes factious Feaſts,
Rails on our State of War, and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlanderous Slave of an o'erflowing Gall)
To level us with low Compariſons:
They Tax our Policy with Cowardice,
Count Wiſdom of no Moment in the War,
In brief, eſteem no Act, but that of Hand;
The ſtill and thoughtful Parts which move thoſe Hands
With them are but the Taſks cut out by Fear
To be perform'd by Valour.

Agam. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* Horſe
Is more of uſe than he: but you, grave Pair,
Like Time and Wiſdom marching Hand in Hand,
Muſt put a ſtop to theſe incroaching Ills:
To you we leave the Care:
You who cou'd ſhow whence the Diſtemper ſprings,
Muſt vindicate the Dignity of Kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

Troil. Why ſhould I fight without the *Trojan* Walls,
Who, without fighting, am o'erthrown within?
The *Trojan* who is Maſter of a Soul,
Let him to battle, *Troilus* has none.

Pand. Will this never be at an End with you?

Troil. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their Strength,
Fierce to their Skill, and to their Fierceneſs wary;
But I am weaker than a Woman's Tear,
Tamer than Sleep, fonder than Ignorance:
And Artleſs as unpractis'd Infancy.

Pand. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part I'll not meddle nor make any further in your Love. He that will eat of the Roaſtmeat, muſt ſtay for the kindling of the Fire.

Troil. Have I not ſtay'd?

Pand. Ay, the kindling; but you muſt ſtay the ſpitting of the Meat.

Troil.

Troil. Have I not ſtay'd?

Pand. Ay, the ſpitting: but there's two Words to a Bargain: you muſt ſtay the roaſting too.

Troil. Still have I ſtay'd: and ſtill the farther off.

Pand. That's but the roaſting, but there's more in this Word Stay; there's the taking off the Spit, the making of the Sawce, the diſhing, the ſetting on the Table, and ſaying Grace; nay you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your Chaps.

Troil. At *Priam*'s Table penſive do I ſit,
And when fair *Creſſida* comes into my Thoughts
(Can ſhe be ſaid to come, who ne'er was abſent!)

Pand. Well, ſhe's a moſt raviſhing Creature; and ſhe look'd Yeſterday moſt killingly, ſhe had ſuch a Stroke with her Eyes, ſhe cut to the Quick with every Glance of them.

Troil. I was about to tell thee, when my Heart
Was ready with a Sigh to cleave in two,
Leſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceive me,
I have with mighty Anguiſh of my Soul
Juſt at the Birth ſtifled this ſtill-born Sigh,
And forc'd my Face into a painful Smile.

Pand. I meaſur'd her with my Girdle Yeſterday, ſhe's not half a Yard about the Waiſt, but ſo taper a Shape did I never ſee; but when I had her in my Arms, Lord, thought I, and by my Troth I could not forbear Sighing, if Prince *Troilus* had her at this Advantage, and I were holding of the Door. — An ſhe were a thought taller, but as ſhe is, ſhe wants not an Inch of *Helen* neither; but there's no more Compariſon between the Women—— There was Wit, there was a ſweet Tongue! How her Words melted in her Mouth! *Mercury* wou'd have been glad to have ſuch a Tongue in his Mouth, I warrant him. I wou'd ſome Body had heard her talk Yeſterday, as I did.

Troil. Oh *Pandarus*, when I tell thee I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s Love, thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is fair;
Praiſeſt her Eyes, her Stature, and her Wit;
But praiſing thus, inſtead of Oyl and Balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every Wound her Love has giv'n me,
The Sword that made it.

Pand.

Pand. I give her but her Due.

Troil. Thou giv'ſt her not ſo much.

Pand. Faith I'll ſpeak no more of her, let her be ſhe is: If ſhe be a Beauty, 'tis the better for her; and ſ be not, ſhe has the Mends in her own Hands, for *Pa darus.*

Troil. In ſpight of me thou wilt miſtake my Meanin

Pand. I have had but my Labour for my Pains, thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone b tween and between, and am Ground in the Milſton for my Labour.

Troil. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*, with thy Friend

Pand. Becauſe ſhe's my Niece, therefore ſhe's not Fair as *Hellen*; and ſhe were not my Niece, ſhow me ſuc another Piece of Woman's Fleſh; take her Limb by Limb I ſay no more, but if *Paris* had ſeen her firſt, *Mencla* had been no Cuckold: but what care I if ſhe were Blackmoor, what am I the better for her Face?

Troil. Said I ſhe was not beautiful?

Pand. I care not if you did, ſhe's a Fool to ſtay b hind her Father *Calchas*, let her to the *Greeks*; and I'll tell her: for my part I am reſolute, I'll meddle m more in your Affairs.

Troil. But hear me!

Pand. Not I.

Troil. Dear *Pandarus*———

Pand. Pray ſpeak no more on't, I'll not burn m Fingers in another Body's Buſineſs, I'll leave it as found it, and there's an End. [*Exit*

Troil. O Gods, how do you torture me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by him,
And he's as peeviſh to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is to be won.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas. How now, Prince *Troilus*; why not in th Battle?

Troil. Becauſe not there; this Woman's Anſwer ſuit me;
For Womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What News, *Æneas*, from the Field to-day?

Æn.

Æn. *Paris* is hurt.
Troil. By whom?
Æn. By *Menelaus*. Hark what good Sport
[*Alarm within.*
Is out of Town to-day, when I hear ſuch Muſick
I cannot hold from dancing.
Troil. I'll make one,
And try to loſe an anxious Thought or two
In heat of Action.
Thus Coward-like from Love to War I run, [*Aſide.*
Seek the leſs Dangers, and the greater ſhun. [*Ex.* Troil.

Enter Creſſida.

Creſ. My Lord *Æneas*, who were thoſe went by? I mean the Ladies.
Æn. Queen *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.
Creſ. And whither go they?
Æn. Up to the Weſtern Tower,
Whoſe Height commands as ſubject all the Vale,
To ſee the Battle. *Hector*, whoſe Patience
Is fix'd like that of Heav'n, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his Armourer,
And as there were good Huſbandry in War,
Before the Sun was up he went to Field;
Your Pardon, Lady, that's my Buſineſs too. [*Ex.* Æneas.
Creſ. *Hector*'s a gallant Warriour.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. What's that, what's that?
Creſ. Good-morrow, Uncle *Pandarus*.
Pand. Good-morrow, Couſin *Creſſida*: When were you at Court?
Creſ. This Morning, Uncle.
Pand. What were you a talking, when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd, and gone ere ye came? *Hector* was ſtirring early.
Creſ. That I was talking of; and of his Anger.
Pand. Was he angry, ſay you? true he was ſo, and I know the Cauſe: He was ſtruck down Yeſterday in the Battle, but he'll lay about him; he'll cry Quittance with 'em to-day I'll anſwer for him: And there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let 'em take Heed of *Troilus*, I can tell 'em that too.

Creſ.

Cref. What was he ſtruck down too?

Pand. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better Man of the two.

Cref. Oh *Jupiter!* there's no Compariſon, *Troilus* the better Man!

Pand. What, no Compariſon between *Hector* and *Troilus?* do you know a Man if you ſee him?

Cref. No, for he may look like a Man, and not be one.

Pand. Well, I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cref. That's what I ſay, for I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pand. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, make your beſt of that, Niece!

Cref. 'Tis true, for each of 'em is himſelf.

Pand. Himſelf! alas poor *Troilus!* I wou'd he were himſelf; well, the Gods are all-ſufficient, and Time muſt mend or end: I wou'd he were himſelf, and wou'd I were a Lady for his Sake. I would not anſwer for my Maidenhead. —— No, *Hector* is not a better Man than *Troilus*.

Cref. Excuſe me.

Pand. Pardon me: *Troilus* is in the Bud: 'tis early Day with him, you ſhall tell me another Tale when *Troilus* is come to Bearing: And yet he'll not bear neither in ſome Senſe. No, *Hector* ſhall never have his Virtues.

Cref. No Matter.

Pand. Nor his Beauty, nor his Faſhion, nor his Wit, he ſhall have nothing of him.

Cref. They would not become him, his own are better.

Pand. How, his own better! you have no Judgment Niece, *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th'other Day, that *Troilus* for a manly brown Complexion; (for ſo it is, I muſt confeſs;) not brown neither.

Cref. No, but very brown.

Pand. Faith to ſay Truth, brown and not brown: Come I ſwear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris:* Nay I'm ſure ſhe does. She comes me to him t'other Day, into the Bow-Window, and you know *Troilus* has not above three or four Hairs on his Chin.

Cref. That's but a bare Commendation.

Pand. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe comes, and puts me her white Hand to his cloven Chin!

Cref.

Creſſ. Has he been fighting then, how came it cloven?

Pand. Why, you know it is dimpled. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his cloven Chin: She has a marvellous white Hand I muſt needs confeſs.
But let that paſs, for I know who has a whiter:
Well Couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday, think on't,

Creſſ. So I do, Uncle. [think on't.

Pand. I'll be ſworn 'tis true; he will weep ye, and 'twere a Man born in *April*. [*A Retreat ſounded.*
Hark, they are returning from the Field; ſhall we ſtay and ſee 'em as they come by, ſweet Niece? do ſweet Niece

Creſſ. For once you ſhall command me. [*Creſſida.*

Pand. Here, here, here's an excellent Place; we may ſee 'em here moſt bravely, and I'll tell you all their Names as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt, mark *Troilus*, he's worth your marking.

Æneas paſſes over the Stage.

Creſſ. Speak not ſo loud then.

Pand. That's *Æneas*. Is't not a brave Man that? he's a Swinger, many a *Grecian* he has laid with his Face upward; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Enter Antenor *paſſing.*

That's *Antenor*, he has a notable Head-piece I can tell you, and he's the ableſt Man for Judgment in all *Troy*, you may turn him looſe i'faith, and by my Troth a proper Perſon: When comes *Troilus?* I'll ſhow you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Hector *paſſes over.*

That's *Hector*. that, that, look you that, there's a Fellow, go thy Way *Hector*, there's a brave Man, Niece: O brave *Hector*, look how he looks! there's a Countenance: Is't not a brave Man, Niece?

Creſſ. I always told you ſo.

Pand. Is a not? it does a Man's Heart good to look on him; look you, look you there, what Hacks are on his Helmet? this was no Boys Play i'faith, he laid it on with a Vengeance, take it off whoſe will, as they ſay! there are Hacks, Niece!

Creſſ. Were thoſe with Swords?

Pand. Swords, or Bucklers, Faulchions, Darts, and

Lances! any thing, he cares not! and the Devil come 'tis all one to him; by *Jupiter* he looks ſo terribly, that I am half afraid to praiſe him.

Enter Paris.

Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, look ye yonder Niece; is't not a brave young Prince too? He draws the beſt Bow in all *Troy*, he hits you to a Span twelve-ſcore Level; Who ſaid he came home hurt to-day? why this will do *Helen*'s Heart good now! Ha! that I could ſee *Troilus* now!

Enter Helenus.

Creſſ. Who's that black Man, Uncle?

Pand. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is all this while? that's *Helenus*. I think *Troilus* went not forth to Day; that's *Helenus*.

Creſſ. Can *Helenus* fight, Uncle?

Pand. Helenus! No, yes, he'll fight indifferently well. I marvel in my Heart what's become of *Troilus?* Hark! do you not hear the People cry *Troilus? Helenus* is a Prieſt and keeps a Whore, he'll fight for his Whore, or he's no true Prieſt I warrant him.

Enter Troilus *paſſing over.*

Creſſ. What ſneaking Fellow comes yonder?

Pand. Where, yonder? that's *Deiphobus:* No, I lye, I lye, that's *Troilus*, there's a Man, Niece! hem! O brave *Troilus!* the Prince of Chivalry, and Flower of [Fidelity!

Creſſ. Peace, for Shame Peace.

Pand. Nay, but mark him then! O brave *Troilus!* there's a Man of Men, Niece! look you how his Sword is bloody, and his Helmet more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable Youth! he ne'er ſaw two and twenty. Go thy Way *Troilus*, go thy Way! had I a Siſter were a Grace, and a Daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his Choice of 'em. O admirable Man! *Paris*, *Paris* is Dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change, wou'd give all the Shoes in her Shop to boot.

Enter common Soldiers paſſing over.

Creſſ. Here come more.

Pand. Aſſes, Fools, Dolts, Dirt and Dung, Stuff and Lumber: Porridge after Meat? but I could live and die with

with *Troilus*. Ne'er look, Niece, ne'er look, the Lions are gone: Apes and Monkeys, the fag End of the Creation. I had rather be ſuch a Man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*. [Man!

Creſſ. There's *Achilles* among the *Greeks*, he's a brave

Pand. Achilles! a Carman, a Beaſt of Burden; a very Camel; have you any Eyes Niece, do you know a Man? is he to be compar'd with *Troilus?*

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, my Lord *Troilus* would inſtantly ſpeak with [you.

Pand. Where Boy, where?

Page. At his own Houſe, if you think convenient.

Pand. Good Boy tell him I come inſtantly, I doubt he's wounded; farewel good Niece: But I'll be with you by and by.

Creſſ. To bring me, Uncle!

Pand. Ay, a Token from Prince *Troilus*. [*Ex.* Pandar.

Creſſ. By the ſame Token you are a Procurer, Uncle.

Creſſida *alone.*

A ſtrange diſſembling Sex we Women are:
Well may we Men, when we our ſelves deceive.
Long has my ſecret Soul lov'd *Troilus*.
I drunk his Praiſes from my Uncle's Mouth,
As if my Ears cou'd ne'er be ſatisfy'd;
Why then, why ſaid I not, I love this Prince?
How could my Tongue conſpire againſt my Heart,
To ſay I lov'd him not? O childiſh Love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
And what he moſt deſires, he throws away. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Troy.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, *and* Æneas.

Priam. AFTER th' Expence of ſo much Time and Blood,
Thus once again the *Grecians* ſend to *Troy*.

Deliver *Helen*, and all other Loſs
Shall be forgotten. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?
Hect. Though no Man leſs can fear the *Greeks* than I,
Yet there's no Virgin of more tender Heart,
More ready to cry out, Who knows the Conſequence,
Than *Hector* is; for modeſt Doubt is mix'd
With manly Courage beſt; let *Helen* go.
If we have loſt ſo many Men of ours,
To keep a Thing not ours; not worth to us
The Value of a Man, what Reaſon is there
Still to retain the Cauſe of ſo much Ill?
Troil. Fy, fy, my noble Brother!
Weigh you the Worth and Honour of a King,
So great as *Aſia*'s Monarch, in a Scale
Of common Ounces thus?
Are Fears and Reaſons fit to be conſider'd,
When a King's Fame is queſtion'd?
Hect. Brother, ſhe's not worth
What her Defence has coſt us.
Troil. What's ought, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But Value dwells not in Opinion only:
It hold the Dignity and Eſtimation,
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the Prizer; 'tis Idolatry
To make the Service greater than the God.
Troil. We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant,
When we have worn 'em: The remaining Food
Throw not away, becauſe we now are full.
If you confeſs 'twas Wiſdom *Paris* went,
As you muſt needs; for you all cry'd, Go, go:
If you'll confeſs he brought home noble Prize,
As you muſt needs; for you all clapt your Hands,
And cry'd, Ineſtimable: Why do you now
So under-rate the Value of your Purchaſe?
For let me tell you, 'tis unmanly Theft,
When we have taken what we fear to keep!
Æn. There's not the meaneſt Spirit in our Party
Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: None ſo noble
Whoſe Life were ill beſtow'd, or Death unfam'd,

When *Helen* is the Subject.
Priam. So ſays *Paris.*
Like one beſotted on effeminate Joys,
He has the Honey ſtill, but theſe the Gall.
Æn. He not propoſes meerly to himſelf
The Pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:
But he wou'd have the Stain of *Helen*'s Rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
Hect. Troilus and *Æneas*, you have ſaid:
If ſaying ſuperficial things be Reaſon.
But if this *Helen* be another's Wife,
The moral Laws of Nature and of Nations
Speak loud ſhe be reſtor'd: Thus to perſiſt
In doing Wrong, extenuates not Wrong,
But makes it much more ſo: *Hector*'s Opinion
Is this, in Way of Truth: Yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly Brother, I encline to you
In Reſolution to defend her ſtill:
For 'tis a Cauſe on which our *Trojan* Honour
And common Reputation will depend.
Troil. Why there you touch'd the Life of our Deſign:
Were it not Glory that we covet more
Than War and Vengeance [Beaſts and Women's Pleaſure]
I wou'd not wiſh a Drop of *Trojan* Blood
Spent more in her Defence: But oh! my Brother,
She is a Subject of Renown and Honour,
And I preſume brave *Hector* wou'd not loſe
The rich Advantage of his future Fame
For the wide World's Revenue:—I have Buſineſs;
But glad I am to leave you thus reſolv'd.
When ſuch Arms ſtrike, ne'er doubt of the Succeſs.
Æn. May we not gueſs?
Troil. You may, and be deceiv'd. [*Exit* Troil.
Hect. A Woman, on my Life: Even ſo it happens,
Religion, State-Affairs, whate'er's the Theme,
It ends in Women ſtill.

Enter Andromache.

Priam. See here's your Wife
To make that Maxim good. [ful,
Hect. Welcome, *Andromache:* Your Looks are chear-

You bring ſome pleaſing News.

Andro. Nothing that's ſerious.
Your little Son *Aſtyanax* has employ'd me
As his Ambaſſadreſs.

Hect. Upon what Errand?

Andro. No leſs than that his Grandfather this Day
Would make him Knight: He longs to kill a *Grecian*:
For ſhou'd he ſtay to be a Man, he thinks
You'll kill 'em all; and leave no Work for him.

Priam. Your own Blood, *Hector*.

Andro. And therefore he deſigns to ſend a Challenge
To *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, or *Achilles*,
To prove they do not well to burn our Fields;
And keep us coop'd like Pris'ners in a Town,
To lead this lazy Life.

Hect. What Sparks of Honour
Fly from this Child! the Gods ſpeak in him ſure:
——— It ſhall be ſo —— I'll do't.

Priam. What means my Son?

Hect. To ſend a Challenge to the boldeſt *Greek*;
Is not that Country ours? thoſe fruitful Fields
Waſh'd by yon ſilver Flood, are they not ours?
Thoſe teeming Vines that tempt our longing Eyes,
Shall we behold 'em? ſhall we call 'em ours,
And dare not make 'em ſo? by Heavens I'll know
Which of theſe haughty *Grecians* dares to think
He can keep *Hector* Pris'ner here in *Troy*.

Priam. If *Hector* only were a private Man,
This wou'd be Courage, but in him 'tis Madneſs.
The general Safety on your Life depends;
And ſhou'd you periſh in this raſh Attempt,
Troy with a Groan wou'd feel her Soul go out,
And breathe her laſt in you.

Æn. The Taſk you undertake is hazardous:
Suppoſe you win, what wou'd the Profit be?
If *Ajax* or *Achilles* fell beneath
Your thundring Arm, wou'd all the reſt depart?
Wou'd *Agamemnon*, or his injur'd Brother
Set Sail for this? then it were worth your Danger.
But, as it is, we throw our utmoſt Stake

Againſt

Againſt whole Heaps of theirs.
Priam. He tells you true.
Æn. Suppoſe one *Ajax*, or *Achilles* loſt,
They can repair with more that ſingle Loſs:
Troy has but one, one *Hector*.
Hect. No, *Æneas*?
What then art thou; and what is *Troilus*?
What will *Aſtyanax* be?
Priam. An *Hector* one Day,
But you muſt let him live to be a *Hector*.
And who ſhall make him ſuch when you are gone?
Who ſhall inſtruct his Tenderneſs in Arms,
Or give his Childhood Leſſons of the War?
Who ſhall defend the Promiſe of his Youth,
And make it bear in Manhood? the young Sappling
Is ſhrouded long beneath the Mother-tree,
Before it be tranſplanted from its Earth,
And truſt it ſelf for Growth.
Hect. Alas, my Father!
You have not drawn one Reaſon from your ſelf,
But publick Safety, and my Son's green Years:
In this neglecting that main Argument,
Truſt me you chide my filial Piety:
As if I cou'd be won from my Reſolves
By *Troy*, or by my Son, or any Name
More dear to me than yours.
Priam. I did not name my ſelf; becauſe I know
When thou are gone, I need no *Grecian* Sword
To help me die, but only *Hector*'s Loſs.
Daughter, why ſpeak not you? why ſtand you ſilent?
Have you no Right in *Hector* as a Wife?
Andro. I would be worthy to be *Hector*'s Wife:
And had I been a Man, as my Soul's one,
I had aſpir'd a nobler Name, his Friend.
How I love *Hector*, (need I ſay I love him?)
I am not but in him:
But when I ſee him arming for his Honour,
His Country and his Gods, that martial Fire,
That mounts his Courage, kindles ev'n to me:
And when the *Trojan* Matrons wait him out

With Pray'rs, and meet with Bleſſings his Return;
The Pride of Virtue beats within my Breaſt,
To wipe away the Sweat and Duſt of War:
And dreſs my Heroe, glorious in his Wounds.

Hect. Come to my Arms, thou manlier Virtue come;
Thou better Name than Wife! would'ſt thou not bluſh
To hug a Coward thus? [*Embrace.*

Priam. Yet ſtill I fear!

Andro. There ſpoke a Woman; pardon, Royal Sir;
Has he not met a thouſand lifted Swords
Of thick-rank'd *Grecians*, and ſhall one affright him?
There's not a Day but he encounters Armies;
And yet as ſafe, as if the broad-brim'd Shield
That *Pallas* wears, were held 'twixt him and Death.

Hect. Thou know'ſt me well; and thou ſhalt praiſe me more,
Gods make me worthy of thee!

Andro. You ſhall be
My Knight this Day, you ſhall not wear a Cauſe
So black as *Helen*'s Rape upon your Breaſt.
Let *Paris* fight for *Helen*; Guilt for Guilt;
But when you fight for Honour and for me,
Then let our equal Gods behold an Act,
They may not bluſh to Crown.

Hect. *Æneas* go
And bear my Challenge to the *Grecian* Camp.
If there be one amongſt the beſt of *Greece*,
Who holds his Honour higher than his Eaſe,
Who knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear;
Who loves his Miſtreſs more than in Confeſſion;
And dares avow her Beauty and her Worth,
In other Arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
I have a Lady of more Truth and Beauty,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his Arms:
And will to-morrow, with the Trumpet's Call,
Mid-way, between their Tents, and theſe our Walls,
Maintain what I have ſaid; if any come
My Sword ſhall honour him, if none ſhall dare,
Then ſhall I ſay at my Return to *Troy*,
The *Grecian* Dames are Sun-burnt, and not worth
The Splinter of a Lance.

Æn.

Æn. It ſhall be told 'em,
As boldly as you gave it
Priam. Heav'n protect thee. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pand. Yonder he ſtands, poor Wretch! there ſtands he with ſuch a Look, and ſuch a Face, and ſuch begging Eyes, there he ſtands, poor Pris'ner.

Creſſ. What a Deluge of Words do you pour out, Uncle, to ſay juſt nothing?

Pand. Nothing do you call it? is that nothing, do you call it nothing? why he looks for all the World, like one of your raſcally Malefactors, juſt thrown off the Gibbet, with his Cap down, his Arms ty'd down, his Feet ſprunting, his Body ſwinging. Nothing do you call it? this is nothing with a Vengeance.

Creſſ. Or, what think you of a hurt Bird, that flutters about with a broken Wing?

Pand. Why go to then, he cannot fly away then, then, that's certain, that's undoubted: there he lies to be taken up: but if you had ſeen him, when I ſaid to him, Take a good Heart, Man, and follow me; and fear no Colours, and ſpeak your Mind, Man: ſhe can never ſtand you: ſhe will fall, and 'twere a Leaf in Autumn.

Creſſ. Did you tell him all this without my Conſent?

Pand. Why you did conſent, your Eyes conſented; they blabb'd, they leer'd, their very Corners blabb'd. But you'll ſay your Tongue ſaid nothing. No I warrant it: your Tongue was wiſer; your Tongue was better bred: your Tongue kept its own Counſel: Nay, I'll ſay that for you, your Tongue ſaid nothing, Well, ſuch a ſhame-fac'd Couple did I never ſee Days o'my Life: ſo fraid of one another; ſuch ado to bring you to the Buſineſs: well if this Job were well over, if ever I loſe my Pains again with an aukward Couple, let me be painted in the Sign-poſt for the *Labour in vain:* fy upon't, fy upon't; there's no Conſcience in't: all honeſt People will cry Shame on't,

Creſſ. Where is this Monſter to be ſhown? what's to be given for a Sight of him?

Pand. Why ready Money, ready Money; you carry it about you: give and take is Square-dealing; for in my Conſcience he's as errant a Maid as you are: I was fain to uſe Violence to him, to pull him hither: and he pull'd and I pull'd: for you muſt know he's abſolutely the ſtrongeſt Youth in *Troy:* t'other Day he took *Helen* in one Hand, and *Paris* in t'other, and danc'd 'em at one another at Arms-end, and 'twere two Moppets: there was a Back, there were Bone and Sinews: there was a Back for you.

Creſſ. For theſe good procuring Offices you'll be damn'd one Day, Uncle.

Pand. Who, I damn'd? Faith I doubt I ſhall: by my Troth I think I ſhall; nay if a Man be damn'd for doing Good, as thou ſay'ſt, it may go hard with me.

Creſſ. Then I'll not ſee Prince *Troilus*, I'll not be acceſſary to your Damnation.

Pand. How, not ſee Prince *Troilus?* why I have engag'd, I have promis'd, I have paſt my Word. I care not for damning, let me alone for damning; I value not damning in Compariſon with my Word. If I am damn'd it ſhall be a good damning to thee, Girl, thou ſhalt be my Heir, come 'tis a virtuous Girl, thou ſhalt help me to keep my Word, thou ſhalt ſee Prince *Troilus.*

Creſſ. The Venture's great.

Pand. No Venture in the World, thy Mother ventur'd it for thee, and thou ſhall venture it for my little Couſin that muſt be.

Creſſ. Weigh but my Fears, Prince *Troilus* is young. —

Pand. Marry is he, there's no Fear in that I hope, the Fear were if he were old and feeble.

Creſſ. And I a Woman.

Pand. No Fear yet, thou art a Woman, and he's a Man, put them two together, put 'em together.

Creſſ. And if I ſhould be frail ———

Pand. There's all my Fear that thou art not frail: thou ſhould'ſt be frail, all Fleſh is frail.

Creſſ. Are you my Uncle, and can give this Counſel to your own Brother's Daughter?

Pand.

Pand. If thou wert my own Daughter a thouſand Times over, I cou'd do no better for thee; what would'ſt thou have Girl? he's a Prince, and a young Prince, and a loving young Prince! an Uncle do'ſt thou call me? by *Cupid* I am a Father to thee; get thee in, get thee in Girl, I hear him coming. And do you hear Niece! I give you leave [*Exit* Creſſida. to deny a little, 'twill be decent: but take Heed of Obſtinacy, that's a Vice; no Obſtinacy, my dear Niece.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Now *Pandarus.*

Pand. Now, my ſweet Prince! have you ſeen my Niece? no, I know you have not.

Troil. No *Pandarus*; I ſtalk about your Doors
Like a ſtrange Soul upon the *Stygian* Banks,
Staying for Waftage: O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me a ſwift Tranſportance to *Elyſium*,
And fly with me to *Creſſida*.

Pand. Walk here a Moment more: I'll bring her ſtrait.

Troil. I fear ſhe will not come: moſt ſure ſhe will not.

Pand. How not come, and I her Uncle! why I tell you Prince, ſhe twitters at you. Ah poor ſweet Rogue, ah little Rogue, now does ſhe think, and think, and think again of what muſt be betwixt you two. Oh ſweet, —oh ſweet—O—what not come, and I her Uncle?

Troil. Still thou flatter'ſt me; but pr'ythee flatter ſtill; for I wou'd hope; I wou'd not wake out of my pleaſing Dream: oh Hope how ſweet thou art! but to hope always, and have no Effect of what we hope!

Pand. Oh faint Heart, faint Heart! well there's much good Matter in theſe old Proverbs! No, ſhe'll not come I warrant her; ſhe has no Blood of mine in her, not ſo much as will fill a Flea: But if ſhe does not come, and come, and come with a Swing into your Arms, I ſay no more, but ſhe has renounc'd all Grace, and there's an End.

Troil. I will believe thee: go then, but be ſure.

Pand. No, you wou'd not have me go; you are indifferent: ſhall I go, ſay you? ſpeak the Word then: — yet I care not: you may ſtand in your own Light; and loſe a ſweet young Lady's Heart: well, I ſhall not go then!

Troil.

Troil. Fly, fly, thou tortur'ſt me.

Pand. Do I ſo, do I ſo? do I torture you indeed? well, I will go.

Troil. But yet thou do'ſt not go.

Pand. I go immediately, directly, in a twinkling, with a Thought, yet you think a Man never does enough for you: I have been labouring in your Buſineſs like any Moyle. I was with Prince *Paris* this Morning, to make your Excuſe at Night for not ſupping at Court: and I found him. Faith how do you think I found him? it does my Heart good to think how I found him: yet you think a Man never does enough for you.

Troil. Will you go then, what's this to *Creſſida?*

Pand. Why you will not hear a Man; what's this to *Creſſida?* Why I found him abed, abed with *Helena*, by my Troth: 'Tis a ſweet Queen, a ſweet Queen; a very ſweet Queen, — but ſhe's nothing to my Couſin *Creſſida*; ſhe's a Blowſe, a Gipſy, a Tawney-moor to my Couſin *Creſſida:* And ſhe lay with one white Arm underneath the Whorſon's Neck: Oh ſuch a white, Lilly-white, round, plump Arm as it was — and you muſt know it was ſtript up to th' Elbows: and ſhe did ſo kiſs him, and ſo huggle him: — as who ſhould ſay ——

Troil. But ſtill thou ſtay'ſt: What's this to *Creſſida?*

Pand. Why I made your Excuſe to your Brother *Paris*; that I think's to *Creſſida*; but ſuch an Arm, ſuch a Hand, ſuch taper Fingers! t'other Hand was under the Bed-cloaths, that I ſaw not, I confeſs, that Hand I ſaw not.

Troil. Again thou tortur'ſt me.

Pand. Nay I was tortur'd too; old as I am, I was tortur'd too: but for all that, I cou'd make a Shift, to make him, to make your Excuſe, to make your Father; — by *Jove* when I thiuk of that Hand, I am ſo raviſh'd, that I know what I ſay: I was tortur'd too.

[Troilus *turns away diſcontented.*

Well, I go, I go: I fetch her, I bring her, I conduct her; not come quoth a, and I her Uncle! [*Exit* Pan.

Troil. I'm giddy; Expectation whirls me round:
Th' imaginary Reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my Senſe; what will it be

When

When I ſhall taſte that Nectar?
It muſt be either Death, or Joy too fine
For the Capacity of humane Powers.
I fear it much: and I do fear beſide,
That I ſhall loſe Diſtinction in my Joys:
As does a Battle when they charge on Heaps
A flying Enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pand. She's making her ready: ſhe'll come ſtrait, you muſt be witty now; ſhe does ſo bluſh, and fetches her Breath ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were frighted with a Spright; 'tis the prettieſt Villain, ſhe fetches her Breath ſo ſhort, as 'twere a new-ta'en Sparrow.

Troil. Juſt ſuch a Paſſion does heave up my Breaſt!
My Heart beats thicker than a feveriſh Pulſe:
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
Juſt like a Slave at unawares encountring
The Eye of Majeſty: ——Lead on, I'll follow.

[*Exeunt together.*

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Neſtor, Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. I have conceiv'd an Embryo in my Brain:
Be you my Time to bring it to ſome Shape.

Neſt. What is't, *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſ. The ſeeded Pride,
That has to this Maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding, breed a Nurſery of like Ill,
To overtop us all.

Neſt. That's my Opinion.

Ulyſ. This Challenge which *Æneas* brings from *Hector*,
However it be ſpread in general Terms,
Relates in Purpoſe only to *Achilles*.
And will it wake him to the Anſwer, think you?

Neſt. It ought to do: whom can we elſe oppoſe,
Who cou'd from *Hector* bring his Honour off,
If not *Achilles?* the Succeſs of this,
Although particular, will give an Omen
Of Good or Bad, ev'n to the general Cauſe.

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. Pardon me, *Neſtor*, if I contradict you:
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us like Merchants ſhow our coarſeſt Wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell: but if they do not,
The Luſtre of our better yet unſhown
Will ſhow the better; let us not conſent
Our greateſt Warrior ſhou'd be match'd with *Hector*.
For both our Honour and our Shame in this
Shall be attended with ſtrange Followers.
Neſt. I ſee 'em not with my old Eyes; what are they?
Ulyſ. What Glory our *Achilles* gains from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent:
And we had better parch in *Africk* Sun,
Than in his Pride, ſhou'd he 'ſcape *Hector* fair.
But grant he ſhou'd be foil'd,
Why then our common Reputation ſuffers
In that of our beſt Man: No, make a Lottery;
And by Device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The Chance to fight with *Hector*: among our ſelves
Give him Allowance as the braver Man;
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who ſwells with loud Applauſe; and make him fall
His Creſt, if brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off.
If not, we yet preſerve a fair Opinion,
That we have better Men.
Neſt. Now I begin to reliſh thy Advice:
Come let us go to *Agamemnon* ſtrait,
T'inform him of our Project.
Ulyſ. 'Tis not ripe.
The ſkilful Surgeon will not lance a Sore,
Till Nature has digeſted and prepar'd
The growing Humours to his healing Purpoſe,
Elſe muſt he often grieve the Patient's Senſe;
When one Inciſion once well-tim'd wou'd ſerve:
Are not *Achilles* and dull *Ajax* Friends?
Neſt. As much as Fools can be.
Ulyſ. That Knot of Friendſhip firſt muſt be unty'd,
Ere we can reach our Ends; for while they love each other,
Both hating us, will draw too ſtrong a Byaſs,

And

And all the Camp will lean that Way they draw:
For brutal Courage is the Soldier's Idol:
So, if one prove contemptuous, back'd by t'other,
'Twill give the Law to cool and ſober Senſe,
And place the Power of War in Mad-men's Hands.
Neſt. Now I conceive you; were they once divided,
And one of them made ours, that one would check
The other's tow'ring Growth: and keep both low,
As Inſtruments, and not as Lords of War.
And this muſt be by ſecret Coals of Envy,
Blown in their Breaſt: Compariſons of Worth;
Great Actions weigh'd of each: and each the beſt,
As we ſhall give him Voice.
Ulyſ. Here comes *Therſites*,

Enter Therſites.

Who feeds on *Ajax*: yet loves him not, becauſe he can-not love.
But as a *Species*, differing from Mankind,
Hates all he ſees; and rails at all he knows;
But hates them moſt, from whom he moſt receives,
Diſdaining that his Lot ſhou'd be ſo low,
That he ſhou'd want the Kindneſs which he takes.
Neſt. There's none ſo fit an Engine: Save ye, *Therſites*.
Ulyſ. Hail noble *Grecian*, thou Relief of Toils,
Soul of our Mirth, and Joy of ſullen War,
In whoſe Converſe our Winter-nights are ſhort,
And Summer-days not tedious.
Therſ. Hang you both.
Neſt. How, hang us both!
Therſ. But hang thee firſt, thou very reverend Fool!
Thou ſapleſs Oak, that liv'ſt by wanting Thought.
And now in thy three hundredth Year repin'ſt
Thou ſhould'ſt be fell'd: Hanging's a Civil Death,
The Death of Men: thou can'ſt not hang: thy Trunk
Is only fit for Gallows to hang others.
Neſt. A fine Greeting.
Therſ. A fine old Dotard, to repine at Hanging
At ſuch an Age! what ſaw the Gods in thee,
That a Cock-Sparrow ſhou'd but live three Years,
And thou ſhould'ſt laſt three Ages! he's thy Better;
He uſes Life: he treads himſelf to Death.

Thou

Thou haſt forgot thy Uſe ſome Hundred Years.
Thou Stump of Man, thou worn-out Broom: thou Lumber.
Neſt. I'll hear no more of him, his Poyſon works;
What, curſe me for my Age!
Ulyſ. Hold, you miſtake him, *Neſtor*; 'tis his Cuſtom:
What Malice is there in a mirthful Scene?
'Tis but a keen-edg'd Sword, ſpread o'er with Balm,
To heal the Wound it makes.
Therſ. Thou beg'ſt a Curſe!
May'ſt thou quit Scores then, and be hang'd on *Neſtor*,
Who hangs on thee: thou lead'ſt him by the Noſe:
Thou play'ſt him like a Puppet: ſpeak'ſt within him;
And when thou haſt contriv'd ſome dark Deſign
To loſe a thouſand *Greeks*, make Dogs-meat of us,
Thou lay'ſt thy Cuckow's Egg within his Neſt:
And mak'ſt him hatch it: teacheſt his Remembrance
To lye; and ſay, the like of it was practis'd
Two Hundred Years ago; thou bring'ſt the Brain,
And he brings only Beard to vouch thy Plots.
Neſt. I'm no Man's Fool.
Therſ. Then be thy own, that's worſe.
Neſt. He'll rail all Day.
Ulyſ. Then we ſhall learn all Day.
Who forms the Body to a graceful Carriage,
Muſt imitate our aukward Motions firſt;
The ſame Preſcription does the wiſe *Therſites*
Apply to mend our Minds. The ſame he uſes
To *Ajax*, to *Achilles*; to the reſt;
His Satyrs are the Phyſick of the Camp. [Hemlock:
Therſ. Wou'd they were Poyſon to 't, Rats-bane and
Nothing elſe can mend you; and thoſe two brawny Fools.
Ulyſ. He hits 'em right:
Are they not ſuch, my *Neſtor?*
Therſ. Dolt-heads, Aſſes,
And Beaſts of Burthen; *Ajax* and *Achilles!*
The Pillars, no, the Porters of the War.
Hard-headed Rogues! Engines, meer wooden Engines,
Puſh'd on to do your Work.
Neſt. They are indeed.
Therſ. But what a Rogue art thou

To

To ſay they are indeed! Heav'n made 'em Horſes,
And thou put'ſt on their Harneſs: rid'ſt and ſpur'ſt 'em:
Uſurp'ſt upon Heav'n's Fools, and mak'ſt 'em thine.
Neſt. No: they are headſtrong Fools, to be corrected
By none but by *Therſites*: thou alone
Can'ſt tame, and train 'em to their proper Uſe;
And doing this may'ſt claim a juſt Reward
From *Greece*, and Royal *Agamemnon*'s Hands.
Therſ. Ay, when you need a Man, you talk of giving;
For Wit's a dear Commodity among you:
But when you do not want him, then ſtale Porridge,
A ſtarv'd Dog wou'd not lap; and furrow Water,
Is all the Wine we taſte; give Drabs and Pimps:
I'll have no Gifts with Hooks at End of 'em.
Ulyſ. Is this a Man, O *Neſtor*, to be bought!
Aſia's not Price enough! bid the World for him.
And ſhall this Man, this *Hermes*, this *Apollo*,
Sit lagg of *Ajax* Table, almoſt Minſtrel,
And with his Preſence grace a brainleſs Feaſt?
Why they con Senſe from him, grow Wits by Rote,
And yet, by ill repeating, libel him;
Making his Wit their Nonſenſe: nay they ſcorn him;
Call him bought Railer, mercenary Tongue!
Play him for Sport at Meals, and kick him off.
Therſ. Yes they can kick; my Buttocks feel they can:
They have their Aſſes tricks: but I'll eat Pebbles,
I'll ſtarve; 'tis brave to ſtarve, 'tis like a Soldier;
Before I'll feed thoſe Wit-ſtarv'd Rogues with Senſe.
They ſhall eat dry, and choak for want of Wit,
Ere they be moiſten'd with one Drop of mine.
Ajax and *Achilles*, two Mud-walls of Fool,
That only differ in Degrees of Thickneſs.
Ulyſ. I'd be reveng'd of both: when Wine fumes high,
Set 'em to prate, to boaſt their brutal Strength,
To vye their ſtupid Courage, till they quarrel,
And play at Hard-head with their empty Skulls.
Therſ. Yes; they ſhall butt and kick; and all the while
I'll think they kick for me: they ſhall fell Timber
On both Sides; and then Log-wood will be cheap.
Neſt. And *Agamemnon*———

Ther

Therſ. Pox of *Agamemnon*;
Cannot I do a Miſchief for my ſelf
But he muſt thank me for't?

Ulyſ. to *Neſt.* Away; our Work is done. [*Ex.* Ulyſ. Neſt.

Therſ. This *Agamemnon* is a King of Clouts:
A Chip in Porridge.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Therſites!

Therſ. Set up to frighten Daws from Cherry-trees.

Ajax. Dog!

Therſ. A Standard to march under!

Ajax. Thou Bitch-Wolf! can'ſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Therſ. The Plague of *Greece*, and *Helen*'s Pox light on thee,
Thou mongrel Maſtiff; thou Beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, thou mouldy Leaven of the Camp, Speak, or I'll beat thee into Handſomeneſs.

Therſ. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into Wit: thou can'ſt kick, can'ſt thou? A red Murrain on thy Jades Tricks!

Ajax. Tell me the Proclamation.

Therſ. Thou art proclaim'd a Fool, I think.

Ajax. You whorſon Cur, take that. [*Strikes him.*

Therſ. Thou ſcurvy valiant Aſs.

Ajax. Thou Slave.

Therſ. Thou Lord!——I, do, do,——wou'd my Buttocks were Iron for thy Sake.

Enter Achilles, *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax!* wherefore do you this? How now *Therſites*, what's the Matter, Man?

Therſ. I ſay this *Ajax* wears his Wit in's Belly, and his Guts in's Brains.

Achil. Peace Fool.

Therſ. I wou'd have Peace; but the Fool will not.

Patro. But what's the Quarrel?

Ajax. I bad him tell me the Proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Therſ. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your Tongue!

Therſ. 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much Senſe as thou

thou afterwards: Ill ſee you hang'd ere I come any more to your Tent: I'll keep where there's Wit ſtirring, and leave the Faction of Fools ——— [*Going.*

Achil. Nay, thou ſhalt not go *Therſites*, 'till we have ſqueez'd the Venom out of thee: pr'ythee inform us of this Proclamation.

Therſ. Why you empty Fuz-balls, your Heads are full of nothing elſe but Proclamations.

Ajax. Tell us the News, I ſay.

Therſ. You ſay! why you never ſaid any thing in all your Life!

But ſince you will know, 'tis proclaim'd thro' the Army, that *Hector* is to cudgel you to-morrow.

Achil. How cudgel him, *Therſites!*

Therſ. Nay, you may take a Child's Part on't if you have ſo much Courage, for *Hector* has challeng'd the toughſt of the *Greeks:* and 'tis in Diſpute which of your two Heads is the ſoundeſt Timber.

A knotty Piece of Work he'll have betwixt your Noddles.

Achil. If *Hector* be to fight with any *Greek*,
He knows his Man.

Ajax. Yes; he may know his Man, without Art *Magick.*

Therſ. So he had Need: for to my certain Knowledge, neither of you two are Conjurers to inform him.

Achil. to *Ajax.* You do not mean your ſelf, ſure.

Ajax. I mean nothing.

Therſ. Thou mean'ſt ſo always.

Achil. Umh! mean nothing!

Therſ. [*aſide.*] *Jove*, if it be thy Will, let theſe two Fools quarrel about nothing: 'tis a Cauſe that's worthy of 'em.

Ajax. You ſaid he knew his Man: is there but one? One Man amongſt the *Greeks!*

Achil. Since you will have it,
But one to fight with *Hector.*

Ajax. Then I am he.

Achil. Weak *Ajax.*

Ajax. Weak *Achilles.*

Therſ. Weak indeed: God help you both!

Patro. Come, this muſt be no Quarrel.

Therſ.

Therſ. Where's no Cauſe for't.

Patro. He tells you true, you are both equal.

Therſ. Fools.

Achil. I can brook no Compariſons.

Ajax. Nor I.

Achil. Well *Ajax.*

Ajax. Well *Achilles.*

Therſ. So now they quarrel in *Monoſyllables:* A Word and a Blow, an't be thy Will.

Achil. You may hear more.

Ajax. I wou'd.

Achil. Expect.

Ajax. Farewel. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Therſ. Curſe on them, they want Wine; your true Fool will never fight without it. Or a Drab, a Drab: Oh for a commodious Drab betwixt 'em! wou'd *Helen* had been here! then it had come to ſomething.

Dogs, Lyons, Bulls, for Females tear and gore:
And the Beaſt Man, is valiant for his Whore.

[*Exit* Therſites.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Therſites.

Therſ. SHall the Idiot *Ajax* uſe me thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy Satisfaction! wou'd I cou'd but beat him, and he rail'd at me! Then there's *Achilles,* a rare Engineer: if *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the Walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves: Now the Plague on the whole Camp, or rather the Pox: for that's a Curſe dependent on thoſe that fight as we do for a Cuckold's Queen.——— What ho, my Lord *Achilles.*

Enter Patroclus.

Patro. Who's there, *Therſites?* Good *Therſites* come in and rail.

Therſ.

Therſ. [*Aſide.*] If I cou'd have remember'd an Aſs with gilt Trappings, thou had'ſt not ſlipp'd out of my Contemplation. But 'tis no Matter: thy ſelf upon thy ſelf: the common Curſe of Mankind, Folly and Ignorance be thine in great abundance: Heavens bleſs thee from a Tutor; and Diſcipline come not near thee.
I have ſaid my Prayers; and the Devil Envy ſay Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there, *Therſites?* why my Digeſtion; why haſt thou not ſerv'd thy ſelf to my Table, ſo many Meals? come begin, what's *Agamemnon?*

Therſ. Thy Commander, *Achilles:* then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patro. Thy Benefactor, *Therſites*; then tell me pr'ythee what's thy ſelf?

Therſ. Thy Knower, *Patroclus*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou may'ſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O, tell, tell. This muſt be very fooliſh: and I die to have my Spleen tickled.

Therſ. I'll decline the whole Queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles: Achilles* is my Benefactor: I am *Patroclus*'s Knower: and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patro. You Raſcal!

Achil. He's a priviledg'd Man; proceed *Therſites.* Ha! ha! ha! pr'ythee proceed while I am in the Vein of laughing.

Therſ. And all theſe foreſaid Men are Fools. *Agamemnon*'s a Fool to offer to command *Achilles: Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded by him; I am a Fool to ſerve ſuch a Fool, and *Patroclus* is a Fool poſitive.

Patro. Why am I a Fool?

Therſ. Make that Demand to Heaven, it ſuffices me thou art one.

Achil. Ha, ha, ha! O give me Ribbs of Steel, or I ſhall ſplit with Pleaſure: now play me *Neſtor* at a Night Alarm: Mimick him rarely, make him cough and ſpit, and fumble with his Gorget, and ſhake the Rivets with his palſy Hand; in and out, in and out, gad that's exceeding fooliſh.

Patro.

Patro. *Neſtor* ſhall not 'ſcape ſo, he has told us what we are; come what's *Neſtor?*

Therſ. Why he's an old wooden Top, ſet up by Father Time three Hundred Years ago, that hums to *Agamemnon* and *Ulyſſes*, and ſleeps to all the World beſides.

Achil. So let him ſleep, for I'll no more of him: O my *Patroclus*, I but force a Smile, *Ajax* has drawn the Lot, and all the Praiſe of *Hector* muſt be his.

Therſ. I hope to ſee his Praiſe upon his Shoulders, in Blows and Bruiſes, his Arms, Thighs, and Body all full of Fame; ſuch Fame as he gave me; and a wide Hole at laſt full in his Boſom, to let in Day upon him, and diſcover the Inſide of a Fool.

Patro. How he ſtruts in Expectation of Honour! he knows not what he does.

Therſ. Nay that's no Wonder, for he never did.

Achil. Pr'ythee ſay how he behaves himſelf?

Therſ. O you would be learning to practiſe, againſt ſuch another Time. —— Why he toſſes up his Head as he had built Caſtles i'th' Air; and he treads upward to 'em, ſtalks into th' Element, he ſurveys himſelf, as 'twere to look for *Ajax:* he wou'd be cry'd, for he has loſt himſelf, nay he knows no Body; I ſaid, Good Morrow *Ajax*, and he replied Thanks *Agamemnon.*

Achil. Thou ſhalt be my Ambaſſador to him, *Therſites.*

Therſ. No, I'll put on his Perſon, let *Patroclus* make his Demands to me, and you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax.*

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly deſire the Valiant *Ajax* to invite the Noble *Hector* to my Tent: and to procure ſafe Conduct for him from our Captain General *Agamemnon.*

Patro. *Jove* bleſs the mighty *Ajax!*

Therſ. Humh!

Patro. I come from the great *Achilles.*

Therſ. Ha!

Patro. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Therſ. Humh!

Patro. And to procure him ſafe Conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Therſ.

Therſ. *Agamemnon?*
Patro. Ay, my Lord.
Therſ. Ha!
Patro. What ſay you to't?
Therſ. Farewel with all my Heart.
Patro. Your Anſwer, Sir!
Therſ. If to-morrow be a fair Day, by eleven a-Clock it will go one Way or t'other, however he ſhall buy me dearly: fare you well with all my Heart.
Achil. Why but he is not in this Tune, is he?
Therſ. No, but he's thus out of Tune; what Muſick will be in him when *Hector* has knock'd out his Brains, I know not, nor I care not: but if Emptineſs makes Noiſe, his Head will make Melody.
Achil. My Mind is troubl'd like a Fountain ſtirr'd: And I my ſelf ſee not the Bottom on't.
Therſ. Wou'd the Fountain of his Mind were clear; that he might ſee an Aſs in't. [*aſide.*] I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than ſuch a valiant Ignorance.
Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomedes, *and* Menelaus.
Patro. Look who comes here.
Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no Body; come in after me, *Therſites*. [*Ex.* Achilles, Therſites.
Agam. Where's *Achilles?*
Patro. Within, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.
Men. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent.
Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
Patro. I ſhall ſay ſo to him. [*Exit* Patroclus.
Diom. I know he is not ſick.
Ajax. Yes, Lyon-ſick, ſick of a proud Heart, you may call it Melancholy if you'll humour him: but on my Honour 'tis no more than Pride: and why ſhou'd he be proud?
Men. Here comes *Patroclus*; but no *Achilles* with him.

Enter Patroclus.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me tell you, he is ſorry
If any thing more than your Sport and Pleaſure
Did move you to this Viſit: he's not well,
And begs you wou'd excuſe him, as unfit
For preſent Buſineſs.

Agam.

Agam. How! how's this, *Patroclus?*
We are too well acquainted with theſe Anſwers.
Though he has much Deſert, yet all his Virtues
Do in our Eyes begin to loſe their Gloſs.
We came to ſpeak with him; you ſhall not err,
If you return, we think him over-proud
And under-honeſt. Tell him this; and add,
That if he over-hold his Price ſo much,
We'll none of him: but let him like an Engine
Not portable, lie lagg of all the Camp.
A ſtirring Dwarf is of more Uſe to us
Than is a ſleeping Giant: tell him ſo.

Patro. I ſhall; and bring his Anſwer preſently.

Agam. I'll not be ſatisfy'd but by himſelf.
So tell him, *Menelaus.* [*Ex.* Menelaus, *and* Patroclus.

Ajax. What's he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks himſelf.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think he thinks himſelf a better Man than me?

Diom. No doubt he does.

Ajax. Do you think ſo?

Agam. No, noble *Ajax*; you are as ſtrong, as valiant; but much more courteous.

Ajax. Why ſhou'd a Man be proud? I know not what Pride is: I hate a proud Man, as I hate the ingendring of Toads.

Diom. [*aſide.*] 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould; and love himſelf ſo well.

Re-enter Menelaus.

Men. *Achilles* will not to the Field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his Excuſe?

Men. Why he relies on none
But his own Will; poſſeſt he is with Vanity:
What ſhou'd I ſay? he is ſo plaguy proud,
That the Death-Tokens of it are upon him;
And bode there's no Recovery

Enter Ulyſſes, *and* Neſtor.

Agam. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Ulyſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the Steps that *Ajax* makes,

When

When they go from *Achilles*: ſhall that proud Man
Be worſhip'd by a greater than himſelf,
One whom we hold our Idol;
Shall *Ajax* go to him? No, *Jove* forbid,
And ſay in Thunder, go to him, *Achilles*.

Neſt. [*Aſide.*] O, this is well; he rubs him where it itches.

Ajax. If I go to him with my Gauntlet clench'd,
I'll paſh him o'er the Face.

Agam. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll cure his Pride: a paltry inſolent Fellow!

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!

Ulyſ. [*Aſide.*] The Crow chides Blackneſs — here is a Man, but 'tis before his Face, and therefore I am ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore are you? He is not envious as *Achilles* [is.

Ulyſ. Know all the World he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorſon Dog that ſhall palter thus with us! wou'd a were a *Trojan*. [ture,

Ulyſ. Thank Heav'n, my Lord, you're of a gentle Na-
Praiſe him that got you, her that brought you forth;
But he who taught you firſt the Uſe of Arms,
Let *Mars* divide Eternity in two,
And give him half. I will not praiſe your Wiſdom,
Neſtor ſhall do't; but Pardon Father *Neſtor*,
Were you as green as *Ajax*, and your Brain
Temper'd like his, you never ſhou'd excel him;
But be as *Ajax* is.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulyſ. Ay, my good Son.

Diom. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulyſ. There is no ſtaying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps Thicket; pleaſe it our great General,
I ſhall impart a Counſel, which obſerv'd
May cure the Madman's Pride.

Agam. In my own Tent our Talk will be more pri-

Ulyſ. But nothing without *Ajax*: [vate.
He is the Soul and Subſtance of my Counſels,
And I am but his Shadow.

Ajax. You ſhall ſee

I am not like *Achilles*.
Let us confer, and I'll give Counsel too. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pandarus, Troilus, *and* Cressida.

Pand. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a Baby, swear the Oaths now to her, that you swore to me; what, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you are made tame, must you? why don't you speak to her first? —— Come draw this Curtain, and let's see your Picture: alas-a-day, how loth you are to offend Day-light! —— [*they kiss.*] That's well, that's well, nay you shall fight your Hearts out ere I part you. —— so so ——— so so ———

Troil. You have bereft me of all Words, fair *Cressida*.

Pand. Words pay no Debts: give her Deeds: — what Billing again! here's in Witness whereof the Parties interchangeably ——— come in, come in, you lose time both.

Troil. O *Cressida*, how often have I wish'd me here!

Cress. Wish'd, my Lord! — the Gods grant! O my Lord. —

Troil. What shou'd they grant? what makes this pretty Interruption in thy Words?

Cress. I speak I know not what!

Troil. Speak ever so; and if I answer you
I know not what! it shews the more of Love.
Love is a Child that talks in broken Language,
Yet then he speaks most plain.

Cress. I find it true, that to be wise and love
Are inconsistent things.

Pand. What, Blushing still, have you not done talking yet?

Cress. Well Unkle, what Folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my Lord, if he flinch I'll be hang'd for him ——— (Now am I in my Kingdom!) [*Aside.*

Troil.

Troil. You know your Pledges now, your Unkle's Word and my firm Faith.

Pand. Nay I'll give my Word for her too: our Kindred are conſtant: they are Burrs I can aſſure you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Creſſ. Boldneſs comes to me now, and I can ſpeak: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you long.

Troil. Why was my *Creſſida* then ſo hard to win?

Creſſ. Hard to ſeem won; but I was won, my Lord. What have I blabb'd? who will be true to us, When we are ſo unfaithful to our ſelves! O bid me hold my Tongue; for in this Rapture Sure I ſhall ſpeak what I ſhou'd ſoon repent. But ſtop my Mouth.

Troil. A ſweet Command; and willingly obey'd. [*Kiſſes.*

Pand. Pretty i'faith!

Creſſ. My Lord, I do beſeech you pardon me, 'Twas not my Purpoſe thus to beg a Kiſs. I am aſham'd: O Heavens, what have I done! For this Time let me take my Leave, my Lord.

Pand. Leave! and you take Leave 'till to-morrow morning, call me Cut.

Creſſ. Pray let me go.

Troil. Why what offends you, Madam?

Creſſ. My own Company.

Troil. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Creſſ. Let me go try: I have a Kind of Self reſides in you.

Troil. Oh that I thought Truth cou'd be in a Woman! (As if it can, I will preſume in you) That my Integrity and Faith might meet The ſame Return from her who has my Heart. How ſhou'd I be exalted! but alas I am more plain than dull Simplicity! And artleſs, as the Infancy of Truth.

Creſſ. In that I muſt not yield to you, my Lord.

Troil. All conſtant Lovers ſhall, in future Ages, Approve their Truth by *Troilus:* when their Verſe Wants *Similes*, as Turtles to their Mates: Or true as flowing Tides are to the Moon;

Earth to the Center: Iron to Adamant:
At laſt when Truth is tir'd with Repetition;
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the Verſe,
And ſanctify the Numbers.

Creſſ. Prophet may you be!
If I am falſe, or ſwerve from Truth of Love,
When Time is old, and has forgot it ſelf
In all Things elſe, let it remember me;
And after all Compariſons of Falſhood
To ſtab the Heart of Perjury in Maids;
Let it be ſaid, as falſe as *Creſſida.*

Pand. Go to, little ones: a Bargain made: here I hold your Hand, and here my Couſin's: if ever you prove falſe to one another, after I have taken ſuch Pains to bring you together; let all pitiful Goers-between, be called to the World's End after my Name, *Pandars.*

Creſſ. And will you promiſe that the holy Prieſt
Shall make us one for ever?

Pand. Prieſts! marry hang 'em! they make you one! go in, go in, and make your ſelves one without a Prieſt: I'll have no Prieſt's Work in my Houſe.

Creſſ. I'll not conſent, unleſs you ſwear.

Pand. Ay, do, do, ſwear; a pretty Woman's worth an Oath at any time. Keep or break, as time ſhall try; but 'tis good to ſwear, for the ſaving of her Credit: Hang 'em ſweet Rogues, they never expect a Man ſhou'd keep it. Let him but ſwear, and that's all they care for.

Troil. Heavens proſper me, as I devoutly ſwear
Never to be but yours.

Pand. Whereupon I will lead you into a Chamber, and ſuppoſe there be a Bed in't; as I ſack, I know not: but you'll forgive me, if there be: away, away, you naughty Hildings: get you together, get you together. Ah you Wags, do you lear indeed at one another! do the Neyes twinkle at him! get you together, get you together. [*Leads them out.*

Enter at one Door Æneas *with a Torch, at another* Hector *and* Diomede *with Torches.*

Hect. So ho, who goes there? *Æneas!*

Æn. Prince *Hector!*

Diom.

Diom. Good-morrow Lord *Æneas.*
Hect. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*; take his Hand;
Witneſs the Proceſs of your Speech within;
You told how *Diomede* a whole Week by Days
Did haunt you in the Field.
Æn. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all Buſineſs of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black Defiance
As Heart can think, or Courage execute.
Diom. Both one and t'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our Bloods are now in calm; and ſo, long Health;
But when Contention, and Occaſion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the Hunter for thy Life.
Æn. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will fly
With his Face backward: welcome *Diomede*,
Welcome to *Troy*: now by *Anchiſes'* Soul,
No Man alive can love in ſuch a Sort
The Thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Diom. We know each other well.
Æn. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
To *Hect.*] My Lord, the King has ſent for me in Haſte:
Know you the Reaſon?
Hect. Yes: his Purpoſe meets you.
It was to bring this *Greek* to *Calchas'* Houſe,
Where *Pandarus* his Brother, and his Daughter
Fair *Creſſida* reſide: and there to render
For our *Antenor*, now redeem'd from Priſon,
The Lady *Creſſida*.
Æn. What! Has the King reſolv'd to gratify
That Traytor *Calchas*; who forſook his Country,
And turn'd to them, by giving up this Pledge?
Hect. The bitter Diſpoſition of the time
Is ſuch, though *Calchas*, as a Fugitive
Deſerve it not, that we muſt free *Antenor*,
On whoſe wiſe Counſels, we can moſt rely:
And therefore *Creſſida* muſt be return'd.
Æn. A Word my Lord — (Your Pardon *Diomede*)
Your Brother *Troilus* to my certain Knowledge,
Does lodge this Night in *Pandarus*'s Houſe.
Hect. Go you before: tell him of our Approach,

Which will I fear be much
Unwelcome to him,
Æn. I aſſure you,
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſida* from *Troy*.
Hect. I know it well: and how he is, beſide,
Of haſty Blood:
Æn. He will not hear me ſpeak:
But I have noted long betwixt you two
A more than Brother's Love: an awful Homage
The fiery Youth pays to your elder Virtue.
Hect. Leave it to me; I'll manage him alone:
Attend you *Diomede*. My Lord good-morrow:
[*To* Diom.
An urgent Buſineſs takes me from the Pleaſure
Your Company affords me; but *Æneas*
With Joy will undertake to ſerve you here,
And to ſupply my Room
Æn. to *Diom.* My Lord, I wait you. [*Exeunt ſeverally*;
Diomede *with* Æneas, Hector *at another Door.*
Enter Pandarus: *a Servant*: *Muſick.*
Pand. Softly, Villain: ſoftly; I would not for half *Troy* the Lovers ſhould be diſturb'd under my Roof; liſten Rogue, liſten, do they breathe?
Serv. Yes, Sir, I hear by ſome certain Signs, they are both awaken.
Pand. That's as it ſhou'd be: that's well a both Sides.
[*Liſtens.*
Yes, 'faith they are both alive: — there was a Creak! there was a Creak! they are both alive, and alive like; there was a Creak! a ha Boys! — Is the Muſick ready?
Serv. Shall they ſtrike up, Sir?
Pand. Art thou ſure they do not not know the Parties?
Serv. They play to the Man in the Moon for ought they know.
Pand. To the Man in the Moon, ah Rogue! do they ſo indeed Rogue! I underſtand thee: thou art a Wag; thou art a Wag. Come towze rowze! in the Name of Love, ſtrike up Boys!

Muſick

Muſick, and then Song: during which Pandarus *liſtens.*

SONG. *CAn Life be a Bleſſing,*
Or worth tho poſſeſſing,
Can Life be a Bleſſing, if Love were away?
Ah no! though our Love all Night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with Cares all the Day,
Yet he ſweetens, he ſweetens our Pains in the taking,
There's an Hour at the laſt, there's an Hour to repay.

II.

In every poſſeſſing,
The raviſhing Bleſſing,
In every poſſeſſing the Fruit of our Pain,
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguiſh,
Whate'er they have ſuffer'd and done to obtain;
'Tis a Pleaſure, a Pleaſure to ſigh and to languiſh,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

Pand. Put up, and vaniſh; they are coming out; what a Ferrup, will you play when the Dance is done? I ſay vaniſh. [*Exit Muſick.*

[*Peeping.*] Good i'faith! good i'faith! what, Hand in Hand —— a fair Quarrel, well ended! do, do, walk him, walk him; a good Girl, a diſcreet Girl: I ſee ſhe'll make the moſt of him.

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troil. Farewel, my Life! leave me, and back to Bed:
Sleep ſeal thoſe pretty Eyes;
And tye thy Senſes in as ſoft a Band,
As Infants void of Thought.

Pand. ſhewing himſelf. How now, how now, how go Matters! hear you Maid, hear you; where's my Couſin *Creſſida?*

Creſſ. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking Uncle: You bring me to do ill, and then you jeer me!

Pand. What Ill have I brought you to do? ſay what if you dare now! My Lord, have I brought her to do Ill?

Creſſ. Come, come, beſhrew your Heart; you'll neither be good your ſelf, nor ſuffer others.

Pand. Alas poor Wench; alas poor Devil; has not ſlept to-night? wou'd a'not (a naughty Man) let it ſleep one twinkle! Ah Bugbear take him!

[*Knock within.*] *Creſſ.* Who's that at Door: good Unkle go and ſee:
My Lord, come you again into my Chamber?
You ſmile and mock as if I meant naughtily!

Troil. Indeed, indeed!

Creſſ. Come y'are deceiv'd; I think of no ſuch thing.

Knock again.] How earneſtly they knock! pray come in: I would not for all *Troy*, you were ſeen here.

[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Pand. Who's there! what's the Matter!
Will you beat down the Houſe there!

Enter Hector.

Hect. Good-morrow my Lord *Pandarus*: good morrow!

Pand. Who's there, Prince *Hector!* what News with you ſo early?

Hect. Is not my Brother *Troilus* here?

Pand. Here! what ſhou'd he do here?

Hect. Come, he is here my Lord, do not deny him: It does import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pand. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn! For my own Part I came in late!—— what ſhou'd he do here?

Hect. Come, come, you do him Wrong ere y'are aware; you'll be ſo true to him, that you'll be falſe to him: you ſhall not know he's here; but yet go fetch him hither: —— go. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Enter Troilus.

I bring you, Brother, moſt unwelcome News;
But ſince of Force you are to hear it told,
I thought a Friend and Brother beſt might tell it:
Therefore, before I ſpeak, arm well your Mind,
And think y'are to be touch'd ev'n to the Quick;
That ſo, prepar'd for Ill, you may be leſs
Surpriz'd to hear the worſt.

Troil. See *Hector*, what it is to be your Brother,

I ſtand prepar'd already.
Hect. Come, you are hot,
I know you *Troilus*, you are hot and fiery:
You kindle at a Wrong; and catch it quick
As Stubble does the Flame.
Troil. 'Tis Heat of Blood,
And Raſhneſs of my Youth; I'll mend that Error:
Begin, and try my Temper.
Hect. Can you think
Of that one thing which moſt cou'd urge your Anger,
Drive you to Madneſs, plunge you in Deſpair,
And make you hate ev'n me?
Troil. There can be nothing.
I love you, Brother, with that awful Love
I bear to Heav'n, and to ſuperior Virtue:
And when I quit this Love, you muſt be that
Which *Hector* ne'er can be.
Hect. Remember well
What you have ſaid: for when I claim your Promiſe,
I ſhall expect Performance.
Troil. I am taught:
I will not rage.
Hect. Nor grieve beyond a Man.
Troil. I wo' not be a Woman.
Hect. Do not, Brother:
And I will tell my News, in Terms ſo mild,
So tender, and ſo fearful to offend,
As Mothers uſe to ſooth their froward Babes;
Nay I will ſwear as you have ſworn to me,
That if ſome Guſt of Paſſion ſwell your Soul
To Words intemperate, I will bear with you.
Troil. What wou'd this Pomp of Preparation mean?
Come you to bring me News of *Priam*'s Death,
Or *Hecuba*'s?
Hect. The Gods forbid I ſhou'd:
But what I bring is nearer you, more cloſe,
An Ill more yours.
Troil. There is but one that can be.
Hect. Perhaps 'tis that.
Troil. I'll not ſuſpect my Fate
So far, I know I ſtand poſſeſt of that.

Hect. 'Tis well: consider at whose House I find you.
Troil. Ha!
Hect. Does it start you! I must wake you more:
Antenor is exchang'd.
Troil. For whom?
Hect. Imagine.
Troil. It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
Before the dreadful Break: if here it fall,
The subtil Flame will lick up all my Blood,
And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes.
Hect. That *Cressida* for *Antenor* is exchang'd,
Because I knew 'twas harsh, I wou'd not tell;
Not all at once; but by Degrees and Glimpses
I let it in, lest it might rush upon you,
And quite o'erpower your Soul: In this I think
I show'd a Friend: your Part must follow next:
Which is, to curb your Choler, tame your Grief,
And bear it like a Man.
Troil. I think I do,
That I yet live to hear you: but no more:
Hope for no more: for shou'd some Goddess offer
To give her self and all her Heaven in Change,
I wou'd not part with *Cressida*: so return
This Answer as my last.
Hect. 'Twill not be taken:
Nor will I bear such News.
Troil. You bore me worse.
Hect. Worse for your self; not for the general State,
And all our common Safety, which depends
On free'd *Antenor*'s Wisdom.
Troil. You wou'd say
That I'm the Man mark'd out to be unhappy;
And made the publick Sacrifice for *Troy*.
Hect. I wou'd say so indeed: for can you find
A Fate more glorious than to be that Victim?
If parting from a Mistress can procure
A Nation's Happiness, show me that Prince
Who dares to trust his Future Fame so far
To stand the Shock of Annals, blotted thus,
He sold his Country for a Woman's Love?

Troil

Troil. O, ſhe's my Life, my Being, and my Soul!
Hect. Suppoſe ſhe were, which yet I will not grant,
You ought to give her up.
Troil. For whom?
Hect. The Publick.
Troil. And what are they? that I ſhou'd give up her,
To make them happy? let me tell you, Brother,
The Publick is the Lees of vulgar Slaves:
Slaves, with the Minds of Slaves: ſo born, ſo bred.
Yet ſuch as theſe united in a Herd,
Are call'd the Publick: Millions of ſuch Cyphers
Make up the publick Sum: an Eagle's Life
Is worth a World of Crows: are Princes made
For ſuch as theſe, who, were one Soul extracted
From all their Beings, cou'd not raiſe a Man? ——
Hect. And what are we, but for ſuch Men as theſe?
'Tis Adoration, ſome ſay, makes a God:
And who ſhou'd pay it, where wou'd be their Altars,
Were no inferiour Creatures here on Earth?
Ev'n theſe who ſerve, have their Expectances;
Degrees of Happineſs, which they muſt ſhare,
Or they'll refuſe to ſerve us.
Troil. Let 'em have it.
Let 'em eat, drink and ſleep; the only Uſe
They have of Life.
Hect. You take all theſe away,
Unleſs you give up *Creſſida*.
Troil. Forbear;
Let *Paris* give up *Helen*: ſhe's the Cauſe,
And Root of all this Miſchief.
Hect. Your own Suffrage
Condemns you there: you voted for her Stay.
Troil. If one muſt ſtay, the other ſha'not go.
Hect. She ſha'not?
Troil. Once again, I ſay ſhe ſhall not.
Hect. Our Father has decreed it otherwiſe.
Troil. No Matter.
Hect. How! no Matter, *Troilus?*
A King, a Father's Will!
Troil. When 'tis unjuſt.

Hect.

Hect. Come, ſhe ſhall go.
Troil. She ſhall? then I am dar'd.
Hect. If nothing elſe will do.
Troil. Anſwer me firſt;
And then I'll anſwer that: be ſure I will;
Whoſe Hand ſeal'd this Exchange?
Hect. My Father's firſt;
Then all the Council's after.
Troil. Was yours there?
Hect. Mine was there too.
Troil. Then you're no more my Friend:
And for your Sake, now mark me what I ſay,
She ſhall not go.
Hect. Go to, you are a Boy.
Troil. A Boy! I'm glad I am not ſuch a Man,
Not ſuch as thou; a Traytor to thy Brother:
Nay more, thy Friend: but Friend's a ſacred Name,
Which none but brave and honeſt Men ſhou'd wear:
In thee 'tis vile; 'tis proſtitute: 'tis Air;
And thus I puff it from me.
Hect. Well, young Man,
Since I'm no Friend (and oh that e'er I was
To one ſo far unworthy) bring her out,
Or by our Father's Soul, of which no Part
Did e'er deſcend to thee, I'll force her hence.
Troil. I laugh at thee.
Hect. Thou dar'ſt not.
Troil. I dare more,
If urg'd beyond my Temper: prove my Daring,
And ſee which of us has the larger Share
Of our great Father's Soul.
Hect. No more, thou know'ſt me.
Troil. I do; and know my ſelf.
Hect. All this ye Gods,
And for the Daughter of a Fugitive,
A Traytor to his Country!
Troil. 'Tis too much.
Hect. By Heav'n too little; for I think her common.
Troil. How, Common!
Hect. Common as the tainted Shambles,

Or

Or as the Duſt we tread.

Troil. By Heaven, as chaſte as thy *Andromache.*

[Hector *lays his Hand on* Troilus's *Arm, and* Troilus *does the ſame to him.*

Hect. What! nam'ſt thou them together!

Troil. No: I do not:
Fair *Creſſida* is firſt: as chaſte as ſhe,
But much more fair.

Hect. O Patience, Patience, Heaven!
Thou tempt'ſt me ſtrangely: ſhou'd I kill thee now,
I know not if the Gods can be offended,
Or think I ſlew a Brother; but be gone,
Be gone, or I ſhall ſhake thee into Atoms:
Thou know'ſt I can.

Troil. I care not if you cou'd. [Mind

Hect. [*walking off.*] I thank the Gods for calling to my
My Promiſe, that no Words of thine ſhou'd urge me,
Beyond the Bounds of Reaſon: But in thee
'Twas brutal Baſeneſs, ſo forewarn'd to fall
Beneath the Name of Man: to ſpurn my Kindneſs;
And when I offer'd thee (thou know'ſt how loth!)
The wholeſome bitter Cup o' friendly Counſel!
To daſh it in my Face: farewel, farewel,
Ungrateful as thou art: hereafter uſe
The Name of Brother; but of Friend no more.

[*Going out.*

Troil. Wilt thou not break yet, Heart? ſtay Brother,
I promis'd too, but I have broke my Vow, [ſtay,
And you keep yours too well.

Hect. What would'ſt thou more?
Take heed, young Man, how you too far provoke me!
For Heaven can witneſs 'tis with much Conſtraint
That I preſerve my Faith.

Troil. Elſe you wou'd kill me?

Hect. By all the Gods I wou'd.

Troil. I'm ſatisfy'd.
You have condemn'd me, and I'll do't my ſelf;
What's Liſe to him, who has no uſe of Life?
A barren Purchaſe, held upon hard Terms!
For I have loſt (oh what have I not loſt!)
The faireſt, deareſt, kindeſt of her Sex,

And

And loſt her ev'n by him, by him ye Gods,
Who only cou'd, and only ſhould protect me!
And if I had a Joy beyond that Love,
A Friend, have loſt him too!

Hect. Speak that again:
(For I cou'd hear it ever:) ſaid'ſt thou not,
That if thou hadſt a Joy beyond that Love,
It was a Friend? O ſaidſt thou not a Friend!
That doubting *if* was kind: then thou'rt divided;
And I have ſtill ſome Part.

Troil. If ſtill you have,
You do not care to have it.

Hect. How, not care!

Troil. No, Brother, care not.

Hect. Am I but thy Brother?

Troil. You told me I muſt call you Friend no more.

Hect. How far my Words were diſtant from my Heart!
Know when I told thee ſo, I lov'd thee moſt.
Alas! it is the Uſe of human Frailty,
To fly to worſt Extremities with thoſe
To whom we moſt are kind.

Troil. Is't poſſible!
Then you are ſtill my Friend!

Hect. Heaven knows I am!

Troil. And can forgive the Sallies of my Paſſion?
For I have been to blame: oh much to blame!
Have ſaid ſuch Words, nay done ſuch Actions too,
(Baſe as I am) that my aw'd, conſcious Soul
Sinks in my Breaſt, nor dare I lift an Eye
On him I have offended.

Hect. Peace be to thee,
And Calmneſs ever there. I blame thee not:
I know thou lov'ſt; and what can Love not do!
I caſt the wild diſorderly Account
Of all thy Words and Deeds on that mad Paſſion;
I pity thee, indeed I pity thee.

Troil. Do; for I need it: let me lean my Head
Upon thy Boſom; all my Peace dwells there;
Thou art ſome God, or much much more than Man!

Hect. Alas! to loſe the Joys of all thy Youth,
One who deſerv'd thy Love!

Troil.

Troil. Did ſhe deſerve?
Hect. She did.
Troil. Then ſure ſhe was no common Creature.
Hect. I ſaid it in my Rage, I thought not ſo.
Troil. That Thought has bleſs'd me! but to loſe this
After long Pains, and after ſhort Poſſeſſion. [Love
Hect. I feel it for thee: Let me go to *Priam*,
I'll break this Treaty off; or let me fight;
I ll be thy Champion; and ſecure both her,
And thee, and *Troy*.
Troil. It muſt not be, my Brother!
For then your Error would be more than mine:
I'll bring her forth, and you ſhall bear her hence;
That you have pity'd me is my Reward.
Hect. Go then; and the good Gods reſtore her to
And with her all the Quiet of thy Mind; [thee,
The Triumph of this Kindneſs be thy own;
And Heaven and Earth this Teſtimony yield,
That Friendſhip never gain'd a nobler Field.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida *meeting.*

Pand. IS't poſſible? no ſooner got but loſt?
The Devil take *Antenor:* the young Prince
will go mad:
A Plague upon *Antenor!* wou'd they had broke's Neck.
Creſ. How now? what's the Matter? who was here?
Pand. Oh, oh!
Creſ. Why ſigh you ſo? O where's my *Troilus?* tell
me ſweet Unkle what's the Matter? [been born!
Pand. Pr'ythee get thee in, wou'd thou hadſt never
I knew thou wou'dſt be his Death; oh poor Gentleman!
A Plague upon *Antenor!*
Creſ. Good Unkle, I beſeech you on my Knees, tell
me what's the Matter?

Pand.

Pand. Thou muſt be gone, Girl; thou muſt be gone, to the fugitive Rogue Prieſt thy Father, (and he's my Brother too, but that's all one at this time:) a Pox upon *Antenor*.

Creſ. O ye immortal Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou muſt, thou muſt.

Creſ. I will not: I have quite forgot my Father; I have no Touch of Birth; no Spark of Nature: No Kin, no Blood, no Life; nothing ſo near me As my dear *Troilus!*

Enter Troilus.

Pand. Here, here, here he comes ſweet Duck!

Creſ. O *Troilus, Troilus!*

[*They both weep over each other, ſhe running into his Arms.*

Pand. What a Pair of Spectacles is here! let me embrace too: Oh Heart, [*ſings*] (as the Saying is) O Heart, heavy Heart, why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking (where he anſwers again) Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy Smart, by Friendſhip nor by Speaking; there was never a truer Rhime; let us caſt away nothing; for we may live to have Need of ſuch a Verſe: we ſee it, we ſee it, how now Lambs?

Troil. Creſſida, I love thee with ſo ſtrange a Purity, That the bleſt Gods, angry with my Devotions, More bright in Zeal, than that I pay their Altars, Will take thee from my Sight.

Creſ. Have the Gods Envy?

Pand. Ay, ay, ay, 'tis too plain a Caſe!

Creſ. And is it true that I muſt go from *Troy?*

Troil. A hateful Truth.

Creſ. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troil. From *Troy* and *Troilus:* and ſuddenly. So ſuddenly, 'tis counted but by Minutes.

Creſ. What, not an Hour allow'd for taking Leave?

Troil. Ev'n that's bereft us too: our envious Fates Juſtle betwixt, and part the dear Adieu's Of meeting Lips, claſp'd Hands, and lock'd Embraces.

Æneas within.

My Lord, is the Lady ready yet?

Troil. Hark, you are call'd: ſome ſay the Genius ſo Cries Come, to him who inſtantly muſt die.

Pand.

Pand. Where are my Tears? ſome Rain to lay this Wind:
Or my Heart will be blown up by the Roots! [Wind:
Troil. Hear me my Love! be thou but true like me.
Creſſ. I true! how now, what wicked Thought is this?
Troil. Nay, we muſt uſe Expoſtulation kindly.
For it is parting from us:
I ſpoke not, be thou true, as fearing thee;
But be thou true, I ſaid, to introduce
My following Proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
Creſſ. You'll be expos'd to Dangers.
Troil. I care not: but be true.
Creſſ. Be true again?
Troil. Hear why I ſpeak it, Love.
The *Grecian* Youths are full of *Grecian* Arts:
Alas a kind of holy Jealouſy,
Which I beſeech you call a virtuous Sin,
Makes me afraid how far you may be tempted.
Creſſ. O Heavens, you love me not!
Troil. Die I a Villain then!
In this I do not call your Faith in Queſtion,
But my own Merit.
Creſſ. Fear not; I'll be true.
Troil. Then Fate thy worſt: for I will ſee thee, Love:
Not all the *Grecian* Hoſt ſhall keep me out,
Nor *Troy*, though wall'd with Fire, ſhou'd hold me in.
Æneas within.
My Lord, my Lord *Troilus*: I muſt call you.
Pand. A Miſchief call him: nothing but Screech-owls? do, do, call again; you had beſt part 'em now in the Sweetneſs of their Love! I'll be hang'd if this *Æneas* be the Son of *Venus*, for all his Bragging. Honeſt *Venus* was a Punk: wou'd ſhe have parted Lovers? no he has not a Drop of *Venus*' Blood in him: honeſt *Venus* was a Punk.
Troil. to *Pand.* Pr'ythee go out; and gain one Minute more.
Pand. Marry and I will: follow you your Buſineſs; loſe no time, 'tis very precious; go, Bill again: I'll tell the Rogue his own, I warrant him. [*Exit* Pandarus.
Creſſ. What have we gain'd by this one Minute more?
Troil. Only to wiſh another, and another,

A longer ſtruggling with the Pangs of Death.

Creſ. O theſe who do not know what Parting is,
Can never learn to die!

Troil. When I but think this Sight may be our laſt,
If *Jove* cou'd ſet me in the Place of *Atlas*,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He cou'd not preſs me more.

Creſ. Oh let me go, that I may know my Grief;
Grief is but gueſs'd, while thou art ſtanding by:
But I too ſoon ſhall know what Abſence is.

Troil. Why 'tis to be no more: another Name for Death
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North;
And I, methinks, ſtand on ſome Icy Cliff,
To watch the laſt low Circles that he makes;
'Till he ſink down from Heav'n! O only *Creſſida*,
If thou depart from me, I cannot live:
I have not Soul enough to laſt for Grief,
But thou ſhalt hear what Grief has done with me.

Creſ. If I could live to hear it, I were falſe.
But as a careful Traveller, who fearing
Aſſaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind,
I truſt my Heart with thee: and to the *Greeks*
Bear but an empty Caſket.

Troil. Then I will live; that I may keep that Treaſure:
And arm'd with this Aſſurance, let thee go
Looſe, yet ſecure as is the gentle Hawk
When whiſtled off ſhe mounts into the Wind:
Our Loves like Mountains high above the Clouds,
Though Winds and Tempeſts beat their aged Feet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storm, nor Thunder know,
But ſcorn the threatning Rack that rowls below.

[*Exeunt* Ambo.

SCENE II.

Achilles *and* Patroclus, *ſtanding in their Tent.*

Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Neſtor *and* Ajax *paſſing over the Stage.*

Ulyſ. *Achilles* ſtands in th' Entrance of his Tent:
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot, and Princes all
Look on him with neglectful Eyes and Scorn:

Pride

Pride muſt be cur'd by Pride.

Agam. We'll execute your Purpoſe, and put on
A Form of Strangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each Prince, either ſalute him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which will ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on: I will lead the Way.

Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my Mind; I'll fight no more with *Troy*.

Agam. What ſays *Achilles*, wou'd he ought with us?

Neſt. Wou'd you, my Lord, ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing my Lord.

Agam. The better.

Menel. How do you, how do you?

Achil. What, does the Cuckold ſcorn me!

Ajax. How now *Patroclus?*

Achil. Good-morrow *Ajax.*

Ajax. Ha!

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay; and good next Day too.

[*Exeunt all but* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. What mean theſe Fellows? know they not *Achilles?*

Patro. They paſs by ſtrangely; they were us'd to bow,
And ſend their Smiles before 'em to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.

Achil. Am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fall'n out with Fortune,
Muſt fall out with Men too! what the Declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the Eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: for Men like Butterflies,
Show not their mealy Wings but to the Summer.

Patro. 'Tis known you are in Love with *Hector*'s Siſter,
And therefore will not fight: and your not fighting
Draws on you this Contempt: I oft have told you,
A Woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man
In time of Action; I'm condemn'd for this:
They think my little Appetite to War
Deads all the Fire in you: but rowſe your ſelf,
And Love ſhall from your Neck unloſe his Folds;
Or like a Dew-drop from a Lyon's Mane

Be

Be ſhaken into Air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector?*

Patro. Yes, and perhaps ſhall gain much Honour by him

Achil. I ſee my Reputation is at Stake.

Patro. O then beware; thoſe Wounds heal ill that Men Have giv'n themſelves, becauſe they give 'em deepeſt.

Achil. I'll do ſomething:
But what I know not yet.—— No more, our Champion.

Re-enter Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomede, *Trumpet.*

Agam. Here art thou daring Combat, valiant *Ajax.*
Give with thy Trumpet, a loud Note to *Troy,*
Thou noble Champion, that the ſounding Air
May pierce the Ears of the great Challenger,
And call him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, take that Purſe:
Now crack thy Lungs, and ſplit the ſounding Braſs;
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector.*

[*Trumpet ſounds, and is anſwered from within.*

Enter Hector, Æneas, *and other* Trojans.

Agam. Yonder comes the Troop.

Æneas, *coming to the* Greeks.

Health to the *Grecian* Lords; what ſhall be done
To him that ſhall be vanquiſh'd? or do you purpoſe
A Victor ſhould be known? will you the Knights
Shall to the Edge of all Extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any Voice or Order of the Field?
Hector bad ask.

Agam. Which way wou'd *Hector* have it?

Æn. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector,* but ſecurely done;
A little proudly, and too much deſpiſing
The Knight oppos'd; he might have found his Match.

Æn. If not *Achilles,* Sir, what is your Name?

Achil. If not *Achilles,* nothing.

Æn. Therefore *Achilles;* but whoe'er, know this;
Great *Hector* knows no Pride: weigh him but well,
And that which looks like Pride, is Courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s Blood,
In Love whereof half *Hector* ſtays at home.

Achil.

Achil. A Maiden Battle! I perceive you then.
Agam. Go *Diomede*, and ſtand by valiant *Ajax*:
As you and Lord *Æneas* ſhall conſent,
So let the Fight proceed to terminate.
[*The Trumpets ſound on both Sides, while* Æneas *and* Diomede *take their Places, as Judges of the Field: The* Trojans *and* Grecians *rank themſelves on either Side.*
Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.
[*Fight equal at firſt, then* Ajax *has* Hector *at Diſadvantage: at laſt* Hector *cloſes,* Ajax *falls on one Knee,* Hector *ſtands over him, but ſtrikes not, and* Ajax *riſes.*
Æneas, *throwing his Gauntlet betwixt them,*
Princes enough, you both have ſhown much Valour.
Diom. And we, as Judges of the Field, declare,
The Combat here ſhall ceaſe.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Æn. Then let it be as *Hector* ſhall determine.
Hect. If it be left to me, I will no more.
Ajax, thou art my Aunt *Heſione*'s Son:
The Obligation of our Blood forbids us.
But were thy Mixture *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou cou'dſt ſay, this Part is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*, hence thou ſhou'dſt not bear
One *Grecian* Limb, wherein my pointed Sword
Had not Impreſſion made; but Heav'n forbid
That any Drop thou borrow'ſt from my Mother,
Shou'd e'er be drain'd by me: let me embrace thee Couſin:
By him who thunders, thou haſt ſinewy Arms,
Hector wou'd have 'em fall upon him thus:— [*Embrace.*
Thine be the Honour, *Ajax*.
Ajax. I thank thee *Hector*,
Thou art too gentle, and too free a Man:
I came to kill thee Couſin, and to gain
A great Addition from that glorious Act:
But thou haſt quite diſarm'd me.
Hect. I am glad.
For 'tis the only way I cou'd diſarm thee.
Ajax. If I might in Intreaty find Succeſs,
I wou'd deſire to ſee thee at my Tent.

Diom.

Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s Wish, and great *Achilles*',
Both long to see the valiant *Hector* there.

Hect. *Æneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me;
And you two sign this friendly Enterview.

[Agamemnon, *and the chief of both Sides approach.*

Agam. to Hector. Worthy of Arms, as welcome as to one,
Who wou'd be rid of such an Enemy.

To *Troil.*] My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee often
Labouring for Destiny, make cruel Way
Through Ranks of *Grecian* Youth, and I have seen thee
As swift as Lightning spur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And seen thee scorning many forfeit Lives,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd Sword i'th' Air,
Not letting it decline on prostrate Foes:
That I have said to all the Standers-by,
Loe *Jove* is yonder, distributing Life.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
Who hast so long walkt Hand in Hand with Time:
Most Reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Ulyss. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we have here her Base and Pillar by us.

Hect. I know your Count'nance, Lord *Ulysses*, well;
Ah Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw your self and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* Embassy.

Achil. Now *Hector*, I have fed mine Eyes on thee;
I have with exact View perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted Joint by Joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles?*

Achil. I am *Achilles.*

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy Fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee Limb by Limb.

Hect. O, like a Book of Sport thou read'st me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Achil. Tell me ye Heav'ns, in which Part of his Body
Shall I destroy him? there, or there, or there!
That I may give th' imagin'd Wound a Name,

And

And make diſtinct the very Breach, whereout
Hector's great Spirit flew! anſwer me Heavens!
Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me this,
I'd not believe thee; henceforth guard thee well,
I'll kill thee every where:
Ye noble *Grecians* pardon me this Boaſt,
His Inſolence draws Folly from my Lips,
But I'll endeavour Deeds to match theſe Words;
Elſe may I never ———
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Couſin;
And you *Achilles*, let theſe Threats alone:
You may have every Day enough of *Hector*,
If you have Stomach: the general State I fear
Can ſcarce intreat you to perform your Boaſt.
Hect. I pray you let us ſee you in the Field;
We have had paltry Wars, ſince you refus'd
The *Grecian* Cauſe.
Achil. Do'ſt thou entreat me, *Hector?*
To morrow will I meet thee fierce as Death;
To-night all Peace.
Hect. Thy Hand upon that Match.
Agam. Firſt, all you *Grecian* Princes go with me,
And entertain great *Hector*; afterwards,
As his own Leiſure ſhall concur with yours,
You may invite him to your ſeveral Tents.
[*Exeunt* Agam. Hect. Menel. Neſt. Diom. *together.*
Troil. My Lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what Part of the Field does *Calchas* lodge?
Ulyſ. At *Menelaus*' Tent;
There *Diomede* does feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on Heaven or on Earth,
But gives all Gaze and Bent of amorous View
On *Creſſida* alone.
Troil. Shall I, brave Lord, be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyſ. I ſhall wait on you.
As freely tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy?* had ſhe no Lovers there
Who mourn her Abſence?
Troil. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhow their Scars,

Reproof

Reproof is due, ſhe lov'd and was belov'd:
That's all I muſt impart. Lead on, my Lord.
[*Exeunt* Ulyſſes, *and* Troil
Achil. to *Patro.* I'll heat his Blood with *Greekiſh* W
to-night,
Which with my Sword I mean to cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the Height.
Enter Therſites.
Patro. Here comes *Therſites.*
Achil. How now thou Core of Envy,
Thou cruſty Batch of Nature, what's the News?
Therſ. Why thou Picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, th
Idol of Ideot Worſhippers, there's a Letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, Fragment?
Therſ. Why thou full Diſh of Fool, from *Troy.*
Patro. Well ſaid, Adverſity! what makes thee ſo k
Therſ. Becauſe a Fool's my Whetſtone. [to-da
Patro. Meaning me?
Therſ. Yes, meaning thy no Meaning; pr'ythee be ſil
Boy, I profit not by thy Talk: Now the rotten Diſeaſ
of the South, Gut-gripings, Ruptures, Catarrhs; Loa
of Gravel in the Back, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and t
like, take thee, and take thee again; thou green Sar
net Flap for a ſore Eye, thou Taſſel of a Prodigal's Pur
thou: Ah how the poor World is peſter'd with ſu
Water-flies: ſuch Diminutives of Nature.
Achil. My dear *Patroclus,* I am quite prevented
From my great Purpoſe, bent on *Hector's* Life:
Here is a Letter from my Love *Polyxena,*
Both taxing, and ingaging me to keep
An Oath that I have ſworn; and will not break it
To ſave all *Greece:* Let Honour go or ſtay,
There's more Religion in my Love than Fame.
[*Exeunt* Achilles, *and* Patroclus.
Therſ. With two much Blood and too little Brain, the
two are running mad before the Dog-days. There's *A-*
gamemnon too, an honeſt Fellow enough, and loves
Brimmer heartily; but he has not ſo much Brains as
old Gander. But his Brother *Menelaus,* there's a Fellow
the goodly Transformation of *Jupiter* when he lov'd *E-*
ropa: the primitive Cuckold: A vile Monkey ty'd eter-
nally

nally to his Brother's Table. To be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a Toad, an Owl, a Lizard, a Herring without a Roe, I wou'd not care: but to be *Menelaus* I wou'd conſpire againſt Deſtiny —Hey Day! *Will* with a *Whiſp*, and *Jack* a *Lanthorn!*

Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Diomede, Ulyſſes, Troilus, *going with Torches over the Stage.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there where we ſee the Lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. Not at all, Couſin: Here comes *Achilles* himſelf to guide us.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now, brave Prince of *Troy*, I take my Leave; *Ajax* commands the Guard, to wait on you.

Men. Good Night, my Lord!

Hect. Good Night, ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Therſ. [*aſide.*] Sweet quoth a! ſweet Sink, ſweet Shore, ſweet Jakes!

Achil. *Neſtor* will ſtay, and you Lord *Diomede*, Keep *Hector* Company an Hour or two.

Diom. I cannot, Sir, I have important Buſineſs.

Achil. Enter, my Lords.

Ulyſ. to *Troil.* Follow his Torch: he goes to *Calchas*'s Tent.

[*Exeunt* Achil. Hect. Ajax *one Way*, Diomede *another*; *and after him* Ulyſſes, *and* Troilus.

Therſ. This *Diomede*'s a falſe-hearted Rogue, an unjuſt Knave: I will no more truſt him when he winks with one Eye, than I will a Serpent when he hiſſes. He will ſpend his Mouth and Promiſe, like Brabbler the Hound: but when he performs, Aſtronomers ſet it down for a Prodigy; though I long to ſee *Hector*, I cannot forbear dogging him. They ſay he keeps a *Trojan* Drabb: and uſes *Calchas*'s Tent, that fugitive Prieſt of *Troy*, that Canonical Rogue of our Side. I'll after him: nothing but Whoring in this Age: all incontinent Raſcals! [*Exit* Therſites.

Enter Calchas, *and* Creſſida.

Calch. O, what a Bleſſing is a virtuous Child!

Thou haſt reclaim'd my Mind, and calm'd my Paſſion
Of Anger and Revenge: my Love to *Troy*
Revives within me, and my loſt *Tiara*
No more diſturbs my Mind.

Creſſ. A virtuous Conqueſt!

Calch. I have a Woman's Longing to return,
But yet which way, without your Aid, I know not.

Creſſ. Time muſt inſtruct us how.

Calch. You muſt diſſemble Love to *Diomede*, ſtill:
Falſe *Diomede*, bred in *Ulyſſes'* School,
Can never be deceiv'd,
But by ſtrong Arts and Blandiſhments of Love.
Put 'em in Practice all; ſeem loſt and won,
And draw him on, and give him Line again.
This *Argus* then may cloſe his hundred Eyes,
And leave our Flight more eaſy.

Creſſ. How can I anſwer this to Love and *Troilus?*

Calch. Why 'tis for him you do it: promiſe largely;
That Ring he ſaw you wear, he much ſuſpects
Was given you by a Lover; let him have it.

Diom. [*within.*] Ho; *Calchas, Calchas!*

Calch. Hark! I hear his Voice.
Purſue your Project: doubt not the Succeſs.

Creſſ. Heaven knows againſt my Will: and yet my Hopes
This Night to meet my *Troilus*, while 'tis Truce,
Afford my Mind ſome Eaſe.

Calch. No more: retire. [*Exit* Creſſida.

Enter Diomede; Troilus *and* Ulyſſes *appear liſtening at one Door, and* Therſites *watching at another.*

Diom. I came to ſee your Daughter, worthy *Calchas.*

Calch. My Lord, I'll call her to you. [*Exit* Calchas.

Ulyſ. to *Troil.* Stand where the Torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troil. Creſſida comes forth to him!

Diom. How now my Charge?

Creſſ. Now my ſweet Guardian; hark a word with you. [*Whiſper.*

Troil. Ay, ſo familiar!

Diom. Will you remember?

Creſſ.

Creſſ. Remember? yes. [Madneſs!
Troil. Heav'ns! what ſhou'd ſhe remember! Plague and
Ulyſſ. Prince, you are mov'd: let us depart in Time,
Leſt your Diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful Terms: this Place is dangerous;
The Time unfit: beſeech you let us go.
Troil. I pray you ſtay; by Hell, and by Hell Torments
I will not ſpeak a Word.
Diom. I'll hear no more: good Night.
Creſſ. Nay, but you part in Anger!
Troil. Does that grieve thee! O wither'd Truth!
Diom. Farewel Cozener.
Creſſ. Indeed I am not: pray come back again.
Ulyſſ. You ſhake, my Lord, at ſomething: will you go?
You will break out.
Troil. By all the Gods I will not.
There is between my Will and all my Actions,
A Guard of Patience! ſtay a little while.
Therſ. [*aſide.*] How the Devil Luxury with his fat Rump, and Potato-finger, tickles theſe together! put him off a little, you fooliſh Harlot! 'twill ſharpen him the more.
Diom. But will you then?
Creſſ. I will as ſoon as e'er the War's concluded.
Diom. Give me ſome Token, for the Surety of it:
The Ring I ſaw you wear.
Creſſ. [*Giving it.*] If you muſt have it.
Troil. The Ring? nay then 'tis plain! O Beauty where's thy Faith!
Ulyſſ. You have ſworn Patience.
Therſ. That's well, that's well, the Pledge is given; hold her to her Word good Devil, and her Soul's thine I warrant thee.
Diom. Whoſe was't?
Creſſ. By all *Diana*'s waiting Train of Stars,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Diom. Why then thou lov'ſt him ſtill: farewel for ever:
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Creſſ. You ſhall not go: one cannot ſpeak a Word,
But ſtraight it ſtarts you.
Diom. I do not like this Fooling.

Therſ. Nor I by *Pluto:* but that which likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.

Diom. I ſhall expect your Promiſe.

Creſſ. I'll perform it.

Not a Word more, good Night — I hope for ever:
Thus to deceive Deceivers is no Fraud. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Diomede *and* Creſſida *ſeverally.*

Ulyſ. All's done, my Lord.

Troil. Is it?

Ulyſ. Pray let us go.

Troil. Was *Creſſida* here?

Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*

Troil. She was not ſure! ſhe was not.
Let it not be believ'd for Womanhood:
Think we had Mothers, do not give Advantage
To biting Satyr, apt without a Theme,
For Defamation, to ſquare all the Sex
By *Creſſid*'s Rule, rather think this not *Creſſida.*

Therſ. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own Eyes?

Troil. This ſhe! no, this was *Dicmede*'s *Creſſida.*
If Beauty have a Soul, this is not ſhe:
I cannot ſpeak for Rage, that Ring was mine,
By Heaven I gave it, in that Point of Time,
When both our Joys were fulleſt! — If he keeps it,
Let Dogs eat *Troilus.*

Therſ. He'll tickle it for his Concupy: this will be Sport to ſee! *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the Intelligence of this Whore; a Parrot will not do more for an Almond, than he will for a commodious Drab: I wou'd I cou'd meet with this Rogue *Diomede* too; I wou'd croak like a Raven to him; I wou'd bode: it ſhall go hard but I'll find him out. [*Exit* Therſites.

Enter Æneas.

Æn. I have been ſeeking you this Hour my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy.*

Ulyſ. Commend me, gallant *Troilus,* to your Brother:
Tell him, I hope he ſhall not need to arm;
The fair *Polyxena* has, by a Letter,
Diſarm'd our great *Achilles* of his Rage.

Troil. This I ſhall ſay to *Hector.*

Ulyſ. So I hope!

Pray

Pray Heaven *Therſites* have inform'd me true— [*Aſide.*

Troil. Good Night, my Lord; accept diſtracted Thanks! [*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Hear ye, my Lord, hear ye; I have been ſeeing yon poor Girl. There have been old Doings there i'faith.

Troil. [*Aſide.*] Hold yet, my Spirits: let him pour it in: The Poiſon's kind: the more I drink of it,
The ſooner 'twill diſpatch me,

Æn. to *Pand.* Peace you Babbler!

Pand. She has been mightily made on by the *Greeks*: ſhe takes moſt wonderfully among 'em: *Achilles* kiſs'd her, and *Patroclus* kiſs'd her: Nay, and old *Neſtor* put aſide his grey Beard, and bruſh'd her with his Whiſkers. Then comes me *Agamemnon* with his General's Staff, diving with a low Bow ev'n to the Ground, and riſing again, juſt at her Lips: And after him came *Ulyſſes*, and *Ajax*, and *Menelaus:* and they ſo pelted her i'faith: pitter patter, pitter patter, as thick as Hail-ſtones. And after that, a whole Rout of 'em: Never was Woman in *Phrygia* better kiſs'd.

Troil. [*Aſide.*] *Hector* ſaid true: I find it now!

Pand. And laſt of all comes me *Diomede* ſo demurely: that's a notable ſly Rogue I warrant him! Mercy upon us, how he laid her on upon the Lips! for as I told you, ſhe's moſt mightily made on among the *Greeks*. What, cheer up, I ſay, Man! ſhe has every one's good Word. I think in my Conſcience, ſhe was born with a Caul upon her Head.

Troil. [*Aſide.*] Hell, Death, Confuſion, how he tortures me!

Pand. And that Rogue-Prieſt my Brother, is ſo courted and treated for her Sake: the young Sparks do ſo pull him about, and haul him by the Caſſock: nothing but Invitations to his Tent, and his Tent, and his Tent. Nay, and one of 'em was ſo bold, as to aſk him, if ſhe were a Virgin; and with that, the Rogue my Brother takes me up a little God in his Hand, and kiſſes it, and ſwears devoutly that ſhe was; then was I ready to burſt my Sides with Laughing, to think what had paſs'd betwixt you two.

Troil. O I can bear no more! ſhe's Falſhood all:
Falſe by both Kinds; for with her Mother's Milk
She ſuck'd th' Infuſion of her Father's Soul.
She only wants an Opportunity,
Her Soul's a Whore already.

Pand. What wou'd you make a Monopoly of a Woman's Lips? a little Conſolation or ſo, might be allow'd, one wou'd think, in a Lover's Abſence!

Troil. Hence from my Sight:
Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name:
Let modeſt Matrons at thy Mention ſtart;
And bluſhing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble Work.

Pand. O World, World: thou art an ungrateful Patch of Earth!
Thus the poor Agent is deſpis'd! he labours painfully in his Calling, and trudges between Parties: but when their Turns are ſerv'd, Come-out's too good for him. I am mighty melancholy. I'll e'en go home, and ſhut up my Doors; and die o'th' Sullens like an old Bird in a Cage! [*Exit* Pandarus.

Enter Diomede *and* Therſites.

Therſ. [*Aſide.*] There; there he is, now let it work: now play thy Part Jealouſy, and twinge 'em: put 'em between thy Mill-ſtones, and grind the Rogues together.

Diom. My Lord, I am by *Ajax* ſent to inform you,
This Hour muſt end the Truce.

Æn. to *Troil.* Contain your ſelf;
Think where we are.

Diom. Your Stay will be unſafe.

Troil. It may for thoſe I hate.

Therſ. [*Aſide.*] Well ſaid, *Trojan*: there's the firſt Hit.

Diom. Beſeech you Sir make Haſte, my own Affairs Call me another Way.

Therſ. [*Aſide.*] What Affairs? what Affairs? demand that, Dolt-head! the Rogue will loſe a Quarrel for want of Wit to aſk that Queſtion.

Troil. May I enquire where your Affairs conduct you?

Therſ. [*Aſide.*] Well ſaid again; I beg thy Pardon.

Diom. Oh it concerns you not.

Troil.

Troil. Perhaps it does:

Diom. You are too inquiſitive: nor am I bound
To ſatisfy an Enemy's Requeſt.

Troil. You have a Ring upon your Finger, *Diomede*,
And given you by a Lady.

Diom. If it were;
'Twas given to one who can defend her Gift.

Therſ. [*Aſide.*] So, ſo; the Boars begin to gruntle at one another: ſet up your Briſtles, now a' both Sides: whet and foam, Rogues.

Troil. You muſt reſtore it, *Greek*, by Heaven you muſt:
No Spoil of mine ſhall grace a Traytor's Hand:
And, with it, give me back the broken Vows
Of my falſe Fair; which, perjur'd as ſhe is,
I never will reſign, but with my Soul.

Diom. Then thou, it ſeems, art that forſaken Fool,
Who wanting Merit to preſerve her Heart,
Repines in vain to ſee it better plac'd;
But know, (for now I take a Pride to grieve thee)
Thou art ſo loſt a thing in her Eſteem,
I never heard thee nam'd, but ſome Scorn follow'd:
Thou wert our Table-Talk for laughing Meals:
Thy Name our ſportful Theme for Evening-walks:
And intermiſſive Hours of cooler Love:
When Hand in Hand we went.

Troil. Hell and Furies!

Therſ. [*Aſide.*] O well ſtung, Scorpion!
Now *Menelaus* his *Greek* Horns are out o'Doors, there's a new Cuckold ſtarts up on the *Trojan* Side.

Troil. Yet this was ſhe, ye Gods, that very She,
Who in my Arms lay melting all the Night;
Who kiſs'd and ſigh'd, and ſigh'd and kiſs'd again,
As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips,
To meet mine there, and panted at the Paſſage.
Who loth to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
And ſhrunk into my Boſom, there to make
A little longer Darkneſs.

Diom. Plagues and Tortures!

Therſ. Good, good, by *Pluto!* their Fool's mad to loſe his Harlot; and our Fool's mad, that t'other Fool had her firſt; if I ſought Peace now, I cou'd tell 'em

there's Punk enough to ſatisfy 'em both; Whore ſufficient! but let 'em worry one another, the fooliſh Curs; they think they can never have enough of Carrion.

Æn. My Lords, this Fury is not proper here
In Time of Truce; if either Side be injur'd,
To-morrow's Sun will riſe apace, and then ——

Troil. And then! but why ſhould I defer, 'till then?
My Blood calls now, there is no Truce for Traytors,
My Vengeance rowls within my Breaſt, it muſt,
It will have Vent, —— [*Drawn.*

Diom. Hinder us not, *Æneas*,
My Blood rides high as his; I truſt thy Honour,
And know thou art too brave a Foe to break it. ——
[*Drawn.*

Therſ. Now Moon! now ſhine ſweet Moon! let 'em have juſt Light enough to make their Paſſes: and not Light enough to ward 'em.

Æn. [*Drawing too.*] By Heav'n he comes on this, who ſtrikes the firſt.
You both are mad; is this like gallant Men,
To fight at Midnight; at the Murtherer's Hour;
When only Guilt and Rapine draw a Sword?
Let Night enjoy her Dues of ſoft Repoſe;
But let the Sun behold the brave Man's Courage.
And this I dare engage for *Diomede*,
Foe though I am, he ſhall not hide his Head,
But meet you in the very Face of Danger.

Diom. [*Putting up.*] Be't ſo: and were it on ſome Precipice,
High as *Olympus*, and a Sea beneath,
Call when thou dar'ſt, juſt on the ſharpeſt Point
I'll meet, and tumble with thee to Deſtruction.

Troil. A gnawing Conſcience haunts not guilty Men,
As I'll haunt thee, to ſummon thee to this;
Nay, ſhould'ſt thou take the *Stygian* Lake for Refuge,
I'll plunge in after, through the boiling Flames,
To puſh thee hiſſing down the vaſt Abyſs.

Diom. Where ſhall we meet?

Troil. Before the Tent of *Calchas*:
Thither, through all your Troops, I'll fight my Way:
And in the Sight of perjur'd *Creſſida*,
Give Death to her through thee.

Diom.

Diom. 'Tis largely promis'd.
But I diſdain to anſwer with a Boaſt;
Be ſure thou ſhalt be met.
Troil. And thou be found.
[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Æneas *one Way:* Diomede *the other.*
Therſ. Now the Furies take *Æneas*, for letting 'em ſleep upon their Quarrel: who knows but Reſt may cool their Brains, and make 'em riſe maukiſh to Miſchief upon Conſideration? May each of 'em dream he ſees his Cockatrice in t'other's Arms: and be ſtabbing one another in their Sleep, to remember 'em of their Buſineſs when they wake: let 'em be punctual to the Point of Honour; and if it were poſſible, let both be firſt at the Place of Execution. Let neither of 'em have Cogitation enough, to conſider 'tis a Whore they fight for: and let 'em value their Lives at as little as they are worth. And laſtly, let no ſucceeding Fools take Warning by 'em; but, in Imitation of them, when a Strumpet is in queſtion,
Let 'em beneath their Feet all Reaſon trample,
And think it great to periſh by Example. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hector, Trojans, Andromache.

Hect. THE blue Miſts riſe from off the nether Grounds,
And the Sun mounts apace: To Arms, to Arms:
I am reſolv'd to put to th' utmoſt Proof
The Fate of *Troy* this Day.
Andro. [*Aſide.*] Oh wretched Woman, oh!
Hect. Methought I heard you ſigh, *Andromache!*
Andro. Did you, my Lord!
Hect. Did you, my Lord? you anſwer indirectly:
Juſt when I ſaid that I wou'd put our Fate
Upon th' extreameſt Proof, you fetch'd a Groan;
And, as you check'd your ſelf for what you did,
You ſtifled it and ſtopt. Come, you are ſad.
Andro. The Gods forbid.

Hect. What ſhould the Gods forbid?
Andr. That I ſhould give you Cauſe of juſt Offence.
Hect. You ſay well; but you look not chearfully.
I mean this Day to waſte the Stock of War,
And lay it prodigally out in Blows.
Come gird my Sword, and ſmile upon me, Love;
Like Victory come flying to my Arms,
And give me Earneſt of deſir'd Succeſs.
Andr. The Godr protect you, and reſtore you to me!
Hect. What, grown a Coward! Thou wert us'd, *Andromache*,
To give my Courage Courage; Thou would'ſt cry,
Go *Hector*, Day grows old, and Part of Fame
Is raviſh'd from thee by thy ſlothful Stay.
Andr. [*Aſide.*] What ſhall I do to ſeem the ſame!
Come, let me gird thy Fortune to thy Side, [was!
And Conqueſt ſit as cloſe and ſure as this.
[*She goes to gird his Sword, and it falls.*
Now Mercy, Heaven! the Gods avert this Omen.
Hect. A fooliſh Omen! take it up again,
And mend thy Error.
Andr. I cannot, for my Hand obeys me not;
But as in Slumbers, when we fain wou'd run
From our imagin'd Fears, our idle Feet
Grow to the Ground, our ſtruggling Voice dies inward:
So now, when I wou'd force my ſelf to chear you,
My faltring Tongue can give no glad Preſage;
Alas, I am no more *Andromache*.
Hect. Why then thy former Soul is flown to me:
For I, methinks, am lifted into Air,
As if my Mind maſt'ring my mortal Part,
Wou'd bear my exalted Body to the Gods.
Laſt Night I dreamt *Jove* ſate on *Ida*'s Top,
And beck'ning with his Hand divine from far,
He pointed to a Choir of Demi-gods,
Bacchus and *Hercules*, and all the reſt,
Who, free from humane Toils, had gain'd the Pitch
Of bleſt Eternity: Lo there, he ſaid,
Lo there's a Place for *Hector*.
Andr. Be to thy Enemies this boding Dream!
Hect. Why, it portends me Honour and Renown.

Andr.

Andr. Such Honour as the Brave gain after Death.
For I have dreamt all Night of horrid Slaughters,
Of trampling Horſes, and of Chariot Wheels
Wading in Blood up to their Axle-trees;
Of fiery *Demons* gliding down the Skies,
And *Ilium* brighten'd with a midnight Blaze;
O therefore, if thou lov'ſt me, go not forth.

Hect. Go to thy Bed again, and there dream better.
Ho! bid my Trumpet ſound. [ſake.

Andr. No Notes of Sally, for the Heaven's ſweet
'Tis not for nothing when my Spirits droop:
This is a Day when thy ill Stars are ſtrong,
When they have driv'n thy helpleſs Genius down
The Steep of Heaven to ſome obſcure Retreat.

Hect. No more; ev'n as thou lov'ſt my Fame, no more;
My Honour ſtands engag'd to meet *Achilles:*
What will the *Grecians* think, or what will he,
Or what will *Troy*, or what wilt thou thy ſelf,
When once this Ague Fit of Fear is o'er,
If I ſhould loſe my Honour for a Dream?

Andr. Your Enemies too well your Courage know,
And Heaven abhors the Forfeit of raſh Vows,
Like ſpotted Livers in a Sacrifice.
I cannot, O I dare not let you go:
For when you leave me, my preſaging Mind
Says, I ſhall never, never ſee you more.

Hect. Thou excellently good, but oh too ſoft,
Let me not 'ſcape the Danger of this Day;
But I have ſtruggling in my manly Soul
To ſee thoſe modeſt Tears, aſham'd to fall,
And witneſs any Part of Woman in thee!
And now I fear, leſt thou ſhould'ſt think it Fear,
If thus diſſwaded, I refuſe to fight,
And ſtay inglorious in thy Arms at home.

Andr. Oh cou'd I have that Thought, I ſhou'd not love thee;
Thy Soul is Proof to all things but to Kindneſs,
And therefore 'twas that I forbore to tell thee
How mad *Caſſandra*, full of Prophecy,
Ran round the Streets, and like a Bacchanal
Cry'd, Hold him *Priam*; 'tis an ominous Day,

Let

Let him not go, for *Hector* is no more.

Hect. Our Life is ſhort, but to extend that Span
To vaſt Eternity, is Virtue's Work:
Therefore to thee, and not to Fear of Fate,
Which once muſt come to all, give I this Day.
But ſee thou move no more the like Requeſt:
For reſt aſſur'd, that to regain this Hour,
To-morrow will I tempt a double Danger:
Mean time, let Deſtiny attend thy Leiſure;
I reckon this one Day a Blank of Life.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Where are you Brother? now in Honour's Name,
What do you mean to be thus long unarm'd?
Th' imbattel'd Soldiers throng about the Gates;
The Matrons to the Turrets Tops aſcend,
Holding their helpleſs Children in their Arms,
To make you early known to their young Eyes,
And *Hector* is the univerſal Shout.

Hect. Bid all unarm, I will not fight to-day.

Troil. Employ ſome Coward to bear back this News,
And let the Children hoot him for his Pains.
By all the Gods, and by my juſt Revenge,
This Sun ſhall ſhine the laſt for them or us:
Theſe noiſy Streets, or yonder echoing Plains,
Shall be to-morrow ſilent as the Grave.

Andro. O Brother, do not urge a Brother's Fate,
But let this Wreck of Heav'n and Earth roul o'er,
And when the Storm is paſt, put out to Sea.

Troil. O now I know from whence his Change pro-
Some frantick Augur has obſerv'd the ſkies; [ceeds;
Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong:
By Heav'n 'twas never well, ſince ſawcy Prieſts
Grew to be Maſters of the liſtning Herd,
And into Miters cleft the Regal Crown.
Then, as the Earth were ſcanty for their Pow'r,
They drew the Pomp of Heaven to wait on them.
Shall I go publiſh, *Hector* dares not fight,
Becauſe a Mad-man dreamt he talk'd with *Jove?*
What could the God ſee in a brain-ſick Prieſt,
That he ſhould ſooner talk to him than me?

Hect. You know my Name's not liable to Fear.

Troil.

Troil. Yes, to the worſt of Fear, to Superſtition.
But whether that, or Fondneſs of a Wife,
(The more unpardonable Ill) has ſeiz'd you,
Know this, the *Grecians* think you fear *Achilles*,
And that *Polyxena* has beg'd your Life.

Hect. How! that my Life is beg'd, and by my Siſter?

Troil. Ulyſſes ſo inform'd me at our Parting,
With a malicious and diſdainful Smile:
'Tis true, he ſaid not in broad Words, you fear'd,
But in well-manner'd Terms 'twas ſo agreed,
Achilles ſhou'd avoid to meet with *Hector*.

Hect. He thinks my Siſter's Treaſon my Petition,
That largely vaunting in my Heat of Blood,
More than I cou'd, it ſeems, or durſt perform,
ſought Evaſion.

Troil. And in private pray'd.

Hect. O yes, *Polyxena* to beg my Life,

Andro. He cannot think ſo, do not urge him thus.

Hect. Not urge me? then thou think'ſt I need his urging.
By all the Gods, ſhou'd *Jove* himſelf deſcend,
And tell me, *Hector* thou deſerv'ſt not Life,
But take it as a Boon; I wou'd not live.
But that a mortal Man, and he of all Men,
Shou'd think my Life were in his Power to give,
I will not reſt, till proſtrate on the Ground,
I make him, Atheiſt like, implore his Breath
Of me, and not of Heaven.

Troil. Then you'll refuſe no more to fight?

Hect. Refuſe! I'll not be hinder'd, Brother.
I'll through and through 'em, even their hindmoſt Ranks,
Till I have found that large-ſiz'd boaſting Fool,
Who dares preſume my Life is in his Gift.

Andro. Farewel, farewel; 'tis vain to ſtrive with Fate!
Caſſandra's raging God inſpires my Breaſt
With Truths that muſt be told, and not believ'd.
Look how he dies! look how his Eyes turn pale!
Look how his Blood burſts out at many Vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars, how *Hecuba* cries out,
And widow'd I fill all the Streets with Screams!
Behold Diſtraction, Frenzy, and Amazement
Like Antiques meet, and tumble upon Heaps!

And all cry *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! Oh *Hector!* [*Exit.*
Hect. What ſport will be, when we return at Evening,
To laugh her out of Count'nance for her Dreams!
Troil. I have not quench'd my Eyes with dewy Sleep
this Night;
But fiery Fumes mount upward to my Brains,
And when I breathe, methinks my Noſtrils hiſs!
I ſhall turn Baſilisk! and with my Sight
Do my Hands Work on *Diomede* this Day.
Hect. To Arms, to Arms! the Vanguards are engag'd:
Let us not leave one Man to guard the Walls;
Both Old and Young, the Coward and the Brave
Be ſummon'd all, our utmoſt Fate to try,
And as one Body move, whoſe Soul am I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Camp.*

Alarm within. Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Menelaus, *Soldiers.*

Agam. Thus far the Promiſe of the Day is fair:
Æneas rather loſes Ground than gains;
I ſaw him over-labour'd, taking Breath,
And leaning on his Spear, behold our Trenches,
Like a fierce Lion looking up to Toils,
Which yet he durſt not leap.
Ulyſ. And therefore diſtant Death does all the Work:
The Flights of whiſtling Darts make brown the Sky,
Whoſe claſhing Points ſtrike Fire, and gild the Duſk:
Thoſe that reach home, from neither Hoſt are vain,
So thick the Preaſe; ſo luſty are their Arms,
That Death ſeem'd never ſent with better Will;
Nor was with leſs Concernment entertain'd.
Enter Neſtor.
Agam. Now, *Neſtor*, what's the News?
Neſtor. I have deſcry'd
A Cloud of Duſt that mounts in Pillars upwards,
Expanding as it travels to our Camp;
And from the Midſt I heard a burſting Shout
That rent the Heav'n! as if all *Troy* were ſwarm'd,
And on the Wing this way.
Menel. Let 'em come, let 'em come.

Agam.

Agam. Where's great *Achilles?*
Ulyſ. Think not on *Achilles,*
Till *Hector* drag him from his Tent to fight,
(Which ſure he will, for I have laid the Train.)
Neſt. But young *Patroclus* leads his *Myrmidons,*
And in their Front, ev'n in the Face of *Hector,*
Reſolves to dare the *Trojans.*
Agam. Haſte *Ulyſſes,* bid *Ajax* iſſue forth and ſecond him.
Ulyſ. Oh noble General, let it not be ſo.
Oppoſe not Rage, while Rage is in its Force,
But give it way awhile, and let it waſte.
The riſing Deluge is not ſtopt with Dams,
Thoſe it o'er-bears, and drowns the Hopes of Harveſt:
But wiſely manag'd, its divided Strength
Is ſluic'd in Channels, and ſecurely drain'd.
Firſt let ſmall Parties dally with their Fury;
But when their Force is ſpent and unſupply'd,
The Reſidue with Mounds may be reſtrain'd,
And dry-ſhod we may paſs the naked Ford.

Enter Therſites.

Therſ. Ho, ho, ho!
Menel. Why doſt thou laugh, unſeaſonable Fool?
Therſ. Why, thou Fool in Seaſon, cannot a Man laugh, but thou think'ſt he makes Horns at thee? Thou Prince of the Herd, what haſt thou to do with Laughing? 'Tis the Prerogative of Man to laugh! Thou Riſibility without Reaſon, thou Subject of Laughter, thou Fool Royal.
Ulyſ. But tell us the Occaſion of thy Mirth?
Therſ. Now a Man aſks me, I care not if I anſwer to my own Kind: Why, the Enemies are broken into our Trenches; Fools like *Menelaus* fall by Thouſands, yet not a human Soul departs on either Side. *Troilus* and *Ajax* have almoſt beaten one anothers Heads off, but are both immortal for want of Brains. *Patroclus* has kill'd *Sarpedon,* and *Hector Patroclus*; ſo there's a towardly ſpringing Fop gone off: He might have made a Prince one Day, but now he's nipt in the very Bud and Promiſe of a moſt prodigious Coxcomb.
Agam. Bear off *Patroclus'* Body to *Achilles*;
Revenge will arm him now, and bring us Aid.

Th' Alarm

Th' Alarm ſounds near, and Shouts are driv'n upon us,
As of a Crowd confus'd in their Retreat.

Ulyſ. Open your Ranks, and make theſe mad Men way,
Then cloſe again to charge upon their Backs,
And quite conſume the Relicks of the War.

[*Exeunt all but* Therſites.

Therſ. What Shoals of Fools one Battle ſweeps away! How it purges Families of younger Brothers, High-ways of Robbers, and Cities of Cuckold-makers! There's nothing like a pitch'd Battle for theſe briſk Addle-heads! Your Phyſician is a pretty Fellow, but his Fees make him tedious, he rids not faſt enough; the Fools grow upon him, and their Horſe Bodies are Poyſon Proof. Your Peſtilence is a quicker Remedy, but it has not the Grace to make Diſtinction, it huddles up honeſt Men and Rogues together. But your Battle has Diſcretion, it picks out all the forward Fools, and ſowſes 'em together into Immortality. [*Shouts and Alarms within.*] Plague upon theſe Drums and Trumpets! theſe ſharp Sauces of the War to get Fools an Appetite to Fighting! What do I among 'em? I ſhall be miſtaken for ſome valiant Aſs, and die a Martyr in a wrong Religion.

[*Here* Grecians *fly over the Stage purſued by* Trojans; *One* Trojan *turns back upon* Therſites *who is flying too.*

Troj. Turn Slave, and fight.

Therſ. [*turning.*] What art thou?

Troj. A Baſtard Son of *Priam*'s.

Therſ. I am a Baſtard too, I love Baſtards. I am Baſtard in Body, Baſtard in Mind, Baſtard in Valour, in every thing illegitimate. A Bear will not faſten upon a Bear; why ſhould one Baſtard offend another! Let us part fair, like true Sons of Whores, and have the Fear of our Mothers before our Eyes.

Troj. The Devil take thee, Coward. [*Exit* Trojan.

Therſ. Now wou'd I were either inviſible or invulnerable: Theſe Gods have a fine time on't; they can ſee and make Miſchief, and never feel it.

[*Clattering of Swords at both Doors; he runs each Way, and meets the Noiſe.*

A Pox clatter you; I am compaſs'd in! Now wou'd I were that Blockhead *Ajax* for a Minute: Some ſturdy

Trojan

Trojan will poach me up with a long Pole! and then the Rogues may kill one another upon free Coſt, and have no Body left to laugh at 'em:
Now Deſtruction! now Deſtruction!

Enter Hector *and* Troilus *driving in the* Greeks.

Hect. to *Therſ.* Speak what Part thou fight'ſt on!

Therſ. I fight not at all, I am for neither Side.

Hect. Thou art a *Greek*, art thou a Match for *Hector*? Art thou of Blood and Honour?

Therſ. No, I am a Raſcal, a ſcurvy railing Knave, a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; live.

Therſ God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but the Devil break thy Neck for frighting me. [*Aſide.*

Troilus returning. What Priſoner have you there?

Hect. A Gleaning of the War, a Rogue he ſays.

Troil. Diſpatch him and away. [*Going to kill him.*

Therſ Hold, hold; what is't no more but diſpatch a Man and away! I am in no ſuch Haſte: I will not die for *Greece*; I hate *Greece*, and by my good Will wou'd ne'er have been born there; I was miſtaken into that Country, and betray'd by my Parents to be born there. And beſides, I have a mortal Enemy among the *Grecians*, one *Diomede*, a damned Villain, and cannot die with a ſafe Conſcience till I have firſt murther'd him.

Troil. Shew me that *Diomede*, and thou ſhalt live.

Therſ. Come along with me, and I'll conduct thee to *Calchas* his Tent, where I believe he's now making War with the Prieſt's Daughter

Hect. Here we muſt part, our Deſtinies divide us: Brother and Friend, farewel.

Troil. When ſhall we meet? [part.

Hect. When the Gods pleaſe; if not, we once muſt Look: on yon Hill their ſquander'd Troops unite.

Troil. If I miſtake not, 'tis their laſt Reſerve:
The Storm's blown o'er, and thoſe but After-Drops.

Hect. I wiſh our Men be not too far engag'd;
For few we are and ſpent, as having born
The Burthen of the Day: But, hap what can,
They ſhall be charg'd: *Achilles* muſt be there;
And him I ſeek, or Death.

Divide

Divide our Troops, and take the freſher Half.

Troil. O Brother!

Hect. No Diſpute of Ceremony:
Theſe are enow for me, in faith enow:
Their Bodies ſhall not flag while I can lead;
Nor wearied Limbs confeſs Mortality,
Before thoſe Ants that blacken all yon Hill
Are crept into their Earth. Farewel. [*Exit* Hector.

Troil. Farewel. Come *Greek.*

Therſ. Now theſe rival Rogues will clapperclaw one another, and I ſhall have the Sport on't.
[*Exit* Troil. *with* Therſites.

Enter Achilles *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Which way went *Hector?*

Myrmid. Up yon ſandy Hill:
You may diſcern 'em by their ſmoaking Track;
A wavering Body working with bent Hams
Againſt the Riſing, ſpent with painful March,
And by looſe Footing caſt on Heaps together.

Achil. O thou art gone! thou ſweeteſt, beſt of Friends,
Why did I let thee tempt the Shock of War,
Ere yet thy tender Nerves had ſtrung thy Limbs,
And knotted into Strength. Yet, though too late,
I will, I will revenge thee, my *Patroclus!*
Nor ſhall thy Ghoſt thy Murtherer's long attend,
But thou ſhalt hear him calling *Charon* back,
Ere thou art wafted to the farther Shore.
Make Haſte, my Soldiers; give me this Day's Pains
For my dead Friend: Strike every Hand with mine,
Till *Hector* breathleſs on the Ground we lay!
Revenge is Honour, the ſecureſt Way. [*Ex. with* Myrm.

Enter Therſites, Troilus, Trojans.

Therſ. That's *Calchas's* Tent.

Troil. Then that one Spot of Earth contains more Falſ-
Than all the Sun ſees in his Race beſide. [hood,
That I ſhou'd truſt the Daughter of a Prieſt!
Prieſthood, that makes a Merchandiſe of Heav'n!
Prieſthood, that ſells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Bleſſings!
And forces us to pay for our own Coz'nage!

Therſ. Nay cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with
Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice, [Offals:

And

And keeps the beſt for private Luxury.

Troil. Thou haſt deſerv'd thy Life for curſing Prieſts:
Let me embrace thee; thou art beautiful:
That Back, that Noſe, thoſe Eyes are beautiful:
Live; thou art honeſt, for thou hat'ſt a Prieſt.

Therſ. [*Aſide.*] Farewel *Trojan*; if I 'ſcape with Life,
As I hope, and thou art knock'd o'th' Head, as I hope
Too, I ſhall be the firſt that ever 'ſcap'd the Revenge of a
Prieſt after curſing him; and thou wilt not be the laſt, I
Propheſy, that a Prieſt will bring to Ruin. [*Ex.* Ther.

Troil. Methinks my Soul is rowz'd with her laſt Work;
Has much to do, and little Time to ſpare.
She ſtarts within me, like a Traveller
Who ſluggiſhly out-ſlept his Morning Hour,
And mends his Pace to reach his Inn betimes.
Noiſe within, Follow, follow.
A Noiſe of Arms! the Traytor may be there:
Or elſe, perhaps, that conſcious Scene of Love,
The Tent, may hold him; yet I dare not ſearch,
For oh, I fear to find him in that Place. [*Exit* Troilus.

Enter Calchas *and* Creſſida.

Creſ. Where is he? I'll be juſtify'd, or die.

Calc. So quickly vaniſh'd! he was here but now:
He muſt be gone to ſearch for *Diomede*,
For *Diomede* told me, here they were to fight.

Creſ. Alas!

Calch. You muſt prevent, and not complain.

Creſ. If *Troilus* die, I have no Share in Life.

Calch. If *Diomede* ſink beneath the Sword of *Troilus*,
We loſe not only a Protector here,
But are debar'd all future Means of Flight.

Creſ. What then remains?

Calc. To interpoſe betimes
Betwixt their Swords; or if that cannot be.
To intercede for him who ſhall be vanquiſh'd,
Fate leaves no middle Courſe.—— [*Ex.* Calchas.

Claſhing within.

Creſ. Ah me! I hear 'em:
And fear 'tis paſt Prevention.

Enter Diomede, *retiring before* Troilus, *and falling as he enters.*

Troil. Now beg thy Life, or die.

Diom.

Diom. No: uſe thy Fortune:
I loath the Life, which thou canſt give, or take.
Troil. Scorn'ſt thou my Mercy, Villain!——— take
thy Wiſh.——— [ſpeak
Creſ. Hold, hold your Hand, my Lord, and hear me
[Troilus *turns back: in which time* Diomede *riſes*
Trojans *and* Greeks *enter, and rank themſelves*
on both Sides of their Captains.
Troil. Did I not hear the Voice of perjur'd *Creſſida*
Com'ſt thou to give the laſt Stab to my Heart?
As if the Proofs of all thy former Falſhood
Were not enough convincing, com'ſt thou now
To beg my Rival's Life?
Whom, oh, if any Spark of Truth remain'd,
Thou could'ſt not thus, ev'n to my Face prefer.
Creſ. What ſhall I ſay! that you ſuſpect me falſe,
Has ſtruck me dumb! but let him live, my *Troilus*,
By all our Loves, by all our paſt Endearments,
I do adjure thee ſpare him.
Troil. Hell and Death!
Creſ. If ever I had Power to bend your Mind,
Believe me ſtill your faithful *Creſſida:*
And though my Innocence appear like Guilt,
Becauſe I make his forfeit Life my Suit,
'Tis but for this, that my Return to you
Wou'd be cut off for ever by his Death.
My Father, treated like a Slave, and ſcorn'd,
My ſelf in hated Bonds a Captive held.
Troil. Cou'd I believe thee, cou'd I think thee true,
In Triumph wou'd I bear thee back to *Troy*,
Though *Greece* could rally all her ſhatter'd Troops,
And ſtand embattel'd to oppoſe my Way.
But, oh, thou Syren, I will ſtop my Ears
To thy enchanting Notes; the Winds ſhall bear
Upon their Wings, thy Words more light than they.
Creſ. Alas! I but diſſembled Love to him;
If ever he had any Proof beyond
What Modeſty might give.——
Diom. No! witneſs this—— [*The Ring ſhown*
There, take her, *Trojan*; thou deſerv'ſt her beſt;

You

You good, kind-natur'd, well-believing Fools,
Are Treaſures to a Woman.
I was a jealous, hard, vexatious Lover,
And doubted ev'n this Pledge, 'till full Poſſeſſion:
But ſhe was honourable to her Word,
And I have no juſt Reaſon to complain.

Creſſ. O, unexampled, frontleſs Impudence! [*Troilus.*

Troil. Hell ſhow me ſuch another tortur'd Wretch, as

Diom. Nay, grieve not: I reſign her freely up:
I'm ſatisfy'd: and dare engage for *Creſſida*,
That if you have a Promiſe of her Perſon,
She ſhall be willing to come out of Debt.

Creſſ. [*Kneeling.*] My only Lord, by all thoſe holy Vows,
Which, if there be a Power above, are binding,
Or if there be a Hell below, are fearful,
May every Imprecation, which your Rage
Can wiſh on me, take Place, If I am falſe.

Diom. Nay, ſince you're ſo concern'd to be believ'd,
I'm ſorry I have preſs'd my Charge ſo far;
Be what you wou'd be thought: I can be grateful.

Troil. Grateful! Oh Torment! now Hell's bleweſt Flames
Receive her quick; with all her Crimes upon her.
Let her ſink ſpotted down. Let the dark Hoſt
Make Room; and point: and hiſs her as ſhe goes.
Let the moſt branded Ghoſts of all her Sex
Rejoice, and cry, Here comes a blacker Fiend.
Let her ——

Creſſ. Enough my Lord; you've ſaid enough:
This faithleſs, perjur'd, hated *Creſſida*,
Shall be no more the Subject of your Curſes:
Some few Hours hence, and Grief had done your Work:
But then your Eyes had miſs'd the Satisfaction
Which thus I give you —— thus ——
[*She ſtabs her ſelf, they both run to her.*

Diom. Help; ſave her, help.

Creſſ. Stand off; and touch me not, thou Traitor *Diomede.*
But you, my only *Troilus*, come near:
Truſt me, the Wound which I have giv'n this Breaſt
Is far leſs painful than the Wound you gave it.

Oh,

Oh, can you yet believe that I am true?
Troil. This were too much, ev'n if thou had'ſt been falſe
But, Oh, thou pureſt, whiteſt Innocence,
(For ſuch I know thee now) too late I know it!
May all my Curſes, and ten thouſand more
Heavier than they, fall back upon my Head,
Pelion and *Oſſa* from the Giants Graves,
Be torn by ſome avenging Deity,
And hurl'd at me, a bolder Wretch than they,
Who durſt invade the Skies!
Creſſ. Hear him not Heavens!
But hear me bleſs him with my lateſt Breath;
And ſince I queſtion not your hard Decree,
That doom'd my Days unfortunate, and few,
Add all to him, you take away from me;
And I die happy, that he thinks me true. [*Dies.*
Troil. She's gone for ever, and ſhe bleſt me dying!
Cou'd ſhe have curs'd me worſe! ſhe dy'd for me;
And, like a Woman, I lament for her:
Diſtraction pulls me ſeveral Ways at once,
Here Pity calls me to weep out my Eyes,
Deſpair then turns me back upon my ſelf,
And bids me ſeek no more, but finiſh here:
[*Sword to his Breaſt.*
Ha, ſmil'ſt thou Traytor, thou inſtruct'ſt me beſt,
And turn'ſt my juſt Revenge to puniſh thee.
Diom. Thy worſt, for mine has been beforehand with thee,
I triumph in thy vain Credulity,
Which levels thy deſpairing State to mine:
But yet thy Folly, to believe a Foe
Makes thine the ſharper, and more ſhameful Loſs.
Troil. By my few Moments of remaining Life,
I did not hope for any future Joy;
But thou haſt given me Pleaſure ere I die,
To puniſh ſuch a Villain. —— Fight apart;
[*To his Soldiers.*
For Heaven and Hell have mark'd him out for me,
And I ſhou'd grudge ev'n his leaſt Drop of Blood
To any other Hand. ——

[*Troilus*

[Troilus *and* Diomede *fight, and both Parties engage at the ſame time: the* Trojans *make the* Greeks *retire, and* Troilus *makes* Diomede *give Ground, and hurts him. Trumpets ſound.* Achilles *Enters with his* Myrmidons, *on the Backs of the* Trojans, *who fight in a Ring encompaſs'd round:* Troilus *ſingling* Diomede, *gets him down, and kills him: and* Achilles *kills* Troilus *upon him. All the* Trojans *die upon the Place,* Troilus *laſt.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Ajax, *and Attendants.*

Achil. Our Toils are done, and thoſe aſpiring Walls,
The Work of Gods, and almoſt mating Heaven,)
Muſt crumble into Rubbiſh on the Plain.

Agam. When mighty *Hector* fell beneath thy Sword,
Their old Foundations ſhook, their nodding Towers
Threatned from high th'amaz'd Inhabitants:
And Guardian-Gods, for Fear, forſook their Fanes.

Achil. Patroclus, now be quiet: *Hector*'s dead:
And as a ſecond Offering to thy Ghoſt,
Lies *Troilus* high upon a Heap of Slain:
And noble *Diomede* beneath; whoſe Death
This Hand of mine reveng'd.

Ajax. Reveng'd it baſely.
For *Troilus* fell by Multitudes oppreſt;
And ſo fell *Hector,* but 'tis vain to talk.

Ulyſ. Hail *Agamemnon!* truly Victor now!
While ſecret Envy, and while open Pride,
Among thy factious Nobles Diſcord threw;
While publick Good was urg'd for private Ends,
And thoſe thought Patriots, who diſturb'd it moſt;
Then, like the head-ſtrong Horſes of the Sun,
That Light which ſhou'd have cheer'd the World, conſum'd it;
Now peaceful Order has reſum'd the Reins,
Old Time looks young, and Nature ſeems renew'd:
Then ſince from home-bred Factions Ruin ſprings,
Let Subjects learn Obedience to their Kings.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *THERSITES.*

THESE Cruel Criticks put me into Paſſion;
For, in their lowring Looks I read Damnation:
I expect a Satyr, and I ſeldom fail;
When I'm firſt beaten, 'tis my Part to rail.
You Britiſh *Fools, of the Old* Trojan *Stock,*
That ſtand ſo thick, one cannot miſs the Flock,
Poets have cauſe to dread a keeping Pit,
When Women's Cullies come to judge of Wit.
As we ſtrew Rats-bane when we Vermin fear,
'Twere worth our Coſt to ſcatter Fool-bane here.
And after all our judging Fops were ſerv'd,
Dull Poets too ſhou'd have a Doſe reſerv'd;
Such Reprobates, as paſt all Senſe of ſhaming,
Write on, and ne'er are ſatisfy'd with damning;
Next, thoſe, to whom the Stage does not belong,
Such whoſe Vocation only is to Song;
At moſt to Prologue, whom, for Want of time,
Poets take in for Journey-work in Rhime.
But I want Curſes for thoſe mighty Shoals
Of ſcribbling Chloris's, *and* Phyllis' *Fools,*
Thoſe Oaphs ſhou'd be reſtrain'd, during their Lives
From Pen and Ink, as Madmen are from Knives.
I cou'd rail on, but 'twere a Task as vain,
As preaching Truth at Rome, *or Wit in* Spain:
Yet to huff out our Play was worth my trying;
John Lilburn *ſcap'd his Judges by defying:*
If guilty, yet I'm ſure o'th' Church's Bleſſing,
By ſuffering for the Plot, without confeſſing.

Gravelot inv:

G. Vander Gucht Sc.

THE SPANISH FRYAR: OR, THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam. ——Mart.
——————— *Alterna revisens*
Lusit, & in solido rursus fortuna locavit. Virg.

LONDON:
Printed for J. TONSON in the *Strand.*

MDCCXXXV.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN,

Lord HAUGHTON.

My LORD,

WHEN I firſt deſign'd this Play, I found, or thought found, ſomewhat ſo moving in the Serious Part of it, and ſo pleaſant in the Comick, as might deſerve a more than ordinary Care in both: Accordingly, I us'd the beſt of my Endeavour, in the Management of two Plots, ſo very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer, to have made them of a Piece. Neither have I attempted other Plays of the ſame Nature, in my Opinion, with the ſame Judgment; though with like Succeſs. And though many Poets may ſuſpect themſelves for the Fondneſs and Partiality of Parents to their

youngeſt Children, yet I hope I may ſtand exempted from this Rule, becauſe I know my ſelf too well to be ever ſatisfied with my own Conceptions, which have ſeldom reach'd to thoſe Idea's that I had within me: and conſequently, I preſume I may have Liberty to judge when I write more or leſs pardonably, as an ordinary Marks-man may know certainly when he ſhoots leſs wide at what he aims. Beſides, the Care and Pains I have beſtowed on this beyond my other Tragi-comedies, may reaſonably make the World conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiſs. Few good Pictures have been finiſh'd at one Sitting; neither can a true juſt Play, which is to bear the Teſt of Ages, be produc'd at a Heat, or by the Force of Fancy, without the Maturity of Judgment. For my own Part, I have both ſo juſt a Diffidence of my ſelf, and ſo great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing without a ſtrict Examination; and am as much aſham'd to put a looſe indigeſted Play upon the Publick, as I ſhou'd be to offer Braſs Money in a Payment: For tho' it ſhou'd be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage,) yet it would be found in the ſecond Telling: And a judicious Reader will diſcover in his Cloſet that traſhy Stuff, whoſe Glittering deceiv'd him in the Action. I have often heard the Stationer ſighing in his Shop, and wiſhing for thoſe Hands to take off his melancholy Bargain, which clapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-houſe every Thing contributes to impoſe upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the beſt where there is the moſt Need of it, ſurpriſe the Audience, and caſt a Miſt upon their Underſtandings; not unlike the Cunning of a Juggler, who is always ſtaring us in the Face, and overwhelming us with Gibberiſh, only that he may gain

gain the Opportunity of making the cleaner Conveyance of his Trick. But theſe falſe Beauties of the Stage are no more laſting than a Rain-bow; when the Actor ceaſes to ſhine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his Reflection, they vaniſh in a twinkling. I have ſometimes wonder'd, in the Reading, what was become of thoſe glaring Colours which amaz'd me in *Buſſy Damboys* upon the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I ſuppos'd a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Jelly: nothing but a cold, dull Maſs, which glitter'd no longer than it was ſhooting: A dwarfiſh Thought dreſs'd up in gigantick Words, Repetition in abundance, Looſeneſs of Expreſſion, and groſs Hyperboles; the Senſe of one Line expanded prodigiouſly into ten: and, to ſum up all, uncorrect *Engliſh*, and a hideous Mingle of falſe Poetry, and true Nonſenſe; or at beſt, a Scantling of Wit which lay gaſping for Life, and groaning beneath a Heap of Rubbiſh. A famous modern Poet us'd to ſacrifice every Year a *Statius* to *Virgil*'s Manes: and I have Indignation enough to burn a *Damboys* annually to the Memory of *Johnſon*. But now, my Lord, I am ſenſible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember ſome Verſes of my own *Maximin* and *Almanzor* which cry Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which I wiſh heartily in the ſame Fire with *Statius* and *Chapman*: All I can ſay for thoſe Paſſages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to pleaſe, even when I wrote them: But I repent of them amongſt my Sins: and if any of their Fellows intrude by Chance into my preſent Writings, I draw a Stroke over all thoſe *Dalilah's* of the Theatre; and am reſolv'd I will ſettle my ſelf no Reputation by the Applauſe of Fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all Ambition, but I ſcorn as much to

take it from half-witted Judges, as I ſhou'd to raiſe an Eſtate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither do I diſcommend the lofty Style in Tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly ſublime, that is not juſt and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the ſame Meaſures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded *Statius* to have written higher than *Virgil*, for,

Quæ ſuperimpoſito moles geminata Coloſſo

carries a more thundering kind of Sound, than

Tityre tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi:

Yet *Virgil* had all the Majeſty of a lawful Prince, and *Statius* only the Bluſtering of a Tyrant. But when Men affect a Virtue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the neareſt Reſemblance to it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftineſs, runs eaſily into the ſwelling puffy Stile, becauſe it looks like Greatneſs. I remember when I was a Boy, I thought inimitable *Spencer* a mean Poet, in Compariſon of *Silveſter*'s *Dubartas:* and was rapt into an Ecſtaſy when I read theſe Lines:

Now when the Winter's keener Breath began
To cryſtalize the Baltick *Ocean*;
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
And perriwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods:

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable Fuſtian, that is, Thoughts and Words ill-ſorted, and without the leaſt Relation to each other; yet I dare not anſwer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap it on the Stage: ſo little Value there is to be given to the common Cry, that no-

nothing but Madneſs can pleaſe Mad-men, and a Poet muſt be of a Piece with the Spectators, to gain a Reputation with them. But, as in a Room, contriv'd for State, the Height of the Roof ſhou'd bear a Proportion to the *Area*; ſo, in the Heightnings of Poetry, the Strength and Vehemence of Figures ſhou'd be ſuited to the Occaſion, the Subject, and the Perſons. All beyond this is monſtrous: 'tis out of Nature, 'tis an Excreſcence, and not a living Part of Poetry. I had not ſaid thus much, if ſome young Gallants, who pretend to Criticiſm, had not told me, that this Tragi-comedy wanted the Dignity of Style: but, as a Man, who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himſelf innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own Defence; ſo perhaps I have vindicated my Play with more Partiality than I ought, or than ſuch a Trifle can deſerve. Yet, whatever Beauties it may want, 'tis free at leaſt from the Groſſneſs of thoſe Faults I mention'd: What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in Reference to my Profit, and the Satisfaction I had, in ſeeing it repreſented with all the Juſtneſs and Gracefulneſs of Action. But as 'tis my Intereſt to pleaſe my Audience, ſo 'tis my Ambition to be read; That I am ſure is the more laſting and the nobler Deſign: for the Propriety of Thoughts and Words, which are the hidden Beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the Vehemence of Action: All things are there beheld, as in a haſty Motion, where the Objects only glide before the Eye, and diſappear. The moſt diſcerning Critick can judge no more of theſe ſilent Graces in the Action, than he who rides Poſt through an unknown Country can diſtinguiſh the Situation of Places, and the Nature of the Soil. The Purity of Phraſe, the Clearneſs of Conception and Expreſſion, the Boldneſs maintain'd to Majeſty, the Significancy and Sound of Words, not ſtrain'd into Bom-

baſt, but juſtly elevated; in ſhort, thoſe very Words and Thoughts, which cannot be chang'd, but for the worſe, muſt of Neceſſity eſcape our tranſient View upon the Theatre: and yet without all theſe a Play may take. For, if either the Story move us, or the Actor help the Lameneſs of it with his Performance, or now and then a glittering Beam of Wit or Paſſion ſtrike through the Obſcurity of the Poem, any of theſe are ſufficient to effect a preſent Liking, but not to fix a laſting Admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the ſureſt Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no Faults in this, which that Touchſtone will not diſcover; neither indeed is it poſſible to avoid them in a Play of this Nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: but it will be clear to any judicious Man, that with half the Pains I could have rais'd a Play from either of them: for this Time I ſatisfy'd my Humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a Rule for the Pleaſure of Variety. The Truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continu'd melancholy Scenes: and I dare venture to propheſy, that few Tragedies, except thoſe in Verſe, ſhall ſucceed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a Courſe of Mirth. For the Feaſt is too dull and ſolemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a Task this is, will ſoon be try'd: for a ſeveral Genius is requir'd to either Way; and without both of 'em, a Man, in my Opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it ſo trivial an Undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to ſave than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poiſon are always in a Readineſs; but to bring the Action to the laſt Extremity, and then by probable Means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer; and coſt him many a Pang in the Performance.

And

And now, My Lord, I muſt confeſs that what I have written, looks more like a Preface, than a Dedication; and truely it was thus far my Deſign, that I might entertain you with ſomewhat in my own Art, which might be more worthy of a noble Mind, than the ſtale exploded Trick of fulſome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write juſtly on any thing, but almoſt impoſſible in Praiſe. I ſhall therefore wave ſo nice a Subject; and only tell you, that in recommending a *Proteſtant* Play to a *Proteſtant* Patron, as I do my ſelf an Honour, ſo I do your Noble Family a Right, who have been always eminent in the Support and Favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the Promiſes of your Youth, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deceive me not, the Principles you have embrac'd are ſuch, as will no way degenerate from your Anceſtors, but refreſh their Memory in the Minds of all true *Engliſhmen*, and renew their Luſtre in your Perſon; which, My Lord, is not more the Wiſh, than it is the conſtant Expectation of

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient, Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

NOW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit;
For he who pleases, never fails of Wit:
Honour is yours;
And you, like Kings at City-Treats bestow it;
The Writer kneels, and is bid rise a Poet:
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow,
You dubb to-day, and hang a Man to-morrow;
You cry the same Sense up, and down again,
Just like Brass-Money once a Year in Spain:
Take you i'th' Mood, what e'er base Metal come,
You coin as fast as Groats at Bromingham:
Though 'tis no more like Sense in ancient Plays,
Than Rome's *Religion like St.* Peter's *Days.*
In short, so swift your Judgments turn and wind,
You cast our fleetest Wits a Mile behind.
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range,
But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change
With such a Whirl, the Poets of your Age
Are tir'd, and cannot score 'em on the Stage,
Unless each Vice in Short-hand they endite,
Ev'n as notch Prentices whole Sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders *no Vices know,*
But what they us'd a hundred Years ago;
Like honest Plants, where they were stuck, they grow;
They cheat, but still from cheating Sires they come;
They drink, but they were christ'ned first in Mum.

Their

PROLOGUE.

Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards *keep,*
And Philip *firſt taught* Philip *how to ſleep.*
The French *and we ſtill change, but here's the Curſe,*
They change for better, and we change for worſe;
They take up our old Trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and ſing:
Our Fathers did, for Change, to France *repair,*
And they, for Change, will try our Engliſh *Air:*
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Strait a more fooliſh Gew-gaw comes in Play:
So we, grown penitent, on ſerious Thinking,
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.
Scow'ring the Watch grows out-of-Faſhion Wit:
Now we ſet up for Tilting in the Pit,
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, Chicken-hearted,
To fright the Ladies firſt, and then be parted.
A fair Attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire Night Murth'rers, and make Death a Trade.
When Murther's out, what Vice can we advance?
Unleſs the new-found Pois'ning Trick of France:
And when their Art of Rats-bane we have got,
By Way of Thanks, we'll ſend 'em o'er our Plot.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

TORRISMOND,	Mr. *Betterton.*
BERTRAN,	Mr. *Williams.*
ALPHONSO,	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
LORENZO, his Son,	Mr. *Smith.*
RAYMOND,	Mr. *Gillow.*
PEDRO,	Mr. *Underhill.*
GOMEZ,	Mr. *Nokes.*
DOMINICK, the *Spaniſh* Fryar,	Mr. *Lee.*

WOMEN.

LEONORA, Queen of *Arragon*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
TERESA, Woman to *Leonora*,	Mrs. *Crofts.*
ELVIRA, Wife to *Gomez*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*

THE SPANISH FRYAR: OR, THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alphonſo *and* Pedro *meet, with Soldiers on each Side, Drums,* &c.

ALPHONSO.

STAND: give the Word.

Ped. The Queen of *Arragon.*

Alph. Pedro? — how goes the Night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome Day-light; We ſhall have warm work on't:
The *Moor* will 'gage
His utmoſt Forces on this next Aſſault,
To win a Queen and Kingdom.

Ped. Pox o' this Lion-way of Wooing, though:
Is the Queen ſtirring yet?

Alph. She has not been abed, but in her Chapel
All Night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the Saints
With Vows for her Deliverance.

Ped. O! *Alphonſo,*
I fear they come too late: Her Father's Crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her Prayers.

A Crown uſurp'd; a lawful King depos'd,
In Bondage held, debarr'd the common Light;
His Children murther'd, and his Friends deſtroy'd:
What can we leſs expect than what we feel;
And we fear will follow?

Alph. Heav'n avert it! [Event

Ped. Then Heav'n muſt not be Heav'n. Judge the
By what has paſs'd. Th' Uſurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in Peace:
Unriddle that, ye Pow'rs; but left his Daughter,
Our preſent Queen, ingag'd upon his Death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whoſe curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him great.
Hence, you well know, this fatal War aroſe:
Becauſe the *Moor Abdalla*, with whoſe Troops
Th' Uſurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd,
And, as an Infidel, his Love deſpis'd.

Alph. Well, we are Soldiers, *Pedro*, and, like Lawyers,
Plead for our Pay.

Ped. A good Cauſe wou'd do well though;
It gives my Sword an Edge. You ſee this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the *Moors*:
What Hope we have is in young *Torriſmond*,
Your Brother's Son.

Alph. He's a ſucceſsful Warrior,
And has the Soldiers Hearts: Upon the Skirts
Of *Arragon* our ſquander'd Troops he rallies:
Our Watchmen from the Tow'rs with longing Eyes
Expect his ſwift Arrival.

Ped. It muſt be ſwift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more: —— Duke *Bertran*.

Enter Bertran *attended.*

Bert. Relieve the Centries that have watch'd all Night.
[To *Ped.*] Now, Colonel, have you diſpos'd your Men,
That you ſtand idle here?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a ſhort Repoſe.

Bert. Short let it be,
For, from the *Mooriſh* Camp, this Hour and more,
There has been heard a diſtant humming Noiſe.
Like Bees diſturb'd, and arming in their Hives.
What Courage in our Soldiers? Speak! What Hope?

Ped.

Ped. As much as when Phyſicians ſhake their Heads,
nd bid their dying Patient think of Heaven.
ur Walls are thinly mann'd: our beſt Men ſlain:
he reſt, an heartleſs Number, ſpent with Watching,
nd haraſs'd out with Duty.

Bert. Good-night all then.

Ped. Nay, for my Part, 'tis but a ſingle Life
have to loſe: I'll plant my Colours down
n the Mid-breach, and by 'em fix my Foot:
ay a ſhort Soldier's Pray'r, to ſpare the Trouble
f my few Friends above; and then expect
he next fair Bullet.

Alph. Never was known a Night of ſuch Diſtraction:
oiſe ſo confus'd and dreadful: juſtling Crowds,
hat run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
ike Meteors, by each other in the Streets.

Ped. I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar;
With a Paunch ſwoll'n ſo high, his double Chin
ight reſt upon't: A true Son of the Church;
reſh-colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade,
ome puffing with his greazy bald-pate Choir,
nd fumbling o'er his Beads, in ſuch an Agony,
e told 'em falſe, for Fear: About his Neck
here hung a Wench; the Label of his Function:
Whom he ſhook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
t ſeems the holy Stallion durſt not ſcore
nother Sin before he left the World.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. To Arms, my Lord, to Arms!
rom the *Moors* Camp the Noiſe grows louder ſtill:
attling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums and Ataballes;
nd ſometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns,
ike Victory: Then Groans again, and Howlings,
ike thoſe of vanquiſh'd Men; But every Echo
oes fainter off; and dies in diſtant Sounds.

Bert. Some falſe Attack: expect on th' other Side:
One to the Gunners on St. *Jago*'s Tow'r; Bid 'em, for
evel their Cannon lower: On my Soul, [Shame,
hey're all corrupted with the Gold of *Barbary*
o carry over, and not hurt the *Moor*.

Enter a ſecond Captain.

2 *Capt.* My Lord, here's freſh Intelligence arriv'd:

Our

Our Army, led by Valiant *Torriſmond*,
Is now in hot Engagement with the *Moors*;
'Tis ſaid, within their Trenches.

Bert. I think all Fortune is reſerv'd for him.
He might have ſent us Word though;
And then we cou'd have favour'd his Attempt
With Sallies from the Town———

Alph. It cou'd not be:
We were ſo cloſe block'd up, that none cou'd peep
Upon the Walls and live: But yet 'tis time:——

Bert. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On Pain of Death, let no Man dare to ſally.

Ped. (Aſide.) Oh Envy, Envy, how it works within [him!
How now! What means this Show?

Alph. 'Tis a Proceſſion:
The Queen is going to the great Cathedral,
To pray for our Succeſs againſt the *Moors*.

Ped. Very good: She uſurps the Throne; keeps the old King in Priſon; and, at the ſame time, is praying for a Bleſſing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together!

[*A Proceſſion of Prieſts and Choriſters in White, with Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes over the Stage: the Choriſters ſinging,*

Look down, ye Bleſs'd above, look down,
Behold our weeping Matrons Tears,
Behold our tender Virgins Fears,
And with Succeſs our Armies crown.

Look down, ye Bleſs'd above, look down:
Oh! ſave us, ſave us, and our State reſtore;
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore:
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore.

[*The Proceſſion goes off; and ſhout within.* [Thou

Enter Lorenzo, *who kneels to* Alphonſo.

Bert. to *Alph.* A joyful Cry; and ſee your Son *Lorenzo:* Good News, kind Heav'n! [ſafe?

Alph. to *Lor.* O welcome, welcome! is the General How near our Army? when ſhall we be ſuccour'd?

Or,

Or, are we ſuccour'd? are the *Moors* remov'd?
Anſwer theſe Queſtions firſt, and then a thouſand more;
Anſwer 'em all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thouſand Tongues, I will.
The General's well; his Army too is ſafe
As Victory can make 'em: The *Moors* King
Is ſafe enough, I warrant him, for one.
At Dawn of Day our General cleft his Pate,
Spight of his woollen Night-cap: A ſlight Wound;
Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'ſt me.

Ped. By my Computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Proceſſion was made for it, and yet it will go hard but the Prieſts will make a Miracle on't.

Lord. Yes faith; we came like bold intruding Gueſts,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us Welcome:
Their Scouts we kill'd, then found their Body ſleeping;
And as they lay confus'd, we ſtumbled o'er 'em,
And took what Joint came next, Arms, Heads, or Legs,
Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light,
They make but bungling Work.

Bert. I'll to the Queen,
And bear the News.

Ped. That's young *Lorenzo*'s Duty.

Bert. I'll ſpare his Trouble. ——
This *Torriſmond* begins to grow too faſt;
He muſt be mine, or ruin'd. [*Aſide.*

Lor. Pedro a Word: —— [*whiſper*] [*Ex.* Bertran.

Alph. How ſwift he ſhot away! I find it ſtung him,
In ſpight of his Diſſembling.
To *Lorenzo.*] How many of the Enemy are ſlain?

Lor. Troth, Sir, we were in haſte, and cou'd not ſtay
To ſcore the Men we kill'd; but there they lie,
Beſt ſend our Women out to take the Tale;
There's Circumciſion in abundance for 'em.
[*Turns to* Pedro *again.*

Alph. How far did you purſue 'em?

Lor. Some few Miles. ——
To *Pedro.*] Good Store of Harlots, ſay you, and dog-cheap?
Pedro, they muſt be had, and ſpeedily;
I've kept a tedious Faſt. [*Whiſper again.*

Alph. When will he make his Entry? he deſerves

Such Triumphs as were giv'n by ancient *Rome:*
Ha, Boy, what ſay'ſt thou?

Lor. As you ſay, Sir, That *Rome* was very ancient—
[To *Pedro.*] I leave the Choice to you; fair, black, tall,
Let her but have a Noſe: —And you may tell her [low,
I'm rich in Jewels, Rings, and bobbing Pearls
Pluck'd from *Moors* Ears. ——

Alph. Lorenzo.

Lor. Somewhat buſy
About Affairs relating to the Publick.——
——A ſeaſonable Girl, juſt in the Nick now— [*To Pedro*
[*Trumpets within.*

Ped. I hear the General's Trumpet.: Stand and mark
How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:
There hung a Cloud, methought, on *Bertran*'s Brow.

Lor. Then look to ſee a Storm on *Torriſmond*'s;
Looks fright not Men: The General has ſeen *Moors*
With as bad Faces, no Diſpraiſe to *Bertran*'s.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp he loves the Queen.

Lor. He drinks her Health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad Blood 'twixt him and *Bertran.*

Ped. Yes, in private:
But *Bertran* has been taught the Arts of Court,
To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin.
O here they come,——
Enter Torriſmond *and Officers on one Side,* Bertran *attended on the other; They embrace,* Bertran *bowing low.*
Juſt as I propheſy'd—— [too.

Lor. Death and Hell, he laughs at him: —in's Face

Ped. O you miſtake him; 'twas an humble Grin,
The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] Here are nothing but Lyes to be expected: I'll e'en go loſe my ſelf in ſome blind Alley, and try if any courteous Damſel will think me worth the finding. [*Ex.* Lorenzo.

Alph. Now he begins to open.

Bert. Your Country reſcu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!
A glorious Conqueſt, noble *Torriſmond!*
The People rend the Skies with loud Applauſe,
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours.
The throngings Crowds preſs on you as you paſs,
And with their eager Joy make Triumph ſlow.

Tort.

Torr. My Lord, I have no Taſte
f popular Applauſe; the noiſy Praiſe
f giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds;
ll vehement, and ſtill without a Cauſe:
rvants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide
f ſwoln Succeſs; but veering with its Ebb,
leaves the Channel dry.
Bert. So young a Stoick!
Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll ſell one Drop
ithin theſe Veins for Pageants: But let Honour
ll for my Blood, and ſluice it into Streams;
urn Fortune looſe again to my Purſuit,
nd let me hunt her through embattel'd Foes,
dusty Plains, amidſt the Cannons Roar,
here will I be the firſt.
Bert. I'll try him farther—— *Aſide.*
ppoſe th' aſſembled States of *Arragon*
ecree a Statue to you thus inſcrib'd,
To *Torriſmond*, who freed his native Land. [to find
Alph. to *Ped.* Mark how he ſounds and fathoms him,
he Shallows of his Soul!
Bert. The juſt Applauſe
f God-like Senates, is the Stamp of Virtue,
Which makes it paſs unqueſtion'd through the World.
heſe Honours you deſerve; nor ſhall my Suffrage
laſt to fix 'em on you. If refus'd,
ou brand us all with black Ingratitude:
r times to come ſhall ſay, Our *Spain*, like *Rome*,
egleets her Champions after noble Acts,
nd lets their Laurels wither on their Heads.
Torr. A Statue, for a Battle blindly fought,
here Darkneſs and Surprize made Conqueſt cheap!
here Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,
nd ſtruck a random Blow! 'Twas Fortune's Work,
nd Fortune take the Praiſe.
Bert. Yet Happineſs
the firſt Fame: Virtue without Succeſs
a fair Picture ſhewn by an ill Light.
ut lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven:
nd whom ſhould Kings eſteem above Heaven's Darlings?
he Praiſes of a young and beauteous Queen
all crown your glorious Acts.

Ped.

Ped. to *Alph.* There ſprung the Mine.
Torr. The Queen! That were a Happineſs too great!
Nam'd you the Queen, my Lord?
Bert. Yes: You have ſeen her, and you muſt confeſs
A Praiſe, a Smile, a Look from her is worth
The Shouts of thouſand Amphitheatres:
She, ſhe ſhall praiſe you, for I can oblige her:
To-morrow will deliver all her Charms
Into my Arms, and make her mine for ever.
Why ſtand you mute?
Torr. Alas! I cannot ſpeak. [employ'd?
Bert. Not ſpeak, my Lord! How were your Thoughts
Torr. Nor can I think, or I am loſt in Thought.
Bert. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?
Torr. Why, if it were,
Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.
Bert. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:
You ought not think of her.
Torr. So I ſay too,
I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad;
But who can help his Frenzy?
Bert. Fond young Man!
The Wings of your Ambition muſt be clipt:
Your ſhame-fac'd Virtue ſhunn'd the People's Praiſe,
And Senate's Honours: But 'tis well we know
What Price you hold your ſelf at. You have fought
With ſome Succeſs, and that has ſeal'd your Pardon.
Torr. Pardon from thee! O, give me Patience, Heaven!
Thrice vanquiſh'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'ſt, look out
Upon yon ſlaughter'd Hoſt, that Field of Blood;
There ſeal my Pardon, where thy Fame was loſt.
Ped. He's ruin'd, paſt Redemption!
Alph. [to *Torr.*] Learn Reſpect
To the firſt Prince o'th' Blood.
Bert. O, let him rave!
I'll not contend with Madmen.
Torr. I have done:
I know 'twas Madneſs to declare this Truth:
And yet 'twere Baſeneſs to deny my Love.
'Tis true, my Hopes are vaniſhing as Clouds;
Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Winds:
My Merit's but the raſh Reſult of Chance:

My

My Birth unequal: all the Stars againſt me:
Pow'r, Promiſe, Choice, the living and the dead:
Mankind my Foes; and only Love my Friend:
But ſuch a Love, kept at ſuch awful Diſtance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell a Rival,
Shall fear to whiſper there; Queens may be lov'd,
And ſo may Gods; elſe why are Altars rais'd?
Why ſhines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and cloſe our Eyes in Darkneſs. [*Exit.*

Bert. 'Tis well; the Goddeſs ſhall be told, ſhe ſhall,
Of her new Worſhipper. [*Exit.*

Ped. So, here's fine Work!
He has ſupply'd his only Foe with Arms
For his Deſtruction. Old *Penelope*'s Tale
Inverted: h'has unravell'd all by Day
That he has done by Night. — What, Planet-ſtruck!

Alph. I wiſh I were; to be paſt Senſe of this!

Ped. Wou'd I had but a Leaſe of his Life ſo long,
As 'till my Fleſh and Blood rebell'd this Way,
Againſt our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?
With a Globe in one Hand, and a Sceptre in t'other?
A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his Madneſs to his Rival!
His Father abſent on an Embaſſy:
Himſelf a Stranger almoſt; wholly friendleſs!
A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice,
Is eaſier to be ſtopt, than is his Ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitleſs to complain: haſte to the Court:
Improve your Intereſt there, for Pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak Remedies;
But all muſt be attempted. [*Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the moſt unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have ſprung no Game. Our Women are worſe Infidels than the *Moors*: I told 'em I was one of their Knight-Errants, that deliver'd them from Raviſhment: and I think in my Conſcience that's their Quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling; Your Couſin is run Honourably mad in Love with her Majeſty: He is ſplit upon a Rock: and you, who are in chaſe of Harlots, are

ſinking

ſinking in the main Ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family. [*Exit.*

Lorenzo *ſolus.*

Lor. My Couſin ruin'd, ſays he! hum, not that I wiſh my Kinſman's Ruin; that were Unchriſtian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Heir; there's Comfort for a Chriſtian. Money I have, I thank the honeſt *Moors* for't; but I want a Miſtreſs. I am willing to be lewd; but the Tempter is wanting on his Part.

Enter Elvira *veil'd.*

Elv. Stranger! Cavalier! —— will you not hear me, you *Moor*-killer, you *Matador*. ———

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elv. Face about, Man; you a Soldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I muſt confeſs, I did not expect to have been charg'd firſt: I ſee Souls will not be loſt for want of Diligence in this Devil's Reign. [*Aſide.*

To her.] Now, Madam *Cynthia* behind a Cloud; your Will and Pleaſure with me?

Elv. You have the Appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deſerving as you ſeem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold Diſcourſe with you at firſt Sight; you are a Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an Apology: and to lay the Blame on Stars, or Deſtiny; or what you pleaſe, to excuſe the Frailty of a Woman.

Lor. O, I love an eaſie Woman: there's ſuch-ado to crack a thick-ſhell'd Miſtreſs; we break our Teeth, and find no Kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take Pity on a Stranger; and not to ſuffer him to fall into ill Hands at his firſt Arrival.

Elv. You have a better Opinion of me than I deſerve; you have not ſeen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are Heart-whole.

Lor. Not abſolutely ſlain, I muſt confeſs; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your Head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing Metal, there's but one Way with me: Let me ſee you, for the Safeguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon ſhould be drawn down upon me before I yield.

Elv

Elv. What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel, to ſhew that you are inclining to the Wars? I could anſwer you with another in my Profeſſion: Suppoſe you were in want of Money; wou'd you not be glad to take a Sum upon Content in a ſeal'd Bagg, without peeping? ——— but however, I will not ſtand with you for a Sample. [*Lifts up her Veil.*

Lor. What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd: they are too ſharp to be truſted out o'th' Scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now you may accuſe my Forwardneſs; but this Day of Jubilee is the only time of Freedom I have had: and there is nothing ſo extravagant as a Priſoner, when he gets looſe a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

Lor. To confeſs freely to you, Madam, I was never in Love with leſs than your whole Sex before: but now I have ſeen you, I am in the direct Road of languiſhing ano ſighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know by to-morrow Morning you may hear of me in Rhyme and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like theſe Symptoms in my ſelf: perhaps I may go ſhufflingly at firſt; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I ſhall drudge and moil at Conſtancy, 'till I have worn off the hitching in my Pace.

Elv. Oh Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildeſt Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and feed 'em ſeldom: now I know your Temper, you may thank your ſelf if you are kept to hard Meat: ——— you are in for Years, if you make Love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal Obligation with an *Anno Domini* at End on't; there may be an evil Meaning in the Word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elv. I can eaſily rid you of that Fear: I wiſh I could rid my ſelf as eaſily of the Bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old Man be a Husband.

Lor. Three as good Qualities for my Purpoſe as I could wiſh: now Love be prais'd.

Enter Elvira's Duenna, *and whiſpers to her.*

Elv. [*Aſide.*] If I get not home before my Husband, I ſhall be ruin'd. —— [*To him.* I dare not ſtay to tell you where, —— farewell, —— cou'd I once more —— [*Exit.*

Lor. This is unconſcionable Dealing; to be made a Slave, and not know whoſe Livery I wear: —— Who have we yonder?

Enter Gomez.

By that ſhambling in his Walk, it ſhould be my rich old Banker, *Gomez*, whom I knew at *Barcelona:* As I live 'tis he. ——

[*To Gomez.*] What, Old *Mammon* here?

Gom. How! young *Beelzebub?*

Lor. What Devil has ſet his Claws in thy Haunches, and brought thee hither to *Saragoſſa?* Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the Enemy: When the *Moors* are ready to beſiege one Town, I ſhift Quarters to the next; I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a Hair's Breadth at fartheſt.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it: There are Bonefires decreed; an the Times had not been hard, my Billet ſhould have burnt too.

Lor. I dare ſay for thee, thou haſt ſuch a Reſpect for a ſingle Billet, thou would'ſt almoſt have thrown on thy ſelf to ſave it; thou art for ſaving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own Charges.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy ſelf for ſuch an Extravagance; and inſtead of it, thou ſhalt do me a meer verbal Courteſie: I have juſt now ſeen a moſt incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you ſee this moſt incomparable young Lady? —— my Mind miſgives me plaguily. [*Aſide.*

Lor. Here, Man, juſt before this Corner-houſe: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-houſe.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lor.

Lor. What doſt thou mutter to thy ſelf? Haſt thou any thing to ſay againſt the Honeſty of that Houſe?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honeſt Stone, and the Timber very honeſt Wood, for ought I know; but for the Woman I cannot ſay, till I know her better: Deſcribe her Perſon, and if ſhe live in this Quarter, I may give you Tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, dark-colour'd Hair, the moſt bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the moſt roguiſh Caſt; her Cheeks are dimpled when ſhe ſmiles, and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.—Go on —— Colonel —— have you no other Marks of her?

Lor. Thou haſt all her Marks, but that ſhe has an Husband, a jealous, covetous, old Huncks: Speak; canſt thou tell me News of her?

Gom. Yes, this News, Colonel, that you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lor. If thou help'ſt me not to the Knowledge of her, thou art a circumciſed *Jew.*

Gom. Circumciſe me no more than I circumciſe you, Colonel *Hernando:* Once more, you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] I am glad he knows me only by that Name of *Hernando,* by which I went at *Barcelona*; now he can tell no Tales of me to my Father.

To him.] Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou could'ſt get by't ——— Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning Colour: —— Thou art not Proof againſt Gold ſure! ——— Do not I know thee for a covetous———

Gom. Jealous old Huncks; thoſe were the Marks of your Miſtreſs's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh the Devil! What a Rogue in Underſtanding was I, not to find him out ſooner! [*Aſide.*

Gom. Do, do, look ſillily, good Colonel; 'tis a decent Melancholy after an abſolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear *Gomez:* —— but ——

Gom. But —— no Pumping, my dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang Pumping; I was —— thinking a little upon a Point of Gratitude: We two have been long

Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make some Intereſt; Go to; thou wert born to Authority; I'll make thee *Alcaide*, Mayor of *Saragoſſa*.

Gom. Satisfie your ſelf; you ſhall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou haſt the Face of a Magiſtrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magiſtrate's Head to my Magiſtrate's Face; I thank you, Colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art ſo ſuſpicious upon an idle Story — That Woman I ſaw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly Woman, for t'other was a Lye; —— is no more thy Wife: ——— As I'll go home with thee, and ſatisfie thee immediately, my dear Friend.

Gom. I ſhall not put you to that Trouble; no not ſo much as a ſingle Viſit; not ſo much as an Embaſſy by a civil old Woman, nor a Serenade of *Twinckledum Twinckledum* under my Windows: Nay, I will adviſe you, out of my Tenderneſs to your Perſon, that you walk not near yon Corner-houſe by Night; for to my certain Knowledge there are Blunderbuſſes planted in every Loop-hole, that go off conſtantly of their own Accord at the ſqueaking of a Fiddle and the thrumming of a Guittar.

Lor. Art thou ſo obſtinate? Then I denounce open War againſt thee: I'll demoliſh thy Citadel by force; or, at leaſt, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee; my thouſand red Locuſts, that ſhall devour thee in free Quarter. — Farewel, wrought Night-cap. [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom. Farewell, Buff! Free Quarter for a Regiment of Red-coat Locuſts? I hope to ſee 'em all in the Red-Sea firſt! — But oh, this *Jezabel* of mine, I'll get a Phyſician that ſhall preſcribe her an Ounce of *Camphire* every Morning for her Breakfaſt, to abate Incontinency. She ſhall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Confeſſion; and for never going, ſhe ſhall be condemn'd for a Heretick. She ſhall have Stripes by *Troy*-weight, and Suſtenance by Drachms and Scruples: Nay, I'll have a Faſting Almanack printed on purpoſe for her uſe, in which

No Carnival nor *Chriſtmas* ſhall appear,
But Lents and Ember-weeks ſhall fill the Year.

[*Exit* Gomez.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Queen's Antechamber.*

Alphonſo, Pedro.

Alph. WHEN ſaw you my *Lorenzo?*

Ped. I had a Glimpſe of him; but he ſhot [by me
Like a young Hound upon a burning Scent:
He's gone a Harlot-hunting.

Alph. His foreign Breeding might have taught him [better.

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.
What learn our Youth abroad, but to refine
The homely Vices of their native Land?
Give me an honeſt home-ſpun Country Clown
Of our own Growth; his Dulneſs is but plain,
But theirs embroider'd; they are ſent out Fools,
But come back Fops.

Alph. You know what Reaſons urg'd me;
But now I have accompliſh'd my Deſigns,
I ſhou'd be glad he knew 'em. — His wild Riots
Diſturb my Soul; but they would ſit more cloſe,
Did not the threaten'd Downfall of our Houſe,
In *Torriſmond*, o'erwhelm my private Ills.

Enter Ber. *attended, and whiſpering with a Courtier, aſide.*

Bert. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;
If he preſume to own it, ſhe's ſo proud,
He tempts his certain Ruin.

Alph. [to *Ped.*] Mark how diſdainfully he throws his Eyes on us.
Our old impriſon'd King wore no ſuch Looks.

Ped. O, wou'd the General ſhake off his Dotage to th' uſurping Queen,
And re-inthrone good venerable *Sancho*,
I'll undertake, ſhould *Bertran* ſound his Trumpets,
And *Torriſmond* but whiſtle through his Fingers,
He draws his Army off.

Alph. I told him ſo;
But had an Anſwer louder than a Storm.

Ped. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-Loyalty!

I hate to ſee a brave bold Fellow ſotted,
Made ſour and ſenſeleſs, turn'd to Whey by Love;
A driveling Hero, fit for a Romance.
O, here he comes; what will their Greetings be!
Enter Torriſmond *attended*, Bertran *and he meet and juſtle.*

Bert. Make Way, my Lords, and let the Pageant paſs.

Tor. I make my Way where-e'er I ſee my Foe:
But you, my Lord, are good at a Retreat.
I have no *Moors* behind me.

Bert. Death and Hell!
Dare to ſpeak thus when you come out again.

Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, inſulting Man.

Enter Tereſa.

Ter. My Lords, you are too loud ſo near the Queen;
You, *Torriſmond*, have much offended her.
'Tis her Command you inſtantly appear,
To anſwer your Demeanour to the Prince.

[*Exit* Tereſa; Bertran *with his Company follow her.*

Tor. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonſo*, pity me!
A Grove of Pikes,
Whoſe poliſh'd Steel from far ſeverely ſhines,
Are not ſo dreadful as this beauteous Queen.

Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your Aid,
And, like a Lion preſs'd upon the Toils,
Leap on your Hunters. Speak your Actions boldly;
There is a Time when modeſt Virtue is
Allow'd to praiſe it ſelf.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough, too hot, but now;
Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Foam:
But ſince this Meſſage came, you ſink and ſettle,
As if cold Water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas, thou know'ſt not what it is to love!
When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent: — No, I'm reſolv'd,
Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll go,
And, dying, bleſs the Hand that gave the Blow. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws, and ſhews the Queen ſitting in State;*
Bertran *ſtanding next her; then* Tereſa, &c.
She riſes, and comes to the Front.

Qu. *Leonora* to *Bert.*] I blame not you, my Lord;
my Father's Will,
Your own Deſerts, and all my Peoples Voice,

Have

Have plac'd you in the View of Sov'reign Power.
But I would learn the Cauſe, why *Torriſmond*,
Within my Palace-Walls within my Hearing,
Almoſt within my Sight, affronts a Prince
Who ſhortly ſhall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay,
And looks as he were Lord of Human Kind.

Enter Torriſmond, Alphonſo. Pedro. Torriſmond *bows low, then looks earneſtly on the Queen, and keeps at Diſtance.*

Tereſa. Madam, the General. ———

Qu. Let me view him well.
My Father ſent him early to the Frontiers.
I have not often ſeen him; if I did,
He paſs'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.
But where's the Fierceneſs, the diſdainful Pride,
The haughty Port, the fiery Arrogance?
By all theſe Marks, this is not ſure the Man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult,
Whoſe fierce Demeanour, and whoſe Inſolence,
The Patience of a God could not ſupport.

Qu. Name his Offence, my Lord, and he ſhall have
Immediate Puniſhment.

Bert. 'Tis of ſo high a Nature, ſhould I ſpeak it,
That my Preſumption then would equal his.

Qu. Some one among you ſpeak.

Ped. [*Aſide.*] Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! On your Allegiance, *Torriſmond*,
By all your Hopes, I do command you, ſpeak.

Tor. [*Kneeling.*] O ſeek not to convince me of a Crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he who, thus commanded, dares to ſpeak,
Unleſs commanded, would have dy'd in Silence.
But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my Hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all Deſpair;
Friends I have none, for Friendſhip follows Favour;
Deſert I've none, for what I did was Duty:
Oh that it were! that it were Duty all!

Qu. Why do you pauſe? proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who ſees before his Eyes the Depth below,

Stops ſhort and looks about for ſome kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall;——— ſo I: ———
But whither am I going? If to Death,
He looks ſo lovely ſweet in Beauty's Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart. ——— I dare no more.
Bert. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.
Whips, Darkneſs, Dungeons for this Inſolence. ——
Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear. ——
Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torriſmond*, withdraw;
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.
For you, my Lord, ——
The Prieſt to-morrow was to join our Hands;
I'll try if I can live a Day without you.
So both of you depart, and live in Peace.
Alph. Who knows which Way ſhe points?
Doubling and turning like an hunted Hare.
Find out the Meaning of her Mind who can. [ward.
Pedr. Who ever found a Woman's? backward and for-
The whole Sex in every Word. In my Conſcience when
ſhe was getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.
[*Exeunt all but the Queen and* Tereſa.
Qu. Haſte, my *Tereſa*, haſte, and call him back.
Ter. Whom, Madam? *Qu.* Him. *Ter.* Prince *Bertran*?
Qu. *Torriſmond*;
There is no other He.
Ter. [*Aſide.*] A riſing Sun,
Or I am much deceiv'd. [*Exit* Tereſa.
Qu. A Change ſo ſwift what Heart did ever feel!
It ruſh'd upon me like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a Moment far from Shore.
I've lov'd away my ſelf; in one ſhort Hour
Already am I gone an Age of Paſſion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Succeſs?
Theſe might perhaps be found in other Men.
'Twas that Reſpect, that awful Homage paid me;
That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,
And with a ſilent Earthquake ſhook his Soul.
But, when he ſpoke, what tender Words he ſaid!
So ſoftly, that, like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell. ———
Enter Tereſa *with* Torriſmond.
Ter. He waits your Pleaſure.

Qu.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire — Oh Heav'ns, that I muſt ſpeak
So diſtant from my Heart ——— [*Aſide.*
To *Tor.*] How now! What Boldneſs brings you back [again?
Tor. I heard 'twas your Command.
Qu. A fond Miſtake,
To credit ſo unlikely a Command.
And you return full of the ſame Preſumption,
T'affront me with your Love?
Tor. If 'tis Preſumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himſelf beneath his Judge's Feet:
A Boldneſs more than this I never knew;
Or, if I did, 'twas only to your Foes.
Qu. You would inſinuate your paſt Services,
And thoſe, I grant, were great; but you confeſs
A Fault committed ſince, that cancels all.
Tor. And who could dare to diſavow his Crime.
When that for which he is accus'd and ſeiz'd,
He bears about him ſtill! My Eyes confeſs it;
My every Action ſpeaks my Heart aloud.
But, oh, the Madneſs of my high Attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I deſpair.
Qu. Have you not heard,
My Father, with his dying Voice, bequeath'd
My Crown and me to *Bertran?* And dare you,
A private Man, preſume to love a Queen?
Tor. That, that's the Wound! I ſee you ſet ſo high,
As no Deſert or Services can reach.
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul,
And cruſted it with baſe Plebeian Clay?
Why gave you me Deſires of ſuch Extent,
And ſuch a Span to graſp 'em? Sure my Lot
By ſome o'er-haſty Angel was miſplac'd
In Fate's Eternal Volume! —— But I rave,
And, like a giddy Bird in Dead of Night,
Fly round the Fire that ſcorches me to Death.
Qu. Yet, *Torriſmond*, you've not ſo ill deſerv'd,
But I may give you Counſel for your Cure.
Tor. I cannot, nay I wiſh not to be cur'd.
Qu. [*Aſide.*] Nor I, Heav'n knows!
Tor. There is a Pleaſure ſure
In being mad, which none but Madmen know!

Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!
And, ſince you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

Qu. Theſe are the Words which I muſt only hear
From *Bertran*'s Mouth; they ſhould diſpleaſe from you:
I ſay they ſhould; but Women are ſo vain
To like the Love, though they deſpiſe the Lover.
Yet, that I may not ſend you from my Sight
In abſolute Deſpair —— I pity you.

Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this Moment of my Joy:
But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion,
Spare this one Thought, let me remember Pity;
And ſo deceiv'd, think all my Life was bleſs'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my Alms?
If that would help, I could caſt in a Tear
To your Misfortunes. ———

Tor. A Tear! You have o'erbid all my paſt Sufferings,
And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no Queen ———
Or you of Royal Blood ———

Tor. What have I loſt by my Fore-father's Fault!
Why was not I the twentieth by Deſcent
From a long reſtive Race of droning Kings?
Love! what a poor Omnipotence haſt thou,
When Gold and Titles buy thee?

Qu. [*Sighs.*] Oh, my Torture! ———

Tor. Might I preſume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to gueſs, and not forbid you
To make the beſt Conſtruction for your Love.
Be ſecret and diſcreet; theſe fairy Favours
Are loſt when not conceal'd; — provoke not *Bertran*.—
Retire: I muſt no more but this, — Hope, *Torriſmond*.
[*Exit.*

Tor. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; ſhe pities me!
And Pity ſtill foreruns approaching Love,
As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps,
Ye Angels, to that Sound; and thou, my Heart,
Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joy.
Hence all my Griefs and every anxious Care:
One Word, and one kind Glance, can cure Deſpair. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

A Table and Wine ſet out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely poſſible: for Fryars have free Admittance into every Houſe. This *Jacobin*, whom I have ſent to, is her Confeſſor; and who can ſuſpect a Man of ſuch Reverence for a Pimp? I'll try for once: I'll bribe him high; for commonly none love Money better than they who have made a Vow of Poverty

Enter Servant,

Serv. There's a huge, fat, religious Gentleman coming up, Sir; he ſays he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as roſy as a Turkey Cock's; his great Belly walks in State before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limping after it: Never was ſuch a Ton of Devotion ſeen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vaniſh. [*Exit.*

Enter Father Dominick.

Lor. Welcome, Father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been ſent for to a dying Man; to have fitted him for another World.

Lor. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking ſuch long Journeys. Repoſe your ſelf, I beſeech you, Sir, if thoſe ſpindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I muſt confeſs, with Faſting.

Lor. 'Tis a Sign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jowls, Father. Come, ——— to our better Acquaintance: ——— here's a Sovereign Remedy for old Age and Sorrow. [*Drinks.*

Dom. The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you Reaſon. [*Drinks.*

Lor. Is it to your Palate, Father?

Dom. Second Thoughts, they ſay, are beſt: I'll conſider of it once again, [*Drinks.*
It has a moſt delicious Flavour with it.
Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your Health, Son, I am not us'd to be ſo unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*

Lor.

Lor. No, I'll be ſworn by what I ſee of you, you are not: —— To the Bottom, —— I warrant him a true Church-man. — Now, Father, to our Buſineſs, 'tis agreeable to your Calling; I do intend to do an Act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable Subject.

Lor. Being in the late Battle, in great Hazard of my Life, I recommended my Perſon to good St. *Dominick*.

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a ſure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to ſtrike up a Bargain with him, that if I eſcap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd preſent ſome Brother of his Order with Part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable Uſes.

Dom. There you hit him: St. *Dominick* loves Charity exceedingly: that Argument never fails with him.

Lor. The Spoils were mighty; and I ſcorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make ſhort my Story; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the worthieſt Man:—here are Fifty good Pieces in this Purſe.

Dom. How, Fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Conſcience.

Lor. Here, take 'em, Father.

Dom. No, in Troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

Lor. If you are modeſt, I muſt force you: for I am ſtrongeſt.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you ſet your Strength againſt a decrepit, poor, old Man? [*Takes the Purſe.*
As I ſaid, 'tis too great a Bounty? but St. *Dominick* ſhall owe you another Scape: I'll put him in Mind of you.

Lor. If you pleaſe, Father, we will not trouble him 'till the next Battle. But you may do me a greater Kindneſs, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the Female Saints.

Lor. I mean a Female, mortal, Married-Woman-Saint: Look

Look upon the Superſcription of this Note; you know Don *Gomez* his Wife. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Dom. Who, Donna *Elvira?* I think I have ſome Reaſon: I am her Ghoſtly Father.

Lor. I have ſome Buſineſs of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper; but her Huſband is ſo horribly given to be jealous ——

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very Quinteſſence of Jealouſy: he keeps no Male Creature in his Houſe: and from abroad he lets no Man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in Spiritual Affairs. But he has his Humours with me too: for t'other Day, he call'd me Falſe Apoſtle.

Lor. Did he ſo? that reflects upon you all; on my Word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious Action, you might revenge the Church's Quarrel. —— My Letter, Father. ——

Dom. Well, ſo far as a Letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuſe to a Man ſo charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an Anſwer back, that Purſe in your Hand has a Twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look: there are Fifty Pieces lie dormant in it, for more Charities.

Dom. That muſt not be: not a Farthing more upon my Prieſthood.———But what may be the Purport and Meaning of this Letter; that I confeſs a little troubles me.

Lor. No Harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable Man; and I'll take your Word: my Comfort is, I know not the Contents; and ſo far I am blameleſs. But an Anſwer you ſhall have: though not for the Sake of your Fifty Pieces more: I have ſworn not to take them, they ſhall not be altogether Fifty: —your Miſtreſs— forgive me that I ſhould call her your Miſtreſs,, I meant *Elvira*, lives but at next Door: I'll viſit her immediately: but not a Word more of the nine and forty Pieces.—

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs. —— Fifty Pounds for the Poſtage of a Letter! to ſend by the Church is certainly the deareſt Road in Chriſtendom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Gomez, *and* Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I baniſh Fleſh and Wine: I'll have none ſtirring within theſe Walls theſe twelve Months.

Elv. I care not; the ſooner I am ſtarv'd, the ſooner I am rid of Wedlock. I ſhall learn the knack to faſting days; you have us'd me to faſting Nights already.

Gom. How the Gipſey anſwers me! Oh, 'tis a moſt notorious Hilding.

Elv. [*Crying.*] But was ever poor innocent Creature ſo hardly dealt with, for a little harmleſs Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Laſcivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elv. Was it ſuch a Crime to enquire how the Battle paſs'd?

Gom. But that was not the Buſineſs, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battle paſs'd; you were engaging for a Skirmiſh that was to come.

Elv. An honeſt Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her Honour was ſafe, and her Enemies were ſlain.

Gom. [*In her Tone.*] And to ask, if he were wounded in your Defence; and, in Caſe he were, to offer your ſelf to be his Chirurgeon; — then, you did not deſcribe your Huſband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich, old Huncks.

Elv. No, I need not: he deſcribes himſelf ſufficiently: but, in what Dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at Noon-Day; and dreamt you were talking to the foreſaid Purpoſe with one Colonel *Hernando* —

Elv. Who, dear Huſband, who?

Gom. What the Devil have I ſaid? You wou'd have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elv. No, but my dear, little, old Man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your Sake.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your ſelf: be confin'd, I ſay, during our Royal Pleaſure: But, firſt, down on your Marrow-bones, upon your Allegiance; and make an Acknowment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction. [*Pulls her down.*

Elv.

Elv. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submiſſion: But I'll complain to my Ghoſtly Father.

Gom. Ay; There's your Remedy: When you receive condign Puniſhment, you run with open Mouth to your Confeſſor; that Parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge: he muſt chuckle you and moan you: but I'll rid my Hands of his Ghoſtly Authority one Day. [*Enter* Dominick.] and make him know he's the Son of a —— [*ſees him.*] So; —— no ſooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle. ——

Dom. Son of a what, Don *Gomez?*

Gom. Why, a Son of a Church, I hope there's no Harm in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your Words for you till time ſhall ſerve: and to-morrow I enjoin you to faſt, for Penance.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] There's no Harm in that; ſhe ſhall faſt too: Faſting ſaves Money.

Dom. [to *Elvira.*] What was the Reaſon that I found you upon your Knees, in that unſeemly Poſture?

Gom. [*Aſide.*] O horrible! to find a Woman upon her Knees, he ſays, is an unſeemly Poſture; there's a Prieſt for you!

Elv. [to *Dom.*] I wiſh, Father, you wou'd give me an Opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have ſomewhat upon my Spirits that preſſes me exceedingly.

Dom. [*Aſide.*] This goes well: *Gomez*, ſtand you at a Diſtance, — farther yet, — ſtand out of Ear-ſhot, — I have ſomewhat to ſay to your Wife in private.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] Was ever Man thus Prieſt-ridden? would the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am ſure there's Room for it.

Elv. I am aſham'd to acknowledge my Infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture, to, — and yet I dare not. ——

Dom. Nay, if you are baſhful; — if you keep your Wound from the Knowledge of your Surgeon; —

Elv. You know my Husband is a Man in Years; but he's my Husband: and therefore I ſhall be ſilent: but his Humours are more intolerable than his Age: he's grown ſo froward, ſo covetous, and ſo jealous, that he has turn'd my Heart quite from him; and, If I durſt confeſs it,

it, has forc'd me to caſt my Affections on another Man.

Dom. Good: —— hold, hold; I meant abominable: ———Pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [*Aſide.*

Elv. I have ſeen this Man, Father; and have encourag'd his Addreſſes: he's a young Gentleman, a Soldier, of a moſt winning Carriage; and what his Courſhip may produce at laſt, I know not; but I am afraid of my own Frailty.

Dom. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis he for certain: —ſhe has ſav'd the Credit of my Function, by ſpeaking firſt; now I muſt take Gravity upon me.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] This Whiſpering bodes me no Good for certain; but he has me ſo plaguily under the Laſh, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your Matrimonial Vow?

Elv. Yes, to my Sorrow, Father, I do remember it: a miſerable Woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriage-Vow is but a thing of courſe, which all Women take, when they wou'd get a Huſband.

Dom. A Vow is a very ſolemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it: ———but, notwithſtanding, it may be broken, upon ſome Occaſions.———Have you ſtriven with all your Might againſt this Frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have ſtriven; but I found it was againſt the Stream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker: but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your Duty to ſtrive always: but notwithſtanding, when we have done our utmoſt, it extenuates the Sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer——Now, Gentlewoman, you are confeſſing your Enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical, down-caſt Look: enjoin her to ſit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can do no leſs in Conſcience.

Dom. Hold your Peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make Uſe of my Authority? your Wife's a well-diſpos'd and a virtuous Lady; I ſay it, *In verbo Sacerdotis.*

Elv. I know not what to do, Father; I find my ſelf in a moſt deſperate Condition; and ſo is the Colonel for Love of me.

Dom.

Dom. The Colonel, ſay you! I wiſh it be not the ſame young Gentleman I know: 'tis a gallant young Man, I muſt confeſs, worthy of any Lady's Love in Chriſtendom: in a lawful Way, I mean: of ſuch a charming Behaviour, ſo bewitching to a Woman's Eye; and furthermore, ſo charitably given; by all good Tokens, this muſt be my Colonel *Hernando.*

Elv. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for Love of you: for he preſs'd a Letter upon me, within this Hour, to deliver to you: I confeſs, I receiv'd it, leſt he ſhould ſend it by ſome other; but with full Reſolution never to put it into your Hands.

Elv. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I ſhall die.

Gom. Whiſpering ſtill! A Pox of your cloſe Committee! I'll liſten, I'm reſolv'd: [*Steals nearer.*

Dom. Nay, if you are obſtinately bent to ſee it,——uſe your Diſcretion, but for my Part, I waſh my Hands on't.——What makes you liſt'ning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Abſolution, if you'll but pleaſe to ſtand before me.

Dom. At your Peril be it then. I have told you the ill Conſequences; & *liberavi animam meam.* — Your Reputation is in Danger, to ſay nothing of your Soul. Notwithſtanding, when the Spiritual Means have been apply'd, and fail: in that Caſe, the Carnal may be us'd,— You are a tender Child, you are; and muſt not be put into Deſpair: your Heart is as ſoft and melting as your Hand. [*He ſtrokes her Face; takes her by the Hand; and gives the Letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, Father, you go beyond your Commiſſion: Palming is always held foul Play amongſt Gameſters.

Dom. Thus, good Intentions are miſconſtrued by wicked Men: you will never be warn'd 'till you are excommunicate.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] Ah, Devil on him: there's his Hold! if there were no more in Excommunication than the Church's Cenſure, a wiſe Man wou'd lick his Conſcience

ſcience whole with a wet Finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am out-law'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elv. [*Riſing.*] I have read the Note, Father, and will ſend him an Anſwer immediately; for I know his Lodging by his Letter.

Dom. I underſtand it not, for my Part; but I wiſh your Intentions be honeſt. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a ſilent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin alſo. Nevertheleſs, if you believe abſolutely he will die, unleſs you pity him: to ſave a Man's Life is a Point of Charity; and Actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may ſay, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farewell, Daughter. —— *Gomez*, cheriſh your virtuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction. [*Going.*

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the Door, — that I may be ſure you ſteal nothing by the Way. —— Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing. —— Oh, 'tis a *Judas Iſcariot.* [*Exit after the* Fryar.

Elv. This Fryar is a comfortable Man! He will underſtand nothing of the Buſineſs; and yet does it all.

Pray, Wives and Virgins, at your Time of Need,
For a True Guide, of my Good Father's Breed. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Lorenzo *in Fryar's Habit, meeting* Dominick.

Lor. FAther *Dominick*, Father *Dominick*; Why in ſuch Haſte, Man?

Dom. It ſhou'd ſeem a Brother of our Order.

Lor. No, faith, I am only your Brother in Iniquity: my Holineſs, like yours, is meer Out-ſide.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphoſis! On what Occaſion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter*

Lor. into a Town-Bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in Anſwer to that I ſent by you.

Dom. You ſee I have deliver'd my Meſſage faithfully: I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I underſtand your Hint: the other Fifty Pieces are ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit!

Lor. 'Tis a Habit, that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication: You have begun the Deſign in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accompliſh it. The Huſband is abſent; that evil Counſellor is remov'd; and the Sovereign is graciouſly diſpos'd to hear my Grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good Counſel is but thrown away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son! ah——

Lor. How! will you turn Recreant at the laſt Caſt? You muſt along to countenance my Undertaking: We are at the Door, Man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may ſtay, Father; but no fifty Pounds without it; that was only promis'd in the Bond: But the Condition of this Obligation is ſuch, That if the above-named Father, Father *Dominick*, do not well and faithfully perform———

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you Company; for the Reverence of my Preſence may be a Curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your *Myrmidon*, and enter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elvira, *in her Chamber.*

Elv. He'll come, that's certain; young Appetites are ſharp, and ſeldom need twice bidding to ſuch a Banquet—Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I ſhall not till I have compaſs'd my Deſign, never Woman had ſuch a Huſband to provoke her, ſuch a Lover to allure her, or ſuch a Confeſſor to abſolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Conſcience, that's ſafe enough; my ghoſtly Father has given it a Doſe of Church-Opium to lull it; Well, for ſoothing Sin, I'll ſay that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Chriſtendom.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Dominick.

O, Father *Dominick*, what News? How, a Companion with

with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

Lor. [*Lifting up his Hood.*] I'll ſhew you that immediately.

Elv. O, my Love!

Lor. My Life!

Elv. My Soul! [*They embrace.*

Dom. I am taken on the ſudden with a grievous Swimming in my Head, and ſuch a Miſt before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor ſee.

Elv Stay, and I'll fetch you ſome comfortable Water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open Air will do me good. I'll take a Turn in your Garden, but remember that I truſt you both, and do not wrong my good Opinion of you. [*Exit* Dominick.

Elv. This is certainly the Duſt of Gold which you have thrown in the good Man's Eyes, that on the ſudden he cannot ſee; for my Mind miſgives me, this Sickneſs of his is but Apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no Qualm of Conſcience I'll be ſworn. You ſee, Madam, 'tis Intereſt governs all the World: He preaches againſt Sin; why? becauſe he gets by't: He holds his Tongue: why? becauſe ſo much more is bidden for his Silence.

Elv. And ſo much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, thoſe Eyes of yours reproach me juſtly, that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you conſider the Hazard I have run to ſee you here? if you do, methinks it ſhou'd inform you, that I love not at a common Rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of conſidering, let us conſider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell Beads? Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his Opportunities; he muſt be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treaſurer, for he bolts out on the ſudden, and if you take him not in the Nick, he vaniſhes in a Twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make ſuch haſte to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches, wound up for ſtriking Twelve immediately; but after you are ſatisfied, the very next that follows, is the ſolitary Sound of ſingle One.

Lor.

Lor. How, Madam! do you invite me to a Feaſt, and then preach Abſtinence?

Elv. No, I invite you to a Feaſt where the Diſhes are ſerv'd up in order: You are for making a haſty Meal, and for chopping up your Entertaiment, like a hungry Clown. Truſt my Management, good Colonel, and call not for your Deſſert too ſoon: Believe me, that which comes laſt, as it is the ſweeteſt, ſo it cloys the ſooneſt.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this Diſtance, that there is ſomewhat you expect from me: What am I to undertake or ſuffer ere I can be happy?

Elv. I muſt firſt be ſatisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy, by theſe dear Eyes.

Elv. Spare your Oaths and Proteſtations; I know you Gallants of the time have a Mint at your Tongue's End to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by Heavens, if you were in a Condition———

Elv. Then you would not be ſo prodigal of your Promiſes, but have the Fear of Matrimony before your Eyes. In few Words, if you love me, as you profeſs, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddeſt I ever undertook. Have with you, Lady mine, I take you at your Word; and if you are for a merry Jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it fartheſt: There are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found: I with my Knapſack, and you with your Bottle at your Back: We'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the Ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your Hand, and ſtrike a Bargain.

[*He takes her Hand and kiſſes it.*

Lor. In Sign and Token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and ſo forth—— When ſhould I be weary of ſealing upon this ſoft Wax?

Elv. O heavens! I hear my Huſband's Voice.

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, Gentlewoman? there's ſomething in the Wind I'm ſure, becauſe your Woman would have

have run up Stairs before me; but I have ſecur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps——Now, in the Devil's Name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like theſe frequent Conjunctions of the Fleſh and Spirit; they are boding.

Elv. Go hence, Good Father; my Huſband you ſee is in an ill Humour, and I would not have you witneſs of his Folly. [Lorenzo *going.*

Gom. [*Running to the Door.*] By your Reverence's Favour hold a little, I muſt examine you ſomething better before you go. Hey-day! who have we here? Father *Dominick* is ſhrunk in the Wetting two Yards and a Half about the Belly. What are become of thoſe two Timber-logs that he us'd to wear for Legs, that ſtood ſtrutting like the two black Poſts before a Door? I am afraid ſome bad Body has been ſetting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the Quantity for a Receipt. This is no Father *Dominick*, no huge over-grown Abby-lubber; this is but a diminutive ſucking Fryar: As ſure as a Gun now, Father *Dominick* has been ſpawning this young ſlender Antichriſt.

Elv. [*Aſide.*] He will be found, there's no Prevention.

Gom. Why does he not ſpeak? What! is the Fryar poſſeſs'd with a dumb Devil? if he be, I ſhall make bold to conjure him.

Elv. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is enjoyn'd Silence for a Penance.

Gom. A Novice, quoth-a; you would make a Novice of me too if you could: But what was his Buſineſs here? Anſwer me that, Gentlewoman, anſwer me that.

Elv. What ſhould it be, but to give me ſome ſpiritual Inſtructions?

Gom Very good; and you are like to edify much from a dumb Preacher. This will not paſs, I muſt examine the Contents of him a little cloſer: O thou Confeſſor! confeſs who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World. [*He comes to* Lorenzo, *who ſtruggles with him: his Habit flies open, and diſcovers a Sword:* Gomez *ſtarts back.* As I live, this is a manifeſt Member of the Church militant.

Lor. [*Aſide*] I am diſcover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge. — Yes, faith 'tis I, honeſt *Gomez*; thou ſeeſt I

uſe thee like a Friend: this is a familiar Viſit.

Gom. What! Colonel *Hernando* turn'd a Fryar! who ould have ſuſpected you for ſo much Godlineſs?

Lor. E'en as thou ſeeſt, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do ot wonder at your Viſit, after ſo friendly an Invitation s I made you. Marry, I hope you will excuſe the Blunerbuſſes for not being in readineſs to ſalute you; but let ne know your Hour, and all ſhall be mended another ime.

Lor. Hang it, I hate ſuch ripping up of old Unkindeſs: I was upon the Frolick this Evening, and came o viſit thee in Maſquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you ere forc'd to toy away an Hour with my Wife, or ſo.

Lor. Right; thou ſpeak'ſt my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then to help you out? ou would have been fumbling half an Hour for this Exuſe——But, as I remember, you promis'd to ſtorm ny Citadel, and bring your Regiment of red Locuſts upn me for free Quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are black Locuſts in the World as well as red.

Elv. [*Aſide.*] When comes my Share of the Reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honeſteſt, kind Man; I was reſolv'd I would not out of thy Houſe till I had ſeen thee.

Gom. No, in my Conſcience, if I had ſtaid abroad till Midnight. But, Colonel, you and I ſhall talk in another Tone hereafter; I mean, in cold Friendſhip, at a Bar before a Judge, by the way of Plantiff and Defendant. Your Excuſes want ſome Grains to make 'em current: Hum and Ha will not do the Buſineſs———There's a modeſt Lady of your Acquaintance, ſhe has ſo much Grace to make none at all, but ſilently to confeſs the Power of Dame Nature working in her Body to youthful Appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unleſs it were by virtue of his Habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the Virtues of that Habit are known abundantly.

Elv.

Elv. I could not hinder his Entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To reſiſt him.

Elv. I'm ſure he has not been here above a Quarter of an Hour.

Gom. And a Quarter of that time would have ſerv'd thy Turn: O thou Epitome of thy virtuous Sex! Madam *Meſſalina* the Second, retire to thy Apartment: I have an Aſſignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all Obedience——— [*Exit* Elvira.

Lor. I find, *Gomez*, you are not the Man I thought you: We may meet before we come to the Bar, we may, and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons than by Lawyers Tongues. In the mean time no ill Treatment of your Wife, as you hope to die a natural Death, and go to Hell in your Bed. *Bilbo* is the Word, remember that and tremble—— [*He's going out.*

Enter Dominick.

Dom. Where is this naughty Couple? where are you, in the Name of Goodneſs? My Mind miſgave me, and I durſt truſt you no longer with your ſelves: Here will be fine Work, I'm afraid, at your next Confeſſion.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] The Devil is punctual, I ſee; he has paid me the Shame he ow'd me: and now the Fryar is coming in for his Part too.

Dom. [*Seeing* Gom.] Bleſs my Eyes! what do I ſee?

Gom. Why, you ſee a Cuckold of this honeſt Gentleman's making; I thank him for his Pains.

Dom. I confeſs I am aſtoniſh'd!

Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own Contrivance! your Head-piece and his Limbs have done my Buſineſs———Nay, do not look ſo ſtrangely: remember your own Words, Here will be fine Work at your next Confeſſion. What naughty Couple were they whom you durſt not truſt together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had truſted 'em a full Quarter of an Hour; and, by the way, Horns will ſprout in leſs time than Muſhrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuſe one of my Order upon light Suſpicions. The naughty Couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animoſities on both Sides. Now that was the Occaſion

caſion, mark me, *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to truſt your enraged Spirits too long together. You might have broken out into Revilings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make Work for new Confeſſions.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] Well ſaid, i'faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy ſelf, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in ſome other Ford, good Father, you ſhall catch no Gudgeons here. Look upon the Priſoner at the Bar, Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the Name of Colonel *Hernando*.

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez?* I ſee no Man but a reverend Brother of our Order, whoſe Profeſſion I honour, but whoſe Perſon I know not, as I hope for Paradiſe.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the Pity; you do not know him, under this Diſguiſe, for the greateſt Cuckold-maker in all *Spain*.

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Villain! Nay, if he be ſuch a Man, my righteous Spirit riſes at him! Does he put on holy Garments for a Cover-ſhame of Lewdneſs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father: When a ſwinging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it ſo cloſe as a Fryar's Hood; for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to do a Miſchief, and then ſhrinks 'em back for Safety, like a Snail into her Shell,

Lor. [*Aſide.*] It's beſt marching off while I can retreat with Honour. There's no truſting this Fryar's Conſcience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to proſecute me for putting on theſe holy Robes. This is the old Church-trick; the Clergy is ever at the Bottom of the Plot, but they are wiſe enough to ſlip their own Necks out of the Collar, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it—— [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone ſo eaſily, if I durſt have truſted you in the Houſe behind him. Gather up your

gouty Legs, I ſay, and rid my Houſe of that huge Body of Divinity.

Dom. I expect ſome Judgment ſhou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director: Slander, Covetouſneſs, and Jealouſy will weigh them down.

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocriſy, and Gluttony into your Scale, Father, and you ſhall weigh againſt me: Nay, all Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine Parts, and ſcarce leaves the Laity a Tythe.

Dom. How dar'ſt thou reproach the Tribe of *Levi*?

Gom. Marry, becauſe you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of *Iſſachar*. You make Aſſes of us, to bear your Burthens: When we are young, you put Paniers upon us with your Church-Diſcipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a Wife: After that, you procure for other Men, and then you load our Wives too. A fine Phraſe you have amongſt you to draw us into Marriage, you call it Settling of a Man; juſt as when a Fellow has got a ſound Knock upon the Head, they ſay he's ſettled: Marriage is a ſettling Blow indeed. They ſay every thing in the World is good for ſomething, as a Toad, to ſuck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for, till your Pimping ſhow'd me.

Dom. Thou ſhalt anſwer for this, thou Slanderer; thy Offences be upon thy Head.

Gom. I believe there are ſome Offences there of your planting. [*Exit* Dom. Lord, Lord, that Men ſhould have ſenſe enough to ſet Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol-cats and Foxes, and yet——

Want Wit a Prieſt-trap at their Door to lay,
For holy Vermin that in Houſes prey. [*Ex.* Gom.

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Queen, and Tereſa.

Ter. You are not what you were ſince Yeſterday;
Your Food forſakes you, and your needful Reſt:
You pine, you languiſh, love to be alone;
Think much, ſpeak little, and, in ſpeaking, ſigh.
When you ſee *Torriſmond*, you are unquiet;
But when you ſee him not, you are in Pain.

Qu

Qu. O let 'em never love, who never try'd!
They brought a Paper to me to be ſign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torriſmond*.
I went to Bed, and to my ſelf I thought
That I wou'd think on *Torriſmond* no more:
Then ſhut my Eyes, but cou'd not ſhut out him.
I turn'd, and try'd each Corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was loſt.
Fev'riſh, for want of Reſt, I roſe, and walk'd,
And, by the Moon-ſhine, to the Windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
I caſt my Eyes upon the neighbouring Fields,
And, ere I was aware, ſigh'd to my ſelf,
There fought my *Torriſmond*.

Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Souldier ſhout,
And *Bertran*, tho' repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As Boys to venture on the unknown Ice,
That crackles underneath 'em while they ſlide.
Oh, how ſhall I deſcribe this growing Ill!
Betwixt my Doubt and Love, methinks I ſtand
Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague Fit;
And yet, wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am aſham'd to ſay, 'tis but a Fancy.
At Break of Day, when Dreams, they ſay, are true,
A drowzy Slumber, rather than a Sleep,
Seiz'd on my Senſes, with long Watching worn.
Methought I ſtood on a wide River's Bank,
Which I muſt needs o'erpaſs, but knew not how;
When, on a ſudden, *Torriſmond* appear'd,
Gave me his Hand, and led me lightly o'er,
Leaping and bounding on the Billows Heads,
'Till ſafely we had reach'd the farther Shore. [ſcape.

Ter. This Dream portends ſome Ill which you ſhall
Wou'd you ſee fairer Viſions? Take this Night
Your *Torriſmond* within your Arms to ſleep;
And, to that End, invent ſome apt Pretence
To break with *Bertran:* 'Twou'd be better yet,

Could you provoke him to give you th'Occaſion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter Bertran *at a Diſtance.*

Qu. My Stars have ſent him;
For, ſee he comes; How gloomily he looks!
If he, as I ſuſpect, have found my Love,
His Jealouſy will furniſh him with Fury,
And me with Means to part.

Bert. [*Aſide.*] Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her
If ſhe be falſe, 'tis what ſhe moſt deſires. [falſe!
My Genius whiſpers me, Be cautious, *Bertran!*
Thou walk'ſt as on a narrow Mountain's Neck,
A dreadful Height, with ſcanty Room to tread.

Qu. What Bus'neſs have you at the Court, my Lord?

Bert. What Bus'neſs, Madam?

Qu. Yes, my Lord, what Bus'neſs?
'Tis ſomewhat ſure of weighty Conſequence,
That brings you here ſo often, and unſent for. [enough

Bert. [*Aſide.* 'Tis what I fear'd; her Words are cold
To freeze a Man to Death.——May I preſume
To ſpeak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dares bellow, or what Sheep dares bleat
Within the Lion's Den?

Bert. Yet Men are ſuffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd Bleſſings, for they then are Debts. [give;

Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own Time when to
But you, it ſeems, charge me with Breach of Faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, Madam:
But as when Men in Sickneſs lingring lie,
They count the tedious Hours by Months and Years;
So every Day deferr'd to dying Lovers,
Is a whole Age of Pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er conſent to make you mine?
My Father's Promiſe ties me not to Time;
And Bonds without a Date they ſay are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound;
Love is the freeſt Motion of our Minds;
O could you ſee into my ſecret Soul,
There you might read your own Dominion doubled,
Both as a Queen and Miſtreſs. If you leave me,
Know I can die, but dare not be diſpleas'd.

Qu.

Qu. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me Cauſe to think, that when you loſt
Three Battles to the *Moors*, you coldly ſtood
As unconcern'd as now.
Bert. I did my beſt;
Fate was not in my Power.
Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you ſaw
A raw young Warrior take your baffled Work,
And end it at a Blow.
Bert. I humbly take my Leave, but they who blaſt
Your good Opinion of me, may have Cauſe
To know I am no Coward. [*He is going.*
Qu. Bertran, ſtay:
Aſide.] This may produce ſome diſmal Conſequence
To him whom dearer than my Life I love.
To him.] Have I not manag'd my Contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?
Bert. Then was it but a Tryal?
Methinks I ſtart as from ſome dreadful Dream,
And often aſk my ſelf if yet I wake.
Aſide.] This Turn's too quick to be without Deſign;
I'll ſound the Bottom of 't, ere I believe.
Qu. I find your Love, and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears ſollicit my weak Breaſt.
I fear my People's Faith:
That hot-mouth'd Beaſt that bears againſt the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful Kings,
But harder by Uſurpers.
Judge then, my Lord, with all theſe Cares oppreſt,
If I can think of Love.
Bert. Believe me, Madam,
Theſe Jealouſies, however large they ſpread,
Have but one Root, the old impriſon'd King;
Whoſe Lenity firſt pleas'd the gaping Crowd:
But when long try'd, and found ſupinely good,
Like *Æſop*'s Log, they leapt upon his Back.
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em ſtrongly, and he ſpurr'd them hard;
And, but he durſt not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This Anvil of Affronts, but ſent him hence

To hold a peaceful Branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
Echoes the Sound, and jarrs within my Soul;
There lies my Grief.

Bert. So long as there's a Head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
Lop that but off, and then ———

Qu. My Virtue ſhrinks from ſuch an horrid Act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a Virtue out of Seaſon.
Mercy is good, a very good dull Virtue;
But Kings miſtake its Timing, and are mild
When manly Courage bids 'em be ſevere.
Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.
Remove this threatning Danger from your Crown,
And then ſecurely take the Man you love.

Qu. [*Walking aſide.*] Ha! let me think of that: The Man I love?
'Tis true, this Murther is the only Means
That can ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond.*
Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran,*
Makes him the Object of the People's Hate.

Bert. [*Aſide.*] The more ſhe thinks, 'twill work the ſtronger in her.

Qu. [*Aſide.*] How eloquent is Miſchief to perſuade!
Few are ſo wicked as to take Delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
If then I break divine and human Laws,
No Bribe but Love cou'd gain ſo bad a Cauſe.

Bert. You anſwer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a Woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you; think what you do,
You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aſide.*] For him ſhe loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torriſmond,*
Whom ſhe has thrice in private ſeen this Day:
Then I am finely caught in my own Snare.
I'll think again——Madam it ſhall be done;
And mine be all the Blame. [*Ex.* Bertran.

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.

The

The Prieſthood groſly cheat us with Free-will:
Will to do what, but what Heaven firſt decreed?
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Cauſes they proceed:
Our Paſſions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Meer ſenſeleſs Engines that are mov'd by Fate;
Like Ships on ſtormy Seas without a Guide,
Toſt by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.

Enter Torriſmond.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and preſs too often
Into your Preſence, Madam? If I am ———

Qu. No more, leſt I ſhou'd chide you for your Stay:
Where have you been, and how cou'd you ſuppoſe
That I cou'd live theſe two long Hours without you?

Tor. O, Words to charm an Angel from his Orb!
Welcome as kindly Showers to long-parch'd Earth!
But I have been in ſuch a diſmal Place,
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er chears,
Bound in with Darkneſs, over-ſpread with Damps;
Where I have ſeen (if I could ſay I ſaw)
The good old King, majeſtick in his Bonds,
And 'midſt his Griefs moſt venerably great:
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours, he lay ſtretch'd along
Upon th' unwholſome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward;
And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
Stole down and trickled from his hoary Beard.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy ſad Diſcourſe, and for my ſake
Caſt off theſe fearful melancholy Thoughts.

Tor. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern Blaſts:
He ſent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;
And, ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe:
So, leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.

Tor. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?
He told me when my Father did return,
He had a wond'rous Secret to diſcloſe:
He kiſs'd me, bleſs'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;

He prais'd my Courage; pray'd for my Succeſs:
He was ſo true a Father of his Country,
To thank me, for defending ev'n his Foes,
Becauſe they were his Subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I?

Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your Queen?

Tor. You are ſo beautiful,
So wond'rous fair, you juſtify Rebellion:
As if that faultleſs Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, muſt forgive.

Qu. The King muſt die, he muſt, my *Torriſmond*
Though Pity ſoftly plead within my Soul,
Yet he muſt die, that I may make you great,
And give a Crown in Dowry with my Love.

Tor. Periſh that Crown—on any Head but yours!—
O, recollect your Thoughts!
Shake not his Hour-glaſs, when his haſty Sand
Is ebbing to the laſt:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin;
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter-ſtorm.

Qu. Let me but do this one Injuſtice more:
His Doom is paſt; and, for your Sake, he dies.

Tor. Wou'd you, for me, have done ſo ill an Act,
And will not do a good one?
Now, by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O ſpare this great, this good, this aged King;
And ſpare your Soul the Crime!

Qu. The Crime's not mine;
'Twas firſt propos'd, and muſt be done, by *Bertran*,
Fed with falſe Hopes to gain my Crown and me:
I, to inhance his Ruin, gave no Leave;
But barely bad him think, and then reſolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
Think, timely think, on the laſt dreadful Day;
How will you tremble, there to ſtand expos'd,
And foremoſt in the Rank of guilty Ghoſts,
That muſt be doom'd for Murther? think on Murther:
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes,
The Damn'd themſelves ſtart wide, and ſhun that Band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Qu.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it ſhakes, it ſtaggers me;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
Sure there is none but fears a future State;
And, when the moſt obdurate ſwear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts belye their boaſting Tongues.

Enter Tereſa.

Send ſpeedily to *Bertran*; charge him ſtrictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleaſure.

Ter. Madam, he ſends to tell you, 'Tis perform'd.

[*Exit.*

Tor. Ten thouſand Plagues conſume him, Furies drag him
Fiends tear him: blaſted be the Arm that ſtruck,
The Tongue that order'd; — only ſhe be ſpar'd,
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the Sacred Lives of Kings?
Why ſlept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts,
Or bent their idle Rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here?

Qu. Sleep that Thought too,
'Tis done, and ſince 'tis done, 'tis paſt recall:
And ſince 'tis paſt recall, muſt be forgotten.

Tor. O, never, never, ſhall it be forgotten.
High Heaven will not forget it, After-ages
Shall with a fearful Curſe remember ours;
And Blood ſhall never leave the Nation more!

Qu. His Body ſhall be Royally interr'd,
And the laſt Funeral-Pomps adorn his Herſe;
I will my ſelf, (as I have Cauſe too juſt)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obſequies:
And yearly fix on the revolving Day
The ſolemn Marks of Mourning, to atone,
And expiate my Offences.

Tor. Nothing can,
But bloody Vengeance on that Traitor's Head,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joy's:
Love calls, my *Torriſmond*; though Hate has rag'd,
And rul'd the Day, yet Love will rule the Night.
The ſpiteful Stars have ſhed their Venom down,
And now the peaceful Planets take their Turn.
This Deed of *Bertran*'s has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me juſt Occaſion to refuſe him.

What hinders now, but that the holy Prieſt
In ſecret join our mutual Vows? and then
This Night, this happy Night, is yours and mine.

Tor. Be ſtill my Sorrows, and be loud my Joys.
Fly to the utmoſt Circles of the Sea,
Thou furious Tempeſt, that haſt toſs'd my Mind,
And leave no Thought, but *Leonora* there. ——
What's this I feel a boding in my Soul?
As if this Day were fatal; be it ſo;
Fate ſhall but have the Leavings of my Love:
My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great;
The Lion, though he ſees the Toils are ſet,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, ſcow'rs away,
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day;
At Night, with ſullen Pleaſure, grumbles o'er his Prey.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *before* Gomez's *Door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominick, *and two Soldiers at a Diſtance.*

Dom. I'LL not wag an Ace farther: The whole World ſhall not bribe me to it; for my Conſcience will digeſt theſe groſs Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Conſcience not digeſt 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in *Spain* can ſhew a Conſcience, that comes near it for Digeſtion: It digeſted Pimping, when I ſent thee with my Letter: and it digeſted Perjury, when thou ſwor'ſt thou did'ſt not know me: I'm ſure it has digeſted me Fifty Pound of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary*: Pr'ythee, why ſhould'ſt thou diſcourage Fornication, when thou knoweſt thou loveſt a ſweet young Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em; —phau; no, — [*ſpits.*] I do not love a pretty Girl —— you are ſo waggiſh; —— [*ſpits again.*

Lor. Why thy Mouth waters at the very Mention of them.

Dom.

Dom. You take a mighty Pleaſure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running reſtleſs up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purſe, and wearing out your Body, with hunting after unlawful Game.

Lor. Why there's the Satisfaction on't.

Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging; and there's the Satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm reſolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiors, for what thou haſt done already.

Dom. I'm reſolv'd to forſwear it if you do: Let me adviſe you better, Colonel, than to accuſe a Church-man to a Church-man: in the Common Cauſe we are all of a Piece; we hang together.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] If you don't, it were no Matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach firſt, and ſee whoſe Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honeſty, and bribe my Conſcience: you ſhall be ſummon'd by an Hoſt of Paritours; you ſhall be ſentenc'd in the Spiritual Court; you ſhall be excommunicated; you ſhall be out-law'd; —— and ——

[*Here* Lorenzo *takes a Purſe, and plays with it, and at laſt, lets the Purſe fall chinking on the Ground; which the Fryar eyes.*

In another Tone.] I ſay, a Man might do this now, if he were malicioufly diſpos'd, and had a Mind to bring Matters to Extremity; but, conſidering, that you are my Friend, a Perſon of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather die a thouſand Deaths than diſoblige you,

[Lorenzo *takes up the Purſe, and pours it into the Fryar's Sleeve.*

Nay, good Sir; nay, dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I profeſs this muſt not be: without this I wou'd have ſerv'd you to the uttermoſt; pray command me: a jealous, foul-mouth'd Rogue this *Gomez* is: I ſaw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter Man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, ſhall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a Witneſs.

Lor.

Lor. But how ſhall I ſend her Word to be ready at the Door, (for I muſt reveal it in Confeſſion to you,) that I mean to carry her away this Evening, by the Help of theſe two Soldiers? I know *Gomez* ſuſpects you, and you will hardly gain Admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the Authority of my Cloathing; yonder I ſee him keeping Centry at his Door: have you never ſeen a Citizen, in a cold Morning, clapping his Sides, and walking forward and backward, a mighty Pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Paſs, in Spight of his Suſpicion; ſtand you aſide, and do but mark how I accoſt him.

Lor. If he meet with a Repulſe, we muſt throw off the Fox's Skin, and put on the Lion's: Come, Gentlemen, you'll ſtand by me.

Sold. Do not doubt us, Colonel.

[*They retire all three to a Corner of the Stage,* Dominick *goes to the Door where* Gomez *ſtands.*

Dom. Good Even, *Gomez*, how does your Wife?

Gom. Juſt as you'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and conſpiring Cuckoldom againſt me.

Dom. I dare ſay, you wrong her, ſhe is employing her Thoughts how to cure you of your Jealouſy.

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By your Leave, *Gomez*; I have ſome ſpiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may ſpare your Inſtructions, if you pleaſe, Father, ſhe has no farther Need of them.

Dom. How, no Need of them! Do you ſpeak in Riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me ſpeak plainer; ſhe has profited ſo well already by your Counſel, that ſhe can ſay her Leſſon, without your teaching: Do you underſtand me now?

Dom. I muſt not neglect my Duty, for all that; once again, *Gomez*, by your Leave.

Gom. She's a little indiſpos'd at preſent, and it will not be convenient to diſturb her.

[Dominick *offers to go by him, but t'other ſtands before him.*

Dom. Indiſpos'd, ſay you? O, it is upon thoſe Occaſions that a Confeſſor is moſt neceſſary; I think, it was my good Angel that ſent me hither ſo opportunely.

Gom.

Gom. Ay, whoſe good Angels ſent you hither, that you beſt know, Father.

Dom. A Word or two of Devotion will do her no Harm I'm ſure.

Gom. A little Sleep will do her more Good I'm ſure: You know ſhe disburthen'd her Conſcience but this Morning to you.

Dom. But, if ſhe be ill this Afternoon, ſhe may have new Occaſion to confeſs.

Gom. Indeed, as you order Matters with the Colonel, ſhe may have Occaſion of confeſſing her ſelf every Hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has ſhe been ſick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a Man to ſpeak; why ever ſince your laſt Defeat.

Dom. This can be but ſome light Indiſpoſition, it will not laſt, and I may ſee her.

Gom. How, not laſt! I ſay, it will laſt, and it ſhall laſt; ſhe ſhall be ſick theſe ſeven or eight Days, and perhaps longer, as I ſee Occaſion: what; I know the Mind of her Sickneſs, a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I muſt bring a Doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary, with a chargeable long Bill of *Ana's*: thoſe of my Family have the Grace to die cheaper: in a Word, Sir *Dominick*, we underſtand one another's Buſineſs here: I am reſolv'd to ſtand like the *Swiſs* of my own Family, to defend the Entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater Noſters*, if you pleaſe, and try if you can make my Doors fly open, and batter down my Walls, with Bell, Book, and Candle; But I am not of Opinion, that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this Manner.

Gom. I would treat the Pope and his Cardinals in the ſame Manner, if they offer'd to ſee my Wife, without my Leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou doſt not open, there's Promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and ſo I leave you to recreate your ſelf

ſelf with the End of an old Song ——— *and Sorrow came to the old Fryar.* [*Exit.*

Lorenzo *comes to him.*

Lor. I will not ask you your Succeſs; for I overheard Part of it, and ſaw the Concluſion; I find we are now put upon our laſt Trump; the Fox is earth'd, but I ſhall ſend my two Terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what Haſte you can, to bring out the Lady: What ſay you, Father? Burglary is but a venial Sin among Soldiers.

Dom. I ſhall abſolve them, becauſe he is an Enemy of the Church —— There is a Proverb, I confeſs, which ſays, That dead Men tell no Tales; but let your Soldiers apply it at their own Perils.

Lor. What, take away a Man's Wife, and kill him too! The Wickedneſs of this old Villain ſtartles me, and gives me a Twinge for my own Sin, though it comes far ſhort of his: Hark you, Soldiers, be ſure you uſe as little Violence to him as is poſſible.

Dom. Hold, a little, I have thought better how to ſecure him, with leſs Danger to us.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown conſcientious!

Dom. The old King you know is juſt murther'd, and the Perſons that did it are unknown; let the Soldiers ſeize him for one of the Aſſaſſinates, and let me alone to accuſe him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee Mercy with all my Heart, for ſuſpecting a Fryar of the leaſt Good-nature; what, wou'd you accuſe him wrongfully?

Dom. I muſt confeſs, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc*, as to the Fact it ſelf; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical Rogue, whom we muſt diſpatch: He has rail'd againſt the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the Murther of a thouſand Kings; *Omne majus continet in ſe minus:* He that is an Enemy to the Church, is an Enemy unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemy to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King if he had been in the Circumſtances of doing it; ſo it is not wrongful to accuſe him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-man, if he were perſonally offended, but he would bring in Heaven by Hook or

or Crook into his Quarrel. Soldiers, do as you were firſt order'd. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you ſure it's ſafe, and not ſcandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Deſign, but not altogether ſo miſchievous; the People are infinitely diſcontented, as they have Reaſon; and Mutinies there are, or will be, againſt the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he ſhould be ſecur'd as a Traytor; but he ſhall only be Priſoner at the Soldiers Quarters; and when I am out of Reach, he ſhall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he will infallibly accuſe me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you muſt have Recourſe to your infallible Church-remedies, Lye impudently, and Swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whoſe Oath will be firſt believ'd. Retire, I hear 'em coming. [*They withdraw.*

Enter the Soldiers with Gomez *ſtruggling on their Backs.*

Gom. Help, good Chriſtians, help Neighbours; my Houſe is broken open by Force, and I am raviſh'd, and am like to be aſſaſſinated. What do you mean, Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedlar's Pack upon your Backs? will you murther a Man in plain Day-light?

Firſt Soldier. No; but we'll ſecure you for a Traytor, and for being in a Plot againſt the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durſt be in a Plot: Why, how can you in Conſcience ſuſpect a rich Citizen of ſo much Wit as to make a Plotter? There are none but poor Rogues, and thoſe that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Soldier. Away with him. away with him.

Gom. O my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be ſav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it. [*They carry him off, and* exeunt.

Lor. Thus far we have ſail'd with a merry Gale, now we have the Cape of good Hope in ſight; the Trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it.

[*He looks out.*

Aſide.] Ah, my Father and *Pedro* ſtand at the Corner of the Street with Company, there's no ſtirring 'till they are paſt!

Enter

Enter Elvira *with a Casket.*

Elv. Am I come at laſt into your Arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended, and the Knight may carry off the Lady ſafely.

Elv. I'm ſo overjoy'd, I can ſcarce believe I am at Liberty; but ſtand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her Wings in vain againſt her Cage, and at laſt dares hardly venture out, though ſhe ſees it open.

Dom. Loſe no Time, but make haſte while the Way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not ſo free as you ſuppoſe; for there's an old Gentleman of my Acquaintance that blocks up the Paſſage at the Corner of the Street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter? ſomewhat, I hope, that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's Eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us than Hedges in Summer and Barns in Winter. Here's the very Heart, and Soul, and Life-Blood of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals; and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladies, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the Church's Health out of them. But all this while I ſtand on Thorns; pry'thee, Dear, look out, and ſee if the Coaſt be free for our Eſcape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[Elvira *goes to look, and* Gomez *comes running in upon her: She ſhrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories —— What do I ſee! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. [*Aſide.*] What a hopeful Enterprize is here ſpoil'd!

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lor. Chear up, Man, thou art out of Jeopardy; I heard thee crying out juſt now, and came running in full Speed with the Wings of an Eagle and the Feet of a Tyger to thy Reſcue.

Gom.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a Courteſie with your Eagle's Feet and your Tyger's Wings; and, what, were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpoſe my ſpiritual Authority in your Behalf.

Gom. And why did you ſhriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

Gom. And that Casket under your Arm, for what End and Purpoſe?

Elv. Only to preſerve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of Doors ——

Elv. Only to meet you, ſweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence ſum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends. The Colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my Voice, came in to ſave me; the Fryar who was hobbling the ſame way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful Wife runs out of Doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and ſhrieks out for Joy at my Return. But if my Father-in-law had not met your Soldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the Nick, I ſhould neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have ſhriek'd out for Joy my ſelf for the Loſs of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any Man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman! I ſhall thank you within Doors for your ſafe Cuſtody of my Jewels, and your own. [[*He thruſts his Wife off the Stage.*

[*Exit* Elvira.

As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we ſhall try before a Civil Magiſtrate who's the greateſt Plotter of us two, I againſt the State, or you againſt the Petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you ſhall for ſomething. [*Beats him.*

Gom. Murther! Murther! I give up the Ghoſt! I am deſtroy'd! help! Murther! Murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives: the Neighbours are coming out with Forks, and Fire-ſhovels, and Spits, and other domeſtick Weapons; the Militia of a whole Alley is rais'd againſt us.

Lor.

Lor. This is but the Intereſt of my Debt, Maſter Uſurer, the Principal ſhall be paid you at our next Meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Soldiers had but diſpatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid aſleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good Counſel; ah ——

[*Exeunt* Lor. *and Fryar ſeverally.*

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's ſuch a terrible Fellow, that my Mind miſgives me; I ſhall tremble when I have him before the Judge: all my Misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd and cuckolded, and raviſh'd, and beaten in one Quarter of an Hour; my poor Limbs ſmart, and my poor Head akes: ay, do, do, ſmart Limb, ake Head, and ſprout Horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you muſt needs be married, muſt ye? there's for that, [*beats his own Head*] and to a fine, young, modiſh Lady, muſt ye? there's for that too; and, at Threeſcore, you old, doting Cuckold, take that Remembrance —— a fine Time of Day for a Man to be bound Prentice, when he is paſt uſing his Trade; to ſet up an Equipage of Noiſe, when he has moſt Need of Quiet; inſtead of her being under Covert-Baron, to be under Covert-Femme my ſelf; to have my Body diſabl'd, and my Head fortified; and laſtly, to be crowded into a narrow Box with a ſhrill Treble, [bound,

That with one Blaſt, through the whole Houſe does
And firſt taught Speaking-Trumpets how to ſound.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, *and* Pedro.

Raym. Are theſe, are theſe, ye Powers, the promis'd
With which I flatter'd my long, tedious Abſence, [Joys,
To find, at my Return, my Maſter murther'd?
O, that I cou'd but weep, to vent my Paſſion!
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother; 'tis obſerv'd at Court,
Who weeps, and who wears Black; and your Return
Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours,
To ſee how you reſent King *Sancho*'s Death.

Raym. What generous Man can live with that Con-
Upon his Soul, to bear, much leſs to flatter [ſtraint
A Court like this! Can I ſooth Tyranny?
Seem pleas'd, to ſee my Royal Maſter murther'd,

His

His Crown uſurp'd, a Diſtaff in a Throne,
A Council made, of ſuch as dare not ſpeak,
And could not, if they durſt; whence honeſt Men
Baniſh themſelves, for Shame of being there:
A Government, that, knowing not true Wiſdom,
Is ſcorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home?

Alph. Virtue muſt be thrown off, 'tis a coarſe Gar-
Too heavy for the Sun-ſhine of a Court. [ment

Raym. Well then, I will diſſemble for an End
So great, ſo pious, as a juſt Revenge:
You'll joyn with me?

Alph. No honeſt Man but muſt.

Ped. What Title has this Queen but lawleſs Force?
And Force muſt pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity *Leonora*'s Caſe;
Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime
Which moſt her Soul abhors.

Raym. All ſhe has done, or e'er can do, of Good,
This one black Deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly joyn your Son to our Deſign.

Raym Your Reaſon for't?

Ped. I want Time to unriddle it:
Put on your t'other Face; the Queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, *and Attendants.*

Raym. And that accurſed *Bertran*
Stalks cloſe behind her, like a Witch's Fiend,
Preſſing to be employ'd; ſtand, and obſerve them.

Queen to *Bertran*.] Bury'd in private, and ſo ſuddenly!
It croſſes my Deſign, which was t'allow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of Mourning.

Bert. It was not ſafe:
Objects of Pity, when the Cauſe is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd:
Had *Cæſar*'s Body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his Cauſe.

Qu. Then, was he lov'd?

Bert. O, never Man ſo much, for Saint-like Goodneſs.

Ped. [*Aſide.*] Had bad Men fear'd him but as good Men
He had not yet been Sainted. [lov'd him,

Qu. I wonder how the People bear his Death.

Bert. Some Diſcontents there are; ſome idle Murmurs.

Ped.

Ped. How, idle Murmurs! Let me plainly ſpeak:
The Doors are all ſhut up; the wealthier Sort,
With Arms a-croſs, and Hats upon their Eyes,
Walk to and fro before their ſilent Shops:
Whole Droves of Lenders crowd the Bankers Doors,
To call in Money; thoſe who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for when they riſe, 'tis Plunder:
The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And liſten with their Mouths;
Some tell, ſome hear, ſome judge of News, ſome make it;
And he who lyes moſt loud, is moſt believ'd.

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Raym. [*Aſide.*] Pray Heaven it may.

Bert. If one of you muſt fall;
Self-Preſervation is the firſt of Laws:
And if, when Subjects are oppreſs'd by Kings,
They juſtify Rebellion by that Law;
As well may Monarchs turn the Edge of Right
To cut for them, when Self-defence requires it.

Qu. You place ſuch Arbitrary Power in Kings,
That I much fear, if I ſhould make you one,
You'll make your ſelf a Tyrant; let theſe know
By what Authority you did this Act.

Bert. You much ſurprize me to demand that Queſtion:
But, ſince Truth muſt be told, 'twas by your own.

Qu. Produce it; or, by Heaven, your Head ſhall anſwer
The Forfeit of your Tongue.

Raym. [*Aſide.* Brave Miſchief towards.

Bert. You bad me.

Qu. When, and where?

Bert. No, I confeſs, you bad me not in Words;
The Dial ſpoke not, but it made ſhrewd Signs,
And pointed full upon the Stroke of Murther:
Yet this you ſaid,
You were a Woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my Care.

Qu. What, if I ſaid,
I was a Woman ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' Advantage of my Sex,
And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your Toils;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;

Were

Were you to make my Doubts your own Commiſſion?
Bert. This 'tis to ſerve a Prince too faithfully;
Who, free from Laws himſelf, will have that done,
Which, not perform'd, brings us to ſure Diſgrace;
And, if perform'd, to Ruin.
Qu. This 'tis to counſel things that are unjuſt;
Firſt, to debauch a King to break his Laws,
(Which are his Safety) and then ſeek Protection
From him you have endanger'd; but, juſt Heaven,
When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil,
More deep than thoſe he tempted.
Bert. If Princes not protect their Miniſters,
What Man will dare to ſerve them?
Qu. None will dare
To ſerve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
But, when a Counſellor, to ſave himſelf,
Would lay Miſcarriages upon his Prince,
Expoſing him to publick Rage and Hate;
O. 'tis an Act as infamouſly baſe,
As, ſhould a common Soldier ſculk behind,
And thruſt his General in the Front of War:
It ſhews, he only ſerv'd himſelf before,
And had no Senſe of Honour, Country, King;
But center'd on himſelf; and us'd his Maſter,
As Guardians do their Wards, with Shews of Care,
But with Intent to ſell the publick Safety,
And pocket up his Prince.
Ped. [*Aſide.*] Well ſaid, i'faith;
This Speech is e'en too good for an Uſurper.
Bert. I ſee for whom I muſt be ſacrific'd;
And had I not been ſotted with my Zeal,
I might have found it ſooner.
Qu. From my Sight!
The Prince who bears an Inſolence like this,
Is ſuch an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the Thundring God,
Whoſe Bolts the Boys may play with.
Bert. Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor ſingle. [*Exit cum ſuis.*
Queen *to* Raymond, *who kiſſes her Hand.*
Qu. Welcome, welcome:
I ſaw you not before: One honeſt Lord

Is hid with Eaſe among a Crowd of Courtiers.
How can I be too grateful to the Father
Of ſuch a Son as *Torriſmond?*

Raym. His Actions were but Duty.

Qu. Yet, my Lord,
All have not paid that Debt, like noble *Torriſmond.*
You hear, how *Bertran* brands me with a Crime,
Of which, your Son can witneſs, I am free;
I ſent to ſtop the Murther, but too late;
For Crimes are ſwift, but Penitence is ſlow;
The bloody *Bertran*, diligent in Ill,
Flew to prevent the ſoft Returns of Pity.

Raym. O curſed Haſte, of making ſure a Sin!
Can you forgive the Traytor?

Qu. Never, never:
'Tis written here in Characters ſo deep,
That ſeven Years hence, ('till then ſhould I not meet him,)
And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the holy Altar to the Block. [me, Juſtice,

Raym. [*Aſide.*] She's fir'd, as I would wiſh her; aid
As all my Ends are thine, to gain this Point;
And ruin both at once: — It wounds indeed, [*To her.*
To bear Affronts, too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to puniſh; yet one Way
There is to ruin *Bertran.*

Qu. O, there's none;
Except an Hoſt from Heaven can make ſuch Haſte
To ſave my Crown as he will do to ſeize it:
You ſaw, he came ſurrounded with his Friends,
And knew beſides, our Army was remov'd
To Quarters too remote for ſudden Uſe.

Raym. Yet you may give Commiſſion
To ſome bold Man, whoſe Loyalty you truſt,
And let him raiſe the Train-Bands of the City.

Qu. Groſs Feeders, Lyon-Talkers, Lamb-like Fighters.

Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What puſhing Force they have; ſome popular Chief,
More noiſy than the reſt, but cries Halloo,
And in a Trice, the bellowing Herd come out;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
And *One and All*'s the Word; true Cocks o' th' Game,
That never aſk, for what, or whom, they fight;

But

But turn 'em out, and ſhew 'em but a Foe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cauſe of Quarrel.
Qu. There may be Danger, in that boiſt'rous Rout:
Who knows, when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But ſome new Blaſt of Wind may turn thoſe Flames
Againſt my Palace-walls?
Raym. But ſtill their Chief
Muſt be ſome One, whoſe Loyalty you truſt.
Qu. And who more proper for that truſt than you,
Whoſe Intereſts, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonſo, *Pedro*, haſte to raiſe the Rabble,
He ſhall appear to head 'em.
Raym. [*Aſide* to *Alphonſo* and *Pedro*.] Firſt ſeize *Bertran*,
And then inſinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawful Prince to place upon the Throne.
Alph. Our lawful Prince?
Raym. Fear not: I can produce him,
Ped. to *Alph.* Now we want your Son *Lorenzo:* what a mighty Faction
Would he make for us of the City-wives,
With, Oh, dear Huſband, my ſweet Honey Huſband,
Wo'n't you be for the Colonel? if you love me,
Be for the Colonel; Oh, he's the fineſt Man! [*Ex.*
Raym. [*Aſide.*] So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot;
She thinks, ſhe's in the Depth of my Deſign,
And that it's all for her; but Time ſhall ſhow,
She only lives to help me ruin others,
And laſt, to fall her ſelf.
Qu Now, to you, *Raymond:* Can you gueſs no Reaſon
Why I r poſe ſuch Confidence in you?
You needs muſt think,
There's ſome more powerful Cauſe than Loyalty:
Will you not ſpeak, to ſave a Lady's Bluſh?
Muſt I inform you, 'tis for *Torriſmond*,
That all this Grace is ſhown? [what I fear'd.
Raym. [*Aſide.*] By all the Powers, worſe, worſe than
Qu. And yet, what need I bluſh at ſuch a Choice?
I love a Man whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives
What Gratitude would force. O pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before;
Yet think ſo vaſt a Treaſure as your Son,

Too

Too great for any private Man's Poſſeſſion;
And him too rich a Jewel to be ſet
In vulgar Metal, or for vulgar Uſe.
Raym. Arm me with Patience, Heaven!
Qu. How, Patience, *Raymond?*
What Exerciſe of Patience have you here?
What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd?
Or in my Perſon loath'd? Have I, a Queen,
Paſt by my Fellow-rulers of the World,
Whoſe vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the World were pav'd with Diadems?
Have I refus'd their Blood, to mix with yours,
And raiſe new Kings from ſo obſcure a Race,
Fate ſcarce knew where to find them when I call'd?
Have I heap'd on my Perſon, Crown, and State,
To load the Scale, and weigh'd my ſelf with Earth,
For you to ſpurn the Balance?
Raym. Bate the laſt, and 'tis what I would ſay;
Can I, can any loyal Subject, ſee
With Patience ſuch a Stoop from Sovereignty,
An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook?
My Zeal for you muſt lay the Father by,
And plead my Country's Cauſe againſt my Son.
What though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant,
He wants a Crown to poiſe againſt a Crown,
Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.
Qu. All theſe I have, and theſe I can beſtow;
But he brings Worth and Virtue to my Bed;
And Virtue is the Wealth which Tyrants want:
I ſtand in need of one whoſe Glories may
Redeem my Crimes, ally me to his Fame,
Diſpel the Factions of my Foes on Earth,
Diſarm the Juſtice of the Powers above.
Raym. The People never will endure this Choice.
Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you?
Go raiſe the Miniſters of my Revenge,
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempeſt round,
And ſee its Fury fall where I deſign;
At laſt a Time for juſt Revenge is given;
Revenge, the darling Attribute of Heaven:
But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong;

Great

Great in forgiving, and in ſuffering brave;
To be a Saint, he makes himſelf a Slave. [*Ex. Queen.*
Raym. [*ſolus.*] Marriage with *Torriſmond!* it muſt not be,
By Heaven, it muſt not be; or, if it be,
Law, Juſtice, Honour bid farewel to Earth,
For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

Enter Torriſmond, *who kneels to him.*

Tor. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now! You come in ſuch a Time,
As if propitious Fortune took a Care,
To ſwell my Tide of Joys to their full Height,
And leave me nothing farther to deſire.
Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At leaſt, to ſave your Fortune and your Honour:
Take heed you ſteer your Veſſel right, my Son;
This Calm of Heaven, this Mermaid's Melody,
Into an unſeen Whirl-pool draws you faſt,
And in a Moment ſinks you.
Tor. Fortune cannot,
And Fate can ſcarce; I've made the Port already,
And laugh ſecurely at the lazy Storm
That wanted Wings to reach me in the Deep.
Your Pardon, Sir; my Duty calls me hence;
I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddeſs,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.
Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine;
Stay, I command you ſtay, and hear me firſt.
This Hour's the very *Criſis* of your Fate,
Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame,
And all the Colour of your Life depends
On this important Now.
Tor. I ſee no Danger;
The City, Army, Court eſpouſe my Cauſe,
And, more than all, the Queen with publick Favour
Indulges my Pretenſions to her Love.
Raym. Nay, if poſſeſſing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Deſign.
Tor. If ſhe can make me bleſt? ſhe only can:
Empire, and Wealth, and all ſhe brings beſide,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The ſweeteſt, kindeſt, trueſt of her Sex,
In whoſe Poſſeſſion Years roul round on Years,

And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:
Kiſſes, Embraces, Languiſhing, and Death
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various Seaſons of our Love:
And doubt you if ſuch Love can make me happy?
Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.
Tor. And what can ſhock my Honour in a Queen?
Raym. A Tyrant, an Uſurper?
Tor. Grant ſhe be.
When from the Conqueror we hold our Lives,
We yield our ſelves his Subjects from that Hour:
For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.
Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Becauſe he took it not by lawleſs Force?
What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd?
Am I oblig'd by that t'aſſiſt his Rapines,
And to maintain his Murthers?
Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd;
Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off, and mellows into Right:
So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succeſſion:
She's in Poſſeſſion.
Raym. So Diſeaſes are:
Shou'd not a lingring Fever be remov'd,
Becauſe it long has rag'd within my Blood?
Do I rebel when I wou'd thruſt it out?
What, ſhall I think the World was made for one,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beaſts for Men,
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark thoſe who dote on arbitrary Power,
And you ſhall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, ſervile in their Greatneſs,
And Slaves to ſome, to lord it o'er the reſt.
O Baſeneſs, to ſupport a Tyrant Throne,
And cruſh your free-born Brethren of the World!
Nay, to become a Part of Uſurpation;
T' eſpouſe the Tyrant's Perſon and her Crimes,
And on a Tyrant get a Race of Tyrants,
To be your Country's Curſe in After-ages.
Tor. I ſee no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none:

Look

Look on me as a Man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but diſturb the Quiet of my Death.

Raym. O Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Man ſhould leave thee for that Toy a Woman,
Made from the Droſs and Refuſe of a Man?
Heaven took him ſleeping when he made her too;
Had Man been waking, he had ne'er conſented.
Now, Son, ſuppoſe
Some brave Conſpiracy were ready form'd
To puniſh Tyrants, and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you ſo far bely your Country's Hope,
As not to head the Party?

Tor. How cou'd my Hand rebel againſt my Heart?

Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebel againſt your Reaſon?

Tor. No Honour bids me fight againſt my ſelf;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And ſhe who reigns beſtows her Crown on me:
So muſt I be ungrateful to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead;
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I?
For know there yet ſurvives the lawful Heir
Of *Sancho*'s Blood, whom when I ſhall produce,
I reſt aſſur'd to ſee you pale with Fear,
And trembling at his Name.

Tor. He muſt be more than Man who makes me trem-
I dare him to the Field with all the Odds [ble:
Of Juſtice on his Side, againſt my Tyrant:
Produce your lawful Prince, and you ſhall ſee
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet ſign'd,
And given me by the King, when Time ſhou'd ſerve
To be perus'd by you.

Tor. reads.] *I the King,*
My youngeſt and alone ſurviving Son,
Reported dead t'eſcape rebellious Rage,
'Till happier Times ſhall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters, or revenge my Fate,
I will that Raymond *educate as his,*
And call him Torriſmond——

If I am he, that Son, that *Torriſmond*,
The World contains not ſo forlorn a Wretch!
Let never Man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune moſt ſecure,
One fatal Moment tears me from my Joys:
And when two Hearts were joyn'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Juſtice cuts upon the Knot,
And ſevers 'em for ever.

Raym. True, it muſt.

Tor. O cruel Man, to tell me that it muſt!
If you have any Pity in your Breaſt,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my firſt Obſcurity:
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my ſelf,
O yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father ſtill.

Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too plain.
Now, in the Name of Honour, Sir, I beg you
(Since I muſt uſe Authority no more)
On theſe old Knees I beg you, ere I die,
That I may ſee your Father's Death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the only Buſ'neſs of my Life;
My Order's iſſu'd to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s Death reſolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's? O, ſhe's the chief Offender!
Shall Juſtice turn her Edge within your Hand?
No, if ſhe ſcape, you are your ſelf the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.

Tor. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reſerv'd me!

Raym. Why that Sigh? [Heart,

Tor. Since you muſt know, (but break, O break, my
Before I tell my fatal Story out,)
Th' Uſurper of my Throne, my Houſe's Ruin,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!

Raym. O Horror! Horror! After this Alliance
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolves with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man deſigns, when Heav'n oppoſes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Uſurper,

Indeed

Indeed to ſave a Crown, not hers, but yours,
All to make ſure the Vengeance of this Day,
Which even this Day has ruin'd—One more Queſtion
Let me but aſk, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the Cauſe of all your Woes,
Or is ſhe grown (as ſure ſhe ought to be)
More odious to your Sight than Toads and Adders?

Tor. O there's the utmoſt Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more:—Farewel, my much lamented King.
[*Aſide.*] I dare not truſt him with himſelf ſo far,
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finiſh'd my Deſigns
On *Bertran* and the Queen, but in deſpight
Ev'n of himſelf I'll ſave him. [*Exit* Raymond.

Tor. 'Tis but a Moment ſince I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
And lov'd, poſſeſs; yet all theſe make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me Bleſſings for a Curſe.
With what a Load of Vengeance am I preſt,
Yet never, never, can I hope for Reſt;
For when my heavy Burthen I remove,
The Weight falls down, and cruſhes her I love. [*Ex.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Torriſmond.

Tor. LOve, Juſtice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge,
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breaſt,
And I am all a Civil-War within!

Enter Queen *and* Tereſa *at a Diſtance.*

My *Leonora* there!
Mine! is ſhe mine? my Father's Murtherer mine?
Oh! that I could, with Honour, love her more,
Or hate her leſs, with Reaſon! See, ſhe weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or falſe, and knows not why

I thus eſtrange my Perſon from her Bed!
Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart:
She'll know too ſoon her own and my Misfortunes. [*Ex.*

Qu. He's gone, and I am loſt; did'ſt thou not ſee
His ſullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:
He look'd not like the *Torriſmond* I lov'd. [ceeds?

Ter. Can you not gueſs from whence this Change pro-

Qu. No: there's the Grief, *Tereſa:* Oh, *Tereſa!*
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But Shame and Modeſty have ty'd my Tongue!
Yet, I will tell, that thou may'ſt weep with me.
How dear, how ſweet his firſt Embraces were!
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
And ſuck'd my Breath at every Word I ſpoke,
As if he drew his Inſpiration thence:
While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,
As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:
I thought: Oh, no; 'Tis falſe: I could not think;
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then ſure his Tranſports were not leſs than yours.

Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers Light
I cou'd diſcern his Cheeks were glowing red,
His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,
And ſparkl'd through their Caſements humid Fires:
He ſigh'd, and kiſs'd, breath'd ſhort, and wou'd have ſpoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the Time;
All he cou'd ſay was Love and *Leonora.*

Ter. How then can you ſuſpect him loſt ſo ſoon?

Qu. Laſt Night he flew not with a Bridegroom's Haſte,
Which eagerly prevents th' appointed Hour;
I told the Clocks, and watch'd the waſting Light,
And liſtned to each ſoftly-treading Step,
In Hope 'twas he: but ſtill ir was not he.
At laſt he came, but with ſuch alter'd Looks,
So wild, ſo ghaſtly, as if ſome Ghoſt had met him;
All pale, and ſpeechleſs, he ſurvey'd me round;
Then, with a Groan, he threw himſelf a-bed,
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
And ſigh'd, and toſs'd, and turn'd, but ſtill from me.

Ter. What, all the Night?

Qu. Ev'n all the live long Night.
At laſt: (for, bluſhing, I muſt tell thee all,)
I preſs'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side;

How

He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
With that I burſt into a Flood of Tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him?
He anſwer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans,
So reſtleſs paſt the Night: and at the Dawn
Leapt from the Bed, and vaniſh'd.

Per. Sighs and Groans,
Paleneſs and Trembling, all are Signs of Love;
He only fears to make you ſhare his Sorrows.

Qu. I wiſh 'twere ſo: but Love ſtill doubts the worſt;
My heavy Heart, the Propheteſs of Woes,
Forebodes ſome Ill at Hand: To ſooth my Sadneſs,
Sing me the Song, which poor *Olympia* made,
When falſe *Bireno* left her.——

A SONG.

I.

Farewel, ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel my perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleaſure of poſſeſſing
Surpaſſes all expreſſing,
But 'tis too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And Love too long a Pain.

II.

'Tis eaſie to deceive us,
In Pity of your Pain;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have deſcry'd it,
There is no Bliſs beſide it;
But ſhe that once has try'd it,
Will never love again.

III.

The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain.
Your Love by ours we meaſure,
'Till we have loſt our Treaſure:
But dying is a Pleaſure,
When living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torriſmond,

Tor. Still ſhe is here, and ſtill I cannot ſpeak;
But wander like ſome diſcontented Ghoſt,
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [*Going again.*

Qu. O, *Torriſmond*, if you reſolve my Death,
You need no more, but to go hence again;
Will you not ſpeak?

Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak! oh, ſpeak!
Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.

Tor. Oh!

Qu. Do not ſigh, or tell me why you ſigh.

Tor. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you ſpeak that Word?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Virtue.

Tor. No! No! Pray let me go.

Qu. [*Kneeling*] You ſhall not go:
By all the Pleaſures of our Nuptial-bed,
If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not,
By theſe true Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes ———

Tor. Riſe.

Qu. I will never riſe,
I cannot chuſe a better Place to die.

Tor. Oh! I wou'd ſpeak, but cannot.

Qu. [*Riſing*] Guilt keeps you ſilent then; you love me not:
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?
To ſee my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love
No ſooner gain'd, but ſlighted and betray'd:
And like a Roſe juſt gather'd from the Stalk,
But only ſmelt, and cheaply thrown aſide,
To wither on the Ground.

Tor. For Heav'n's Sake, Madam, moderate your Paſſion.

Qu. Why nam'ſt thou Heav'n? there is no Heav'n for me.
Deſpair, Death, Hell, have ſeiz'd my tortur'd Soul:
When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from Ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to me;
When each Embrace was dearer than the firſt;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathſome: Oh! what Woman can bear loathſome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,

He

He bills the cloſer; but ungrateful Man,
Baſe, barbarous Man, the more we raiſe our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his Ardour.
Racks, Poyſon, Daggers, rid me of my Life;
And any Death is welcome.

Tor. Be witneſs all ye Powers that know my Heart;
I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,
But ſhe has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd:
Here, take this Paper, read our Deſtinies;
Yet do not; but in Kindneſs to your ſelf,
Be ignorantly ſafe.

Qu. No! give it me,
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death:

Tor. Then ſee how much unhappy Love has made us.
O *Leonora!* Oh!
We two were born when ſullen Planets reign'd;
When each the other's Influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us,
That we had never ſeen, or never lov'd.

Qu. There is no Faith in Heav'n, if Heav'n ſays ſo,
You dare not give it.

Tor. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out Opium to a Friend
Who lay in Torture, and deſir'd to die. [*Gives the Paper.*
But now you have it, ſpare my Sight the Pain
Of ſeeing what a World of Tears it coſts you.
Go, ſilently enjoy your Part of Grief,
And ſhare the ſad Inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirſty Fever in my Soul,
Give me but preſent Eaſe, and let me die.
[*Exe.* Queen *and* Tereſa.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord; the City-bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
All cluſtring in a Heap, like ſwarming Hives,
And riſing in a Moment.

Tor. With Deſign to puniſh *Bertran*, and revenge the King,
'Twas order'd ſo.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the Caſtle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, fire it,

Pull out th' uſurping Queen.

Tor. The Queen, *Lorenzo!* durſt they name the Queen?

Lor. It railing and reproaching be to name her.

Tor. O Sacrilege! ſay quickly who commands
This vile blaſpheming Rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our Fathers thruſt 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and Hell!
Somewhat muſt be reſolv'd, and ſpeedily.
How ſay'ſt thou, my *Lorenzo?* dar'ſt thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me ſave the Queen?

Lor. [*Aſide.*] Let me conſider;
Bear Arms againſt my Father? he begat me;
That's true; but for whoſe Sake did he beget me?
For his own, ſure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but ſays Conſcience: Fly in Nature's Face?
But how, if Nature fly in my Face firſt?
Then Nature's the Aggreſſor: Let her look to't ——
——He gave me Life, and he may take it back:
No, that's Boy's Play, ſay I.———
'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different Sides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treaſon.

To *Tor.*] Sir, upon mature Conſideration, I have found my Father to be little better than a Rebel, and therefore, I'll do my beſt to ſecure him, for your Sake; in Hope, you may ſecure him hereafter for my Sake.

Tor. Put on thy utmoſt Speed to head the Troops,
Which every Moment I expect t'arrive:
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful King:
I need not caution thee for *Raymond*'s Life,
Though I no more muſt call him Father now.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] How! not call him Father? I ſee Preferment alters a Man ſtrangely, this may ſerve me for a Uſe of Inſtruction, to caſt off my Father when I am great. Methought too, he call'd himſelf the lawful King, intimating ſweetly; that he knows what's what with our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my Father, as I hope in Heaven I ſhall, I am in a fair Way to be a Prince of the Blood. Farewel General; I'll bring up thoſe that ſhall try what Mettle there is in Orange-tawny. [*Exit.*

Tor.

Tor. [*At the Door.*] Haſte there, command the Guards be all drawn up
Before the Palace-Gate —— By Heaven, I'll face
This Tempeſt, and deſerve the Name of King.
O *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven ſo match'd before!
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'ſt on me;
Then all the Bleſt will beg, that thou may'ſt live,
And even my Father's Ghoſt his Death forgive. [*Exit.*

SCENE *The Palace-Yard.*

Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, Pedro, *and their Party.*

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the Time is come,
To ſhow your Courage, and your Loyalty:
You have a Prince of *Sancho*'s Royal Blood,
The Darling of the Heavens, and Joy of Earth;
When he's produc'd, as ſoon he ſhall, among you;
Speak, what will you adventure to re-ſeat him
Upon his Father's Throne?

Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our Succeſs,
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our Way?

Omn. Lead on, lead on.

[*Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.*

Enter Torriſmond *and his Party: As they are going to fight, he ſpeaks.*

Tor. [*To his.*] Hold, hold your Arms.

Raym. [*To his.*] Retire.

Alph. What means this Pauſe?

Ped. Peace: Nature works within them.

[Torr. *and* Raym. *go apart.*

Tor. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
On theſe harſh Terms! thou very reverend Rebel?
Thou venerable Traytor, in whoſe Face
And hoary Hairs Treaſon is ſanctified:
And Sin's black Dye ſeems blanch'd by Age to Virtue.

Raym. What Treaſon is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State?

Tor. That's a ſtale Cheat:
The primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, firſt us'd it,
And was the firſt Reformer of the Skies.

Raym.

Raym. What, if I ſee my Prince miſtake a Poyſon,
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traytor,
Becauſe I hold his Hand, or break the Glaſs?

Tor. How dar'ſt thou ſerve thy King againſt his Will?

Raym. Becauſe 'tis then the only Time to ſerve him.

Tor. I take the Blame of all upon my ſelf.
Diſcharge thy Weight on me.

Raym. O, never. never!
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toſs'd in a Tempeſt
Without the Pilot's Care.

Tor. I'll puniſh thee,
By Heav'n, I will, as I wou'd puniſh Rebels,
Thou ſtubborn loyal Man.

Raym. Firſt let me ſee
Her puniſh'd who miſ-leads you from your Fame,
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into Pieces,
And I ſhall die well pleas'd.

Tor. Proclaim my Title,
To ſave th' Effuſion of my Subjects Blood, and thou ſhalt ſtill
Be as my Foſter-Father near my Breaſt,
And next my *Leonora*.

Raym. That Word ſtabs me.
You ſhall be ſtill plain *Torriſmond* with me,
Th' Abettor, Partner, (if you like that Name,)
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
'Till you deſerve that Title by your Juſtice.

Tor. Then, farewel Pity, I will be obey'd.
[*To the People.*] Hear, you miſtaken Men, whoſe Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treaſon: See your Prince.
In me behold your murther'd *Sancho*'s Son;
Diſmiſs your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.

Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his Words are looſe
As Heaps of Sand, and ſcattering, wide from Senſe.
You ſee he knows not me, his natural Father;
But aiming to poſſeſs th' uſurping Queen,
So high he's mounted in his airy Hopes,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy.

Tor. Hear me yet, I am ———

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But ſpare his Perſon for his Father's Sake.

Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that ſhall cure him. There not a Surgeon in all *Arragon* has ſo much Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-Vein.

Tor. My Right for me!

Raym. Our Liberty for us!

Omn. Liberty, Liberty!— [*As they are ready to fight, Enter* Lorenzo *and his Party.*

Lor. On Forfeit of your Lives, lay down your Arms.

Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your Rebel back again, Father mine. The beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerors. I have been at hard-head with your butting Citizens; I have routed your Herd; I have diſperſt them; and now they are retreated quietly, from their extraordinary Vocation of fighting in the Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of cozening in their Shops.

Tor. [to *Raym.*] You ſee 'tis vain contending with [the Truth, Acknowledge what I am.

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your [own: But by a fatal Fondneſs, you betray
Your Fame and Glory to th' Uſurper's Bed:
Enjoy the Fruits of Blood and Parricide,
Take your own Crown from *Leonora*'s Gift,
And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Arms.

Enter Queen, Tereſa, *and Women.*

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.

Raym. Behold the Baſilisk of *Torriſmond*,
That kills him with her Eyes. I will ſpeak on,
My Life is of no farther Uſe to me:
I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:
Now let it go for Failing.

Tor. [*Aſide.*] My Heart ſinks in me while I hear him [ſpeak,
And every ſlacken'd Fibre drops its Hold,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life:
So much the Name of Father awes me ſtill.
Send off the Crowd: For you, now I have conquer'd,
I can hear with Honour your Demands.

Lor. to *Alph.* Now, Sir, who proves the Traytor? My Conſcience is true to me, it always whiſpers right when I have my Regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Torr. Raym. *and* Leon.

Tor.

Tor. O *Leonora*, what can Love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmoſt:
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at laſt that Tyrant, Juſtice! Oh ——

Qu. 'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt: and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;
They made m'a Miſer's Feaſt of Happineſs,
And cou'd not furniſh out another Meal.
Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men,
By all my Foes at once; I ſwear, my *Torriſmond*,
That to have had you mine for one ſhort Day,
Has cancel'd half my mighty Sum of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.

Tor. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? ſay that once more;
That all the Saints may witneſs it againſt you.

Qu. Cruel *Raymond!*
Can he not puniſh me, but he muſt hate?
O! 'tis not Juſtice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th' Offender's Perſon with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To loſe a Crown and Lover in a Day:
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour ſtrikes.

Raym. Then, then you ſhould have thought of Tears and Pity,
When Virtue, Majeſty, and hoary Age
Pleaded for *Sancho*'s Life.

Qu. My future Days ſhall be one whole Contrition:
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,
Where every Day an hundred aged Men
Shall all hold up their wither'd Hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho*'s Death.

Tor. See, *Raymond*, ſee: She makes a large Amends:
Sancho is dead: no Puniſhment of her
Can raiſe his cold ſtiff Limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his bleſſed Soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Reſt,
To ſee, with Joy, her Miſeries on Earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;
But Man who knows not Hearts, ſhould make Examples;
Which, like a Warning-piece, muſt be ſhot off,

To

To fright the reſt from Crimes.

Qu. Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Blood
To ſave one Drop of his.

Tor. Mark that, inexorable *Raymond*, mark!
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.

Raym. What, if ſhe did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the beſt of Men,
Heaven's Image double-ſtamp'd, as Man and King.

Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can ſay,
But yet ——

Raym. But yet you barbarouſly murther'd him.

Qu. He will not hear me out!

Tor. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-manner'd Zeal.

Raym. Sing to him, Syren;
For I ſhall ſtop my Ears: now mince the Sin,
And mollify Damnation with a Phraſe:
Say you conſented not to *Sancho*'s Death,
But barely not forbad it.

Qu. Hard-hearted Man, I yield my guilty Cauſe;
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.
Had I, for Jealouſy of Empire, ſought
Good *Sancho*'s Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
'Twas always in my Power to take his Life:
But Intereſt never could my Conſcience blind,
'Till Love had caſt a Miſt before my Eyes;
And made me think his Death the only Means
Which could ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.

Tor. Never was fatal Miſchief meant ſo kind,
For all ſhe gave has taken all away.
Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be reſtor'd?
'Tis to be worſe depos'd than *Sancho* was.

Raym. Heaven has reſtor'd you, you depoſe your ſelf;
Oh! when young Kings begin with Scorn of Juſtice,
They make an Omen to their after Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremoſt Page.

Tor. No more; leſt you be made the firſt Example,
To ſhow how I can puniſh.

Raym. Once again:
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,

And

And after make me hers.

Tor. Condemn a Wife!
That were t' atone for Parricide with Murther!

Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content
With that poor ſcanty Juſtice: Let her part.

Tor. Divorce! that's worſe than Death, 'tis Death of Love.

Qu. The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain,
As I from you: but yet 'tis juſt, my Lord:
I am th' Accurſt of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,
Your Subjects Deteſtation, and your Ruin:
And therefor fix this Doom upon my ſelf.

Tor. Heav'n! Can you wiſh it? to be mine no more?

Qu. Yes, I can wiſh it, as the deareſt Proof,
And laſt that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you bleſt, I would be more accurſt
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave ſhuts up the mournful Scene:
But I would live without you; to be wretched long:
And hoard up every Moment of my Life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,
Till ev'n fierce *Raymond*, at the laſt ſhall ſay,
Now let her die, for ſhe has griev'd enough.

Tor. Hear this, hear this, thou Tribune of the People:
Thou zealous, publick Blood-hound hear, and melt.

Raym. [*Aſide.*] I could cry now, my Eyes grow wo-manish,
But yet my Heart holds out.

Qu. Some ſolitary Cloyſter will I chuſe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Coarſe my Attire, and ſhort ſhall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight-Bell:
Now, *Raymond*, now be ſatisfy'd at laſt.
Faſting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer
Shall do dead *Sancho* Juſtice every Hour.

Raym [*Aſide.*] By your Leave, Manhood! [*Wipes his Eyes.*

Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquiſh'd.

Raym. No! 'Tis a ſalt Rheum that ſcalds my Eyes.

Qu. If he were vanquiſh'd, I am ſtill unconquer'd.
I'll leave you in the Height of all my Love,
Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its Way,
And ſtruggles to you moſt.
Farewel, a laſt Farewel! my dear, dear Lord,
Remember me; ſpeak, *Raymond*, will you let him?

Shall

Shall he remember *Leonora*'s Love,
And ſhed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?

Raym. [*Almoſt crying.*] Yes, yes, he ſhall; pray go.

Tor. Now, by my Soul, ſhe ſhall not go: why *Raymond*,
Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life;
Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,
Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and loſe 'em all.
[*Exit* Tor. *with the* Queen.

Raym. No Matter yet, he has my Hook within him.
Now let him friſk and flounce, and run and roul,
And think to break his Hold: He toils in vain.
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd ſo greedily,
Will make him ſick, and then I have him ſure.

Enter Alphonſo *and* Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he deſires
Admittance to the King, and cries aloud,
This Day ſhall end our Fears of Civil War:
For his ſafe Conduct he entreats your Preſence,
And begs you would be ſpeedy.

Raym. Though I loath
The Traytor's Sight, I'll go: Attend us here. [*Exit.*

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominick, *with Officers to make the Stage as full as poſſible.*

Ped. Why, how now, *Gomez*; What mak'ſt thou here with a whole Brother-hood of City-Bailiffs? Why, thou lookeſt like *Adam* in Paradiſe, with his Guard of Beaſts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a Man had Need of them, Don *Pedro*: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Prieſt, that's *Eve* and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take Notice how uncharitably he talks of Church-Men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable Belſwagger: My Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-Buckets, and call'd for Engines to play againſt it.

Alph. I am ſorry you are come hither to accuſe your Wife, her Education has been virtuous, her Nature mild and eaſy.

Gom. Yes! ſhe's eaſy with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her ſo.

Alph.

Alph. She came a ſpotleſs Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And ſhe's a ſpotleſs Virgin ſtill for me—ſhe's never the worſe for my Wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threeſcore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am.——

Elv. Indeed, Sir, I have no Reaſon to complain of him for diſturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your ſelf; the Church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me ſpeak firſt. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit, where you preach by Hours.

Dom. And you edify by Minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrines for the People, and Uſes and Applications for your ſelves.

Ped. Gomez, give Way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black ſhall take me if I do; I will ſpeak firſt! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll ſpeak Truth in few Words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the Clock as you uſe to do. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he ſhall lye and forſwear himſelf with any Fryar in all *Spain:* that's a bold Word now.——

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone: I ſhall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus*, I warrant him.

Alph. Well what have you to ſay againſt your Wife, *Gomez?*

Gom. Why, I ſay, in the firſt Place, that I and all Men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgment; that a Batchelor-Cobler is a happier Man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all viſited with a houſhold Plague, and, *Lord have Mercy upon us* ſhould be written on all our Doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage, which is one of the ſeven bleſſed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the ſeven deadly Sins: but make your beſt on't, I care not; 'tis but binding a Man Neck and Heels for all that! But, as for my Wife, that Crocodile of *Nilus*, ſhe has wickedly and traiterouſly conſpir'd the

the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and with the Help of the aforeſaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold-maker of this City, deviliſhly contriv'd to ſteal her ſelf away, and under her Arm felonioufly to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Piſtoles. Guilty, or not guilty; how ſay'ſt thou Culprit?

Dom. Falſe and ſcandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath point-blank againſt every Particular of this Charge.

Elv. And ſo will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my ſelf, according to my uſual Cuſtom, I heard a foul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making doleful Lamentations: Thereupon, making what Haſte my Limbs would ſuffer me, that are crippl'd with often kneeling, I ſaw him ſpurning and fiſting her moſt unmercifully; whereupon, uſing Chriſtian Arguments with him to deſiſt, he fell violently upon me, without Reſpect to my Sacerdotal Orders, puſh'd me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, juſt as a Man would ſet up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And ſtill continued labouring me, 'till a good-minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven ſhall ſave me, I had never ſeen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never ſeen him. Well, this noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker Part you may be ſure—whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being ſtrong in him, and gave him Baſtinado upon Baſtinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor meek Colonel, being proſtrate, ſuffered with a moſt Chriſtian Patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm ſure I quake at the very Thought of him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made Aſſault and Battery upon my Perſon, beat me into all the Colours of the Rainbow. And every Word this abominable Prieſt has utter'd is as falſe as the *Alcoran*.

But

But if you want a thorough-pac'd Lyar that will ſweep through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, *who comes behind the Company, and ſtands at his Father's Back unſeen, over-againſt* Gomez.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] How now! What's here to do? my Cauſe a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourſcore take him for an old bawdy Magiſtrate, that ſtands like the Picture of Madam Juſtice, with a Pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well — but all this while, who is this Colonel *Hernando?*

Gom. He's the firſt-begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a Face as terrible as *Demogorgon*.

[Lorenzo *peeps over* Alphonſo's *Head, and ſtares at* Gomez.

No! I lye, I lye:
He's a very proper handſome Fellow! well proportioned, and clean ſhap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward. *Gomez?* doſt thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Deſign upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you ſhall have Juſtice.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] Now I dare ſpeak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I ſay, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd Deſign upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honeſty. [Lor. *lifts up his Fiſt clencht at him.*

I confeſs my Wife was as willing — as himſelf; and, I believe, 'twas ſhe corrupted him; for I have known him formerly a very civil and modeſt Perſon.

Elv. You ſee, Sir, he contradicts himſelf at every Word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly, Man! and ſay what thou wilt ſtand by: did he ſtrike thee?

Gom. I will ſpeak boldly: he ſtruck me on the Face before my own Threſhold, that the very Walls cry'd Shame on him. [Lor. *holds up again.*

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the Man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all *Spain*.

Dom. Now the Truth comes out, in Spight of him.

Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph.

Alph. For my Part, I ſee no Wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no Wrong? why, he raviſh'd me with the Help of two Soldiers, carried me away *Vi & Armis*, and would have put me into a Plot againſt the Government. [Lor. *holds up again.*

I confeſs, I never could endure the Government, becauſe it was tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are black and blue, as I can ſtrip and ſhew the Marks of them. [Lor. *again.*

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yeſterday upon the Pebbles. [*All laugh.*

Dom. Freſh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a moſt manifeſt Judgment, there never comes better of railing againſt the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me ſay? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's End this half Hour, and I have not Power to bring it out, for Fear of this bloody-minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my Wife's Colonel, that appears there to me like my *Malus Genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. [*Turning.*] Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo*.

Gom. How? your Son *Lorenzo!* it is impoſſible.

Alph. As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this Pains about a Siſter?

Gom. No, you have taken ſome about me: I am ſure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can ſhew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to *Lor.* You know I put your Siſter into a Nunnery, with a ſtrict Command not to ſee you, for fear you ſhould have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention: and conſequently, I married her without your Knowledge, that it might not be in your Power to prevent it.

Elv. You ſee, Brother, I had a natural Affection to you.

Lor.

Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I loſt! Now, Pox upon me, for being ſo near a-kin to thee.

Elv. However, we are both beholden to Fryar *Dominick*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, ſhe never fails to do her Part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; thoſe fat Guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I ſhall make bold to diſburthen him of my hundred Piſtoles, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed 'tis partly out of Conſcience, that I may not be acceſſary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alph. I have no ſecular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I ſhall do't by Proxy, Fryar, your Biſhop's my Friend, and is too honeſt, to let ſuch as you infect a Cloyſter.

Gom. Ay, do Father-in-Law, let him be ſtript of his Habit, and diſ-order'd —— I would fain ſee him walk in Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Fur upon his Back, that the World may once behold the Inſide of a Fryar.

Dom. Farewel, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Bleſſing before I go.———

May your Siſters, Wives, and Daughters, be ſo naturally lewd, that they may have no Occaſion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to Pimp for 'em.

[*Exit, with a Rabble puſhing him.*

Enter Torriſmond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Tereſa, *&c.*

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general Joy.
Some Angel with a golden Trumpet ſound,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing Skies
From Pole to Pole reſound, King *Sancho* lives!
O *Bertran*, oh! no more my Foe, but Brother:
One Act like this blots out a Thouſand Crimes.

Bert. Bad Men, when 'tis their Intereſt, may do Good:
I muſt confeſs, I counſel'd *Sancho*'s Murther;
And urg'd the Queen by ſpecious Arguments:
But ſtill, ſuſpecting that her Love was chang'd,

I

I ſpread abroad the Rumour of his Death,
To ſound the very Soul of her Deſigns:
Th' Event you know was anſwering to my Fears:
She threw the Odium of the Fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to ſave the Innocent.

Bert. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveneſs.

Tor. Not only that, but Favour: *Sancho*'s Life,
Whether by Virtue or Deſign preſerv'd,
Claims all within my Power.

Qu. My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to deſire,
But *Sancho*'s Leave to authorize our Marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So merciful a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and eaſy to forgive:
But let the bold Conſpirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

By a Friend of the AUTHOR'S.

THere's none I'm ſure, who is a Friend to Love,
But will our Fryar's Character approve:
The ableſt Spark among you ſometimes needs
Such pious Help, for charitable Deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome *objects) does want*
Theſe Ghoſtly Comforts for the falling Saint:
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reaſon of the Growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's *Religion came in Faſhion,*
By the large Leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the Guilt, if you can pay for't well;

There

EPILOGUE.

There is no Dives *in the* Roman *Hell.*
Gold opens the ſtrait Gate, and lets him in:
But want of Money is a Mortal Sin.
For all beſides you may diſcount to Heaven,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even.
How are Men cozen'd ſtill with Shows of Good!
The Bawd's beſt Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-Man diſpleaſes,
Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diſeaſes.
'Tis by your living ill, that they live well,
By your Debauches their fat Paunches ſwell.
'Tis a Mock-War between the Prieſt and Devil;
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As ſome, who did French *Counſels firſt advance,*
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl,
That with more eaſe they may engroſs them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain.
A Church-Man's Godlineſs is always Gain.
Hence to their Prince they will ſuperior be;
And Civil Treaſon grows Church-Loyalty:
They boaſt the Gift of Heaven is in their Power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the Sick and Dead their Claims they lay;
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they leſs Dominion on our Life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern Climes,
And learn from Sweden *to prevent ſuch Crimes.*
Unman the Fryar, and leave the holy Drone
To hum in his forſaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey when his Sting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters ſoon will leave the Cells,
When they have loſt the Sound of Aaron's *Bells.*

Gravelot inv. G. Vander Gucht Sculp.

THE
DUKE of *GUISE*.
A
TRAGEDY.

Written by

Mr. *DRYDEN* and Mr. *LEE*.

Οὕτως ὁ φιλότιμοι φύσεις ἐν ταῖς πολιτείαις τὸ ἄγαν μὴ φυλαξάμενοι, τῷ ἀγαθῷ μεῖζον τὸ κακὸν ἔχουσι.
Plutarch. in Ageſilao.

LONDON:
Printed for J. TONSON in the *Strand*.

MDCCXXXV.

To the Right Honourable

LAWRENCE,

Earl of ROCHESTER, &c.

My LORD,

THE Authors of this Poem preſent it humbly to your Lordſhip's Patronage, if you ſhall think it worthy of that Honour. It has already been a Confeſſor, and was almoſt made a Martyr for the Royal Cauſe. But having ſtood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was Acted, another in the Repreſenta-

tion, and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to ſtand the publick Cenſure in the Reading: Where ſince, of Neceſſity, it muſt have the ſame Enemies, we hope it may alſo find the ſame Friends; and therein we are ſecure, not only of the greater Number, but of the more Honeſt and Loyal Party. We only expected bare Juſtice in the Permiſſion to have it Acted; and that we had, after a ſevere and long Examination, from an upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both Sides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cauſe, in a ſtrict Peruſal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Perſons. In the Repreſentation it ſelf, it was perſecuted with ſo notorious Malice by one Side, that it procured us the Partiality of the other; ſo that the Favour more than recompens'd the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been ſav'd (if ſo we were) by the

the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deſerts; becauſe thereby the Weakneſs of the Faction is diſcover'd, which in us, at that Time, attack'd the Government; and ſtood combin'd, like the Members of the Rebellious League, againſt the Lawful Sovereign Authority. To what Topick will they have Recourſe, when they are manifeſtly beaten from their chief Poſt, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-houſe; and yet even there, the Enemies, as well as Friends have free Admiſſion; but while our Argument was ſerviceable to their Intereſts, they cou'd boaſt, that the Theaters were true *Proteſtant*, and came inſulting to the Plays, when their own Triumphs were repreſented. But let them now aſſure themſelves, that they can make the major

Part of no Aſſembly, except it be of a *Meeting-Houſe*. Their Tide of Popularity is ſpent, and the natural Current of Obedience is, in Spight of them, at laſt prevalent. In which, my Lord, after the merciful Providence of God, the unſhaken Reſolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifeſt Innocence of his Royal Highneſs, the prudent Management of the Miniſters is alſo moſt conſpicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, becauſe I am unwilling to raiſe Envy to your Lordſhip, who are too juſt not to deſire that Praiſe ſhou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, my Lord, that your own Part was neither obſcure in it, nor unhazardous. And if ever this excellent Government, ſo well eſtabliſhed by the Wiſdom of our Fore-fathers, and ſo much ſhaken by the Folly of this

Age,

Age, ſhall recover its ancient Splendor, Poſterity cannot be ſo ungrateful, as to forget thoſe, who in the worſt of Times, have ſtood undaunted by their King and Country, and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themſelves to the Malice of falſe Patriots, and the Madneſs of an head-ſtrong Rabble. But ſince this glorious Work is yet unfiniſh'd, and though we have Reaſon to hope well of the Succeſs, yet the Event depends on the unſearchable Providence of Almighty God; 'tis no Time to raiſe Trophies, while the Victory is in Diſpute: but every Man, by your Example, to contribute what is in his Power, to maintain ſo juſt a Cauſe, on which depend the future Settlement and Proſperity of three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to *Neptune* was not amiſs in the middle of the Storm: *Thou may'ſt do with me, O* Neptune, *what thou pleaſeſt, but I will be ſure to hold faſt the Rudder.* We are to

truſt firmly in the Deity, but ſo as not to forget, that he commonly works by ſecond Cauſes, and admits of our Endeavours with his Concurrence. For our own Parts, we are ſenſible, as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak Aſſiſtance. The moſt we can boaſt of, is, that we are not ſo inconſiderable, as to want Enemies, whom we have rais'd to our ſelves on no other Account, than that we are not of their Number: And ſince that's their Quarrel, they ſhall have daily Occaſion to hate us more. 'Tis not, my Lord, that any Man delights to ſee himſelf paſquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers; but on the other Side, it ought to be our Glory, that themſelves believe not of us what they write. Reaſonable Men are well ſatiſfy'd, for whoſe Sakes the Venom of their Party is ſhed on us, becauſe they ſee, that at the ſame Time, our Adverſaries ſpare not thoſe to whom they owe

owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Deſpair has puſh'd 'em to break thoſe Bonds; and 'tis obſervable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As *Lucifer* and his Companions were only proud, when Angels, but grew malicious, when Devils. Let them rail, ſince 'tis the only Solace of their Miſeries, and the only Revenge, which we hope they now can take. The greateſt, and the beſt of Men are above their Reach; and for our Meanneſs, though they aſſault us like Foot-Pads in the dark, their Blows have done us little Harm; we yet live to juſtify our ſelves in open Day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to aſſure your Lordſhip, with all Submiſſion and Sincerity, that we are

Your LORDSHIP's
moſt Obedient,
faithful Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.
NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr *DRYDEN.*

Spoken by Mr. *Smith.*

OUR Play's a Parallel: the Holy League
Begot our Cov'nant: Guiſards *got the* Whigg:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Faſhions, firſt produc'd in France:
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars, here.
Cou'd the ſame Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or ſerv'd us up, in Scorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulſome Cov'nant, *one wou'd think in Reaſon,*
Had giv'n us all our Bellies full of Treaſon:
And yet the Name but chang'd, our naſty Nation
Chews its own Excrements, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning Way,
For that's a Mode but newly come in Play;
Beſides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail,
But your True Proteſtant *can never fail*
With that compendious Inſtrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite ev'n though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the Lawful Heir:

Out

PROLOGUE.

Once more decide Religion by the Sword:
And purchaſe for us a new Tyrant-Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purſes ſpare;
Make him not Two Pence richer by your Prayer.
To ſhow you love him much, chaſtize him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Puſh him to Wars, but ſtill no Pence advance;
Let him loſe England, *to recover* France.
Cry Freedom up with popular noiſy Votes:
And get enough to cut each other's Throats.
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne:
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
A Noiſe was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But, in Revenge, you Whiggs *have found a Way,*
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let his own Servants turn to ſave their Stake;
Glean from his Plenty, and his Wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas *near his Perſon ſtay,*
To ſwallow the laſt Sop, and then betray.
Make London *independant of the Crown:*
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus *Juries find no Traytors:*
And Ignoramus *Poets ſcribble Satyrs.*
And that your Meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do, what in Coffee-houſes you began,
Pull down the Maſter, and ſet up the Man.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

The King,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Duke of GUISE,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Duke of MAYENNE,	Mr. *Jevon.*
GRILLON,	Mr. *Smith.*
The Cardinal of GUISE,	Mr. *Wiltſhyre.*
Arch-Biſhop of LYONS,	Mr. *Perin.*
ALPHONSO CORSO,	Mr. *Monfort.*
POLIN.	Mr. *Bowman.*
AUMALE,	Mr. *Carlile.*
BUSSY,	Mr. *Saunders.*
The Curate of St. EUSTACE,	Mr. *Underhil.*
MALICORNE,	Mr. *Percival.*
MELANAX, a Spirit,	Mr. *Gillow.*
Two Sheriffs,	*Bright* and *Samford.*
Citizens and Rabble, &c.	

WOMEN.

Queen Mother,	Lady *Slingsby.*
MARMOUTIERE,	Mrs. *Barry.*

SCENE, *PARIS.*

THE DUKE *of* GUISE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Council of Sixteen ſeated: An empty Chair prepar'd for the Duke of Guiſe.

BUSSY *and* POLIN *Two of the Sixteen.*

BUSSY.

LIghts there! more Lights! What, burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guiſe*, the *Moſes*, *Gideon*, *David*,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes Approach?

Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen,
That ſway the Crowd of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purſes, Perſons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guiſe*, where Merit calls him, high;
And give him a whole Heaven, for Room to ſhine.

Enter

Enter Curate of St. Euſtace.

Buſſ. The Curate of St. *Euſtace* comes at laſt;
But, Father, why ſo late?

Cur. I have been taking Godly Pains to ſatisfy ſome Scruples rais'd amongſt weak Brothers of our Party, that were ſtaggering in the Cauſe.

Pol. What cou'd they find t'object?

Cur. They thought, to arm againſt the King was Treaſon.

Buſſ. I hope you ſet 'em right?

Cur. Yes; and for Anſwer, I produc'd this Book.
A *Calviniſt* Miniſter of *Orleans*
Writ this, to juſtify the Admiral
For taking Arms againſt the King deceas'd:
Wherein he proves, that irreligious Kings
May juſtly be depos'd, and put to Death.

Buſſ. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not ſo prudent.

Cur. Yes: from the Devil, if it would help our Cauſe.
The Author was indeed a Heretick:
The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our holy League,
Is to preſerve the King, his Power and Perſon.

Cur. That muſt be ſaid, you know, for Decency;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot ſecure.

Buſſ. But did the primitive Chriſtians e'er rebel,
When under Heathen Lords? I hope they did.

Cur. No ſure, they did not; for they had not Pow'r;
The Conſcience of a People is their Power.

Pol. Well; the next Article in our Solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buſſ. What is't? I ſhould be glad to find the King
No ſafer than needs muſt.

Pol. That in Caſe of Oppoſition from any Perſon whatſoever——

Cur. That's well, that's well; then the King is not excepted, if he oppoſe us——

Pol. We are oblig'd to joyn as one, to puniſh
All, who attempt to hinder or diſturb us.

Buſſ. 'Tis a plain Caſe; the King's included in the Puniſhment,
In Caſe he rebel againſt the People.

Pol.

Pol. But how can he rebel?

Cur. I'll make it out: Rebellion is an Inſurrection againſt the Government; but they that have the Power are actually the Government: Therefore, if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Buſſ. A moſt convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For Arming, if you pleaſe; but not for Faction.
For ſtill the Faction is the feweſt Number;
So, what they call the Lawful Government,
Is now the Faction; for the moſt are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King; I wou'd gladly underſtand whom we are to obey; or, whether we are to be all Kings together?

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and aſk that Queſtion? There's an Article, that, I may ſay, is as neceſſary as any in the Creed: namely, that we, the ſaid Aſſociates, are ſworn to yield ready Obedience, and faithful Service to that Head which ſhall be deputed.

Buſſ. 'Tis moſt manifeſt, that, by Virtue of our Oath, we are all Subjects to the Duke of *Guiſe*. The King's an Officer that has betray'd his Truſt; and therefore we have turn'd him out of Service.

Omn. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guiſe, *Cardinal of* Guiſe, Aumale; *Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.*

Buſſ. Your Highneſs enters in a lucky Hour;
Th' unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice,
As Head of *Paris*, and the Holy League.

Card. I ſay Amen to that.

Pol. You are our Champion, Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King, like *Saul*, is Heav'n's repented Choice;
You his anointed one, on better Thought.

Gui. I'm what you pleaſe to call me: any thing,
Lieutenant General, Chief, or Conſtable,
Good decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Buſſ. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, exil'd *Navarre*;
And reſcu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.

Aum. What he, and all of us have done, is known.
What's our Reward? Our Offices are loſt,
Turn'd out, like labour'd Oxen after Harveſt,

To

To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.
Buſſ. Our Charters will go next: Becauſe we Sheriffs
Permit no Juſtice to be done on thoſe
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.
Gui. Yes; we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties;
Dipt in the noiſy Crime of State, call'd Treaſon:
And Traytors we muſt be, to King, or Country.
Buſſ. Why then my Choice is made.
Pol. And mine.
Omn. And all.
Card. Heav'n is it ſelf Head of the holy League;
And all the Saints are Cov'nanters, and *Guiſards.*
Gui. Wat ſay you, Curate?
Cur. I hope well, my Lord.
Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deſerves your Care of his Preferment.
For all his Prayers are Curſes on the Goverment,
And all his Sermons Libels on the King.
In ſhort, a pious, hearty, factious Prieſt. [Fortunes:
Gui. All that are here, my Friends, ſhall ſhare my
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France,*
'Tis but deſerve, and have: The *Spaniſh* King
Conſigns me Fifty Thouſand Crowns a Week
To raiſe, and to foment a Civil War.
'Tis true, a Penſion from a Foreign Prince,
Sounds Treaſon in the Letter of the Law,
But good Intentions juſtify the Deed.
Cur. Heav'n's good; the Cauſe is good; the Money's [good;
No Matter whence it comes.
Buſſ. Our City-Bands are twenty thouſand ſtrong;
Well-diſciplin'd, well-arm'd, well-ſeaſon'd Traytors,
Thick-rinded Heads, that leave no Room for Kernel;
Shop-Conſciences, of Proof againſt an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tin'd for a Rebellion.
Gui. Why then the noble Plot is fit for Birth:
And labouring *France* cries out for Midwife Hands.
We miſs'd ſurprizing of the King at *Blois,*
When laſt the States were held; 'twas Over-ſight:
Beware we make not ſuch another Blot.
Card. This holy Time of *Lent* we have him ſure;

He

He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that Proceſſion, he's more fit for Heav'n:
What hinders us to ſeize the Royal Penitent,
And cloſe him in a Cloyſter?

Cur. Or diſpatch him: I love to make all ſure.

Gui. No; guard him ſafe;
Thin Diet will do well; 'twill ſtarve him into Reaſon,
'Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succeſſion on a worthier Choice.
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms
Shall ſtand prepar'd, to enter at your Call;
And ſpeed the Work: St. *Martin*'s Gate was m'd:
But the Sheriff *Conty*, who commands that Ward,
Refus'd me Paſſage there.

Buſſ. I know that *Conty*:
A ſniveling, conſcientious, loyal Rogue:
He'll peach, and ruin all.

Card. Give out he's arbitrary; a *Navarriſt*;
A Heretick; diſcredit him betimes;
And make his Witneſs void.

Cur. I'll ſwear him guilty.
I ſwallow Oaths as eaſy as Snap-Dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.

Gui. Then *Buſſy*, be't your Care t'admit my Troops,
At Port St. *Honore*: [*Riſes*] Night wears apace,
And Day-light muſt not peep on dark Deſigns.
I will my ſelf to Court: pay formal Duty;
Take Leave; and to my Government retire:
Impatient to be ſoon recall'd; to ſee
The King impriſon'd, and the Nation free.

[*Exeunt all but* Guiſe.

Enter Malicorn *ſolus*.

Mal. Each diſmal Minute when I call to Mind
The Promiſe, that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty Years to be his Slave,
Of which, near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of Reaſon rowl into their Spring.
O horrid Thought! but one and Twenty Years,
And twelve near paſt, then to be ſteep'd in Fire,
Daſh'd againſt Rocks, or ſnatch'd from molten Lead,
Reeking,

Reeking, and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench ten thouſand Fathom in the Deep!
But hark! he comes, ſee there, my Blood ſtands ſtill,
[*Knocking at the Door.*
My Spirits ſtart an End for *Guiſe*'s Fate.
A Devil riſes.

Mal. What Counſel does the Fate of *Guiſe* require?

Dew. Remember, with his Prince there's no Delay,
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;
Let not the Fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is ſtill, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the waxen King
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guiſe* by Blood reſolve to mount to Pow'r,
And he is great as *Mecca*'s Emperour;
He comes, bid him not ſtand on Altar-Vows,
But then ſtrike deepeſt, when he loweſt bows;
Tell him, Fate's aw'd when an Uſurper ſprings,
And joyns to crowd out juſt indulgent Kings. [*Vaniſhes.*

Enter the Duke of Guiſe, *and Duke of* Mayenne.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
To your profeſt and moſt inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wiſh him,
There is a Lady-Regent at his Ear,
That never pardons.

Gui. Poyſon on her Name!
Take my Hand on't, that Cormorant Dowager
Will never reſt, 'till ſhe has all our Heads
In her Lap. I was at *Bayon* with her,
When ſhe, the King, and griſly *d'Alva* met;
Methinks I ſee her liſtening now before me,
Marking the very Motion of his Beard,
His op'ning Noſtrils, and his dropping Lids,
I hear him croak too to the gaping Council;
Fiſh for the great Fiſh, take no Care for Frogs,
Cut off the Poppy-heads, Sir; Madam, charm
The Winds but faſt, the Billows will be ſtill.

May. But Sir, how comes it you ſhould be thus warm,
Still puſhing Counſels when among your Friends;

Yet

Yet at the Court cautious, and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Mein ſo different,
You ſeem to me two Men?
Gui. The Reaſon's plain.
Hot with my Friends, becauſe the Queſtion giv'n,
I ſtart the Judgment right, where others drag.
This is th' Effect of equal Elements,
And Atoms juſtly pois'd; nor ſhould you wonder
More at the Strength of Body than of Mind:
'Tis equally the ſame to ſee me plunge
Headlong into the *Seine* all over arm'd,
And plow againſt the Torrent to my Point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans*;
This to another Man wou'd be a Brag,
Or at the Court among my Enemies,
To be, as I am here, quite off my Guard,
Would make me ſuch another Thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honeſt, downright, valiant Fool,
May. Yet this you muſt allow a Failure in you,
You love his Nieçe; and to a Politician
All Paſſion's Bane, but Love directly Death.
Gui. Falſe, falſe my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guiſe* again.
Were ſhe not ſuch a wond'rous Compoſition,
A Soul, ſo fluſh'd as mine is with Ambition,
Sagacious and ſo nice, muſt have diſdain'd her:
But ſhe was made when Nature was in Humour,
As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
Where all the honeſt Atoms fought their Way;
Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
But left the Dregs of Wickedneſs behind.
May. Have you not told her what we have in Hand?
Gui. My utmoſt Aim has been to hide it from her,
But there I'm ſhort; by the long Chain of Cauſes
She has ſcann'd it, juſt as if ſhe were my Soul;
And though I flew about with Circumſtances,
Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
Yet through the Hiſtories of our Lives, ſhe look'd,
She ſaw, ſhe overcame.
May. Why then, we're all undone.
Gui. Again you err.

Chaſte

Chaſte as ſhe is, ſhe wou'd as ſoon give up
Her Honour, as betray me to the King;
I tell thee, ſhe's the Character of Heav'n;
Such an habitual over-Womanly Goodneſs,
She dazzles, walks meer Angel upon Earth.
But ſee, ſhe comes, call the Cardinal *Guiſe*,
While *Malicorn* attends for ſome Diſpatches,
Before I take my Farewel of the Court.

Enter Marmoutiere.

Mar. Ah *Guiſe*, you are undone!

Gui. How, Madam?

Mar. Loſt,
Beyond the Poſſibility of Hope:
Deſpair, and die.

Gui. You menace deeply, Madam:
And ſhould this come from any Mouth but yours,
My Smile ſhould anſwer how the Ruin touch'd me.

Mar. Why do you leave the Court?

Gui. The Court leaves me.

Mar. Were there no more, but Wearineſs of State,
Or cou'd you, like great *Scipio*, retire,
Call *Rome* ungrateful, and ſit down with that;
Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the ſullied Conqueſts you can boaſt;
But Oh, you want that *Roman* Maſtery;
You have too much of the tumultuous Times,
And I muſt mourn the Fate of your Ambition.

Gui. Becauſe the King diſdains my Services,
Muſt I not let him know I dare be gone?
What, when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not caſt him backward if I can;
And at his Feet make known their Villainy?

Mar. No, *Guiſe*, not at his Feet, but on his Head;
For there you ſtrike.

Gui. Madam, you wrong me now:
For ſtill whate'er ſhall come in Fortune's Whirl,
His Perſon muſt be ſafe.

Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your laſt Words confeſs too much.
Confeſs! what need I urge that Evidence,

When

When every Hour I ſee you court the Crowd,
When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble,
I ſee you born on Shoulders to Cabals;
Where, with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
You ſit, and plot the Royal *Henry*'s Death;
Cloud the Majeſtick Name with Fumes of Wine,
Infamous Scrowls, and treaſonable Verſe;
While, on the other Side, the Name of *Guiſe*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung.
Pamphleteers, Ballad-mongers ſing your Ruin,
While all the Vermin of the vile *Pariſians*
Toſs up their greaſie Caps where-e'er you paſs,
And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.

Gui. Can I help this?

Mar. By Heav'n, I'd earth my ſelf,
Rather than live to act ſuch black Ambition:
But, Sir, you ſeek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This Side and that Side congeing to the Croud.
You have your Writers too, that cant your Battles,
That ſtyle you, the New *David*, Second *Moſes*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart, they ſpread.
Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Wonders.
Then cry, the King, the King's a *Hugonot*,
And, Spight of us, will have *Navarre* ſucceed,
Spight of the Laws, and Spight of our Religion
But we will pull 'em down, down with 'em, down.
[*Kneels.*

Gui. Ha, Madam! Why this Poſture?

Mar. Hear me, Sir:
For, if 'tis poſſible, my Lord, I'll move you.
Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
Ere 'tis too late, I beg you by theſe Tears,
Theſe Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
That bleeds to Death. O ſeek the beſt of Kings,
Kneel, fling your ſtubborn Body at his Feet:
Your Pardon ſhall be ſign'd, your Country ſav'd,
Virgins and Matrons all ſhall ſing your Fame,

And

And every Babe ſhall bleſs the *Guiſe*'s Name.
Gui. O riſe, thou Image of the Deity;
You ſhall prevail, I will do any thing:
You've broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
And all my Powers now float in Peace again.
Be ſatisfy'd that I will ſee the King,
Kneel to him, ere I journey to *Champagne*,
And beg a kind Farewel.
Mar. No, no, my Lord;
I ſee through that, you but withdraw a-while,
To muſter all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoyn the Council of Sixteen.
You muſt not go.
Gui. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour.
Mar. Would all thoſe Heads were off, ſo yours were
Once more, O *Guiſe*, the weeping *Marmoutiere* [ſav'd.
Entreats you, do not go.
Gui. Is't poſſible
That *Guiſe* ſhould ſay, in this he muſt refuſe you?
Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me, the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.
I've Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.
Gui. But, Madam, I have often heard you ſay;
You lov'd not Courts.
Mar. Perhaps I've chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And ſuch a King, ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo great,
That at his Birth the heavenly Council paus'd,
And then, at laſt, cry'd out, This is a Man.
Gui. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.
Mar. Go to your Government, and try.
Gui. I will.
Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.
Gui. By Heaven
I ſwear you cannot, ſhall not, dare not ſee him.
Mar. By Heaven I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay ſhall hinder me;

For

For now, methinks, I long for't.

Gui. Poſſible!

Mar. I'll give you yet a little Time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your Leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll ſtand,
Nay, you ſhall ſee me kneel, and kiſs his Hand. [*Exit.*

Gui. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Eſpernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonſo Corſo* too,
All packt to plot, and turn me into Madneſs.
[*Reading the Letter.*

Enter Cardinal Guiſe, *Duke of* Mayenne, Malicorn, *&c.*

Ha! can it be! *Madam, the King loves you.* [*Reads.*
But Vengeance I will have; to Pieces, thus,
To Pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter.*

Card. Speak lower.

Gui. No;
By all the Torments of this galling Paſſion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, ſo loud,
My Father's Ghoſt ſhall hear me up to Heaven.

Card. Contain your ſelf: this Outrage will undo us.

Gui. All things are ripe, and Love new points their Ruin.
Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our Power, ſhould they eſcape our Juſtice?
I ſee, by each Man's laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you ſwear the like Revenge.
For me, I wiſh that mine may both rot off ——

Card. No more.

May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.

Gui. I go —— That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die, like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barber's Hands, Impoſthumes choak me,
If while alive I ceaſe to chew their Ruin;
Alphonſo Corſo, *Grillon*, Prieſt, together.
To hang 'em in Effigie, nay, to tread,
Drag, ſtamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene, *and* Polin.

Qu. M. PRay mark the Form of the Conſpiracy;
Guiſe gives it out, he journeys to *Champagne*,
But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by *Paris*,
Where every Hour he hears and gives Inſtructions.
Mean-time the Council of Sixteen aſſure him,
They have Twenty Thouſand Citizens in Arms,
Is it not ſo, *Polin?*

Pol. True, on my Life;
And if the King doubts the Diſcovery,
Send me to the *Baſtile* 'till all be prov'd.

Qu. M. Call Col. *Grillon*, the King would ſpeak with him.

Ab. Was ever Age like this? [*Exit* Polin.

Qu. M. Polin is honeſt:
Beſide, the whole Proceeding is ſo like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I gueſs'd as much before.
Know then, it is reſolv'd, to ſeize the King,
When next he goes in penitential Weeds
Among the Fryars, without his uſual Guards;
Then under Shew of popular Sedition,
For Safety, ſhut him in a Monaſtery,
And ſacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.

Ab. When is this Council to be held again?

Qu. M. Immediately upon the Duke's Departure.

Ab. Why ſends not then the King ſufficient Guards,
To ſeize the Fiends, and hew 'em into Pieces?

Qu. M. 'Tis in Appearance eaſie, but th' Effect
Moſt hazardous; for ſtraight upon th' Alarm,
The City would be ſure to be in Arms:
Therefore to undertake, and not to compaſs,
Were to come off with Ruin and Diſhonour.
You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Biſogna Coprierſi:*
He that will venture on a Hornets Neſt,
Should arm his Head, and buckler well his Breaſt.

Ab.

Ab. But wherefore ſeems the King ſo unreſolv'd?
Qu. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonſtration;
Told him, Neceſſity cry'd out, to take
A Reſolution to preſerve his Life,
And look on *Guiſe*, as a reclaimleſs Rebel.
But thro' the natural Sweetneſs of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will conſider what you ſay.
Ab. Yet after all, could we but fix him.
Qu. M. Right.
The Buſineſs were more firm for this Delay;
For nobleſt Natures, tho' they ſuffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.
But ſee, he comes, *Alphonſo Corſo* with him;
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoyn him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, *and* Alphonſo Corſo.

King. *Alphonſo Corſo.*
Alph. Sir.
King. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Alph. More than my Life.
King. That's much; yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by that; but, My *Alphonſo*,
She has a cruel Wit.
Alph. The Provocation, Sir.
King. I know it well:
But if thou'dſt have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Intereſt, were the World ro buy him,
Shall make a brave Man ſmile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, ſo cry'd up in Story.
Cæſar did Ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremoſt in the Field; but ſneaking *Brutus*,
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Boſom, ſtabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot, which *Tully*'s Eloquence
Could ne'er wipe off, tho' the miſtaken Man
Makes bold to call thoſe Traitors, Men Divine.

Alph. *Tully* was wiſe, but wanted Conſtancy.

Enter Queen Mother, and *Abbot* Delbene.

Q. M. Good-even, Sir; 'tis juſt the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.

King. Oh, Madam.

Qu. M. Sir.

King. Oh Mother! but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddl'd up in Night.

Qu. M. Speak then, for Speech is Morning to the Mind,
It ſpreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which elſe lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.

King. You would embark me in a Sea of Blood.

Qu. M. You ſee the Plot directly on your Perſon;
But give it o'er, I did but ſtate the Caſe.
Take *Guiſe* into your Heart, and drive your Friends;
Let Knaves in Shops preſcribe you how to ſway,
And when they read your Acts with their vile Breath,
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that;
Then in a Drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'll have it mended, that they will,
Or you ſhall be no King.

King. 'Tis true the People
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But O, if the Deſign we lay ſhould fail,
Better the Traitors never ſhould be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.

Qu. M. No, Sir, you cannot fear the ſure Deſign;
But I have liv'd too long, ſince my own Blood
Dares not confide in her that gave him Being.

King. Stay, Madam, ſtay, come back, forgive my Fears,
Where all our Thoughts ſhould creep like deepeſt Streams:
Know then I hate aſpiring *Guiſe* to Death;
Whor'd *Margarita* plots upon my Life,
And ſhall I not revenge?

Qu. M. Why this is *Harry*;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Blooms
He ſaw the Admiral *Coligny*'s Back.

King. O this Whale *Guiſe*, with all the *Lorain* Fry;
Might I but view him after his Plots and Plunges,
Struck on thoſe cowring Shallows that await him,

This

This were a *Florence* Maſter-piece indeed.
Qu. M. He comes to take his Leave.
King. Then for *Champagne*;
But lies in wait 'till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in, all that I beg you now,
Is to be huſh'd upon the Conſultation,
As Urns that never blab.
Qu. M. Doubt not your Friends;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter Grillon.

King. Welcome, my honeſt Man, my old-try'd Friend.
Why do'ſt thou fly me, *Grillon*, and retire?
Gril. Rather let me demand your Majeſty,
Why fly you from your ſelf? I've heard you ſay,
You'd arm againſt the League: why do you not?
The Thoughts of ſuch as you, are Starts divine;
And when you mould with ſecond Caſt the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the golden Vapour's gone.
King. Soft, my old Friend, *Guiſe* plots upon my Life;
Polin ſhall tell thee more; haſt thou not heard
Th' unſufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treaſure on the *Hugonots*,
While I am forc'd againſt my Bent of Soul,
Againſt all Laws, all Cuſtom, Right, Succeſſion,
To caſt *Navarre* from the Imperial Line?
Gril. Why do you, Sir? Death, let me tell the Traitor.
King. Peace, *Guiſe* is going to his Government;
You are his Foe of old; Go to him, *Grillon*;
Viſit him as from me, to be employ'd
In this great War againſt the *Hugonots*;
And pr'ythee tell him roundly of his Faults;
No farther, honeſt *Grillon*.
Gril. Shall I fight him?
King. I charge thee not.
Gril. If he provokes me, ſtrike him?
You'll grant me that?
King. Not ſo, my honeſt Soldier.
Yet ſpeak to him.
Gril. I will by Heav'n to th' Purpoſe,
And if he force a Beating, who can help it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Alphonſo*; when the Storm is up,
Call me to part 'em.
Qu. M. Grillon, to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guiſe* know we are not in the dark.
King. You hit the Judgment; yet, O yet there's more,
Something upon my Heart, after theſe Counſels,
So ſoft and ſo unworthy to be nam'd. [Court,
Qu. M. They ſay, that *Grillon*'s Niece is come to
And means to kiſs your Hand. [*Exit.*
King. Could I but hope it.
O my dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoyn me all that Man can ſuffer;
But ſure the Powers above will take our Tears
For ſuch a Fault, Love is ſo like themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* Louvre.

Enter Guiſe *attended with his Family*, Marmoutiere *meeting him new dreſt, attended,* &c.

Gui. Furies! ſhe keeps her Word, and I am loſt;
Yet let not my Ambition ſhew it to her:
For after all, ſhe does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Deſign —— Madam, I ſee
You're come to Court; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, your Mein, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will kill at leaſt your Thouſand in a Day. [ſand?
Mar. What, a whole Day, and kill but one poor Thou-
An Hour you mean, and in that Hour ten thouſand?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murther.
Mend me this Curl.
Gui. Woman!
Mar. You ſee, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you: I ſwear
The Court's a heav'nly Place; but O my Heart!
I know not why that Sigh ſhould come uncall'd;
Perhaps, 'twas for your going; yet I ſwear
I never was ſo mov'd, O *Guiſe*, as now,
Juſt as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I ſaw the King.
Gui. Woman, all over Woman!

The

The World confeſſes, Madam, *Henry*'s Form
Is noble and majeſtick.
Mar. O you grudge
Th' extorted Praiſe, and ſpeak him but by halfs.
Gui. Prieſt, *Corſo*, Devils! how ſhe carries it!
Mar. I ſee, my Lord, you are come to take your Leave;
And were it not to give the Court Suſpicion,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.
Gui. Death and the Devil!
Mar. But ſince that cannot be, I'll take my Leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey ſafe.
Farewel once more. Not ſtir? does this become you?
Does your Ambition ſwell into your Eyes?
Jealouſy, by this Light; nay then, proud *Guiſe*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace.
But I will carry't, Sir, to thoſe that are,
And leave you to the Curſe of Boſom-War. [*Exit.*
May. Is this the heavenly?
Gui. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at firſt ſhe caught the heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition ſets her on her Head,
By Hell, I ſee the cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! ſome new Court-Trick upon me.

Enter Grillon.

Gril. Sir, I have Buſineſs for your Ear.
Gui. Retire. [*Exeunt his Followers.*
Gril. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.
Gui. The King
Still loads me with new Honours, but none greater,
Than this, the laſt.
Gril. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commiſſion 'gainſt the *Hugonots*;
I and my Family ſhall ſhortly wait you,
And 'twill be glorious Work.
Gui. If you are there
There muſt be Action.
Gril. O, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;

But you, whoſe Life is one continued Broil,
What will not your triumphant Arms accompliſh!
You, that were form'd for Maſtery in War,
That, with a Start, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horſe, and ſlaughter'd Forty Thouſand *Germans*!

Gui. Let me beſeech you, Colonel, no more.

Gril. But, Sir, ſince I muſt make at leaſt a Figure
In this great Buſineſs, let me underſtand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon ſo dangerous an Expedition.

Gui. Sir, I intend the Greatneſs of the King,
The Greatneſs of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Buſineſs, Aim, and Glory;
And where ſo proper, as upon thoſe Rebels
That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death?

Gril. Stor'd Arſenals and Armories, Fields of Horſe,
Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry not harraſs'd and diſeas'd,
To meet the fierce *Navarre*, ſhould firſt be thought on.

Gui. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
Therefore, thus much, and I have done: I go
To join the holy League in this great War,
In which no Place of Office, or Command,
Not of the greateſt, ſhall be bought or ſold;
Whereas too often Honours are conferr'd
On Soldiers, and no Soldiers: This Man knighted,
Becauſe he charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And ſculk'd behind a Hedge i'th' Afternoon:
I will have ſtrict Examination made
Betwixt the meritorious and the baſe. [Doubt,

Gril. You have mouth'd it bravely, and there is no
Your Deeds would anſwer well your haughty Words;
Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
(Curſe on the Hearts that hate him) that wou'd better,
Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
That better would become the great Battalion;
That when he ſhines in Arms, and ſuns the Field,
Moves, ſpeaks, and fights, and is himſelf a War.

Gui. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the great *Navarre*;
But yet——

Gril.

Gril. No yet, my Lord of *Guiſe*, no yet:
By Arms, I bar you that, I ſwear, no yet:
For never was his Like, nor ſhall again,
Tho' voted from his Right by your curs'd League.
Gui. Judge not too raſhly of the holy League,
But look at home.
Gril. Ha! dar'ſt thou juſtify
Thoſe Villains?
Gui. I'll not juſtify a Villain
More than your ſelf; but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each Surmiſe, the Lives of free-born People,
What need that awful general Convocation,
The Aſſembly of the States? nay, let me urge,
If thus they vilify the holy League,
What may their Heads expect?
Gril. What, if I cou'd,
They ſhould be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.
Gui. Colonel, 'tis very well, I know your Mind,
Which, without Fear, or Flattery to your Perſon,
I'll tell the King, and then, with his Permiſſion,
Proclaim it for a Warning to our People.
Gril. Come, you're a Murtherer your ſelf within,
A Traitor.
Gui. Thou a —— hot old hair-brain'd Fool.
Gril. You were Complotter with the curſed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry*'s Death.
Gui. 'Tis falſe.
Gril. 'Tis true, as thou art double-hearted:
Thou double Traitor, to conſpire ſo baſely,
And when found out, more baſely to deny't.
Gui. O gracious *Harry*, let me ſound thy Name,
Leſt this old Ruſt of War, this knotty Trifler,
Should raiſe me to Extreams.
Gril. If thou'rt a Man,
That didſt refuſe the Challenge of *Navarre*,
Come forth.
Gui. Go on, ſince thou'rt reſolv'd on Death,
I'll follow thee, and rid thy ſhaking Soul.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonſo, Abbot, &c.
But ſee, the King: I ſcorn to ruin thee,
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.
King. Ha, Colonel, is this your friendly Viſit?
Tell me the Truth, how happen'd this Diſorder?
Thoſe ruffl'd Hands, red Looks, and Port of Fury?
Gril. I told him, Sir, ſince you will have it ſo,
He was the Author of the Rebel-League,
Therefore a Traitor, and a Murtherer.
King. Is't poſſible?
Gui. No Matter, Sir, no Matter;
A few hot Words, no more upon my Life;
The old Man rowz'd, and ſhook himſelf a little:
So if your Majeſty will do me Honour,
I do beſeech you let the Buſineſs die.
King. Grillon, ſubmit your ſelf, and aſk his Pardon.
Gril. Pardon me, I cannot do't.
King. Where are the Guards?
Gui. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'll aſk Pardon for you:
This Soldiery Embrace makes up the Breach;
We will be ſorry, Sir, for one another.
Gril. My Lord, I know not what to anſwer you;
I'm Friends, and I am not, and ſo farewel. [*Exit.*
King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace: I court you for my Friend,
Tho' *Grillon* wou'd not.
Gui. I thank you on my Knees,
And ſtill while Life ſhall laſt, will take ſtrict Care
To juſtify my Loyalty to your Perſon. [*Exit.*
Qu. M. Excellent Loyalty to lock you up!
King. I ſee even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I muſt ſay the *Guiſe* has Beauties,
But they are ſet in Night, and foul Deſign:
He was my Friend when young, and might be ſtill.
Ab. Mark'd you his hollow Accents at the parting?
Qu. M. Graves in his Smiles.
King. Death in his bloodleſs Hands.
O *Marmoutiere!* now I will haſte to meet thee;
The Face of Beauty, on this riſing Horror,
Looks like the Midnight-Moon upon a Murther;

It

It gilds the dark Deſign that ſtays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon *and* Polin.

Gril. HAVE then this pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Diſcovery of the Plot?

Pol. Not as from me, for ſtill I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the moſt deep-mouth'd Traitor,
Againſt the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Proceſſion, ſeize him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monaſtery;
Thus it was fixt, as I before diſcover'd:
But when, againſt his Cuſtom, they perceiv'd
The King abſented, ſtreight the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.

Gril. O, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their Mungrel Souls; fleſh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if ſome crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.

Pol. But *Malicorn*, ſagacious on the Point,
Cry'd, Call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raiſe you above Hope,
The *Guiſe* my Maſter will be here to-day,
For, on bare Gueſs of what has been reveal'd,
He wing'd a Meſſenger to give him Notice;
Yet Spight of all this Factor of the Fiends
Cou'd urge, they ſlunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But ſee, they come.

Enter Sheriffs *with the Populace.*

Gril. Away, I'll have amongſt 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guiſe*'s coming,
That he may ſtreight diſpatch his ſtrict Commands

To

To ſtop him. [*Exit* Polin.

1 *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuſs o'th' Court; away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.

Gril. Hark you, my Friends, if you are not in Haſte,
Becauſe you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a general Ruin.

2 *Sher.* Ruin to the City! marry, Heaven forbid!

Gril. Amen, I ſay; for look you, I'm your Friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To ſeize him, if not kill him: for who knows,
When once your Conſcience yields, how far twill ſtretch;
Next, quite to daſh your firmeſt Hopes in Pieces,
The Duke of *Guiſe* is dead!

1 *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!

2 *Sher.* Undone, undone!

Gril. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at laſt,
Should join the *Spaniard*, and ſhou'd fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a moſt venomous one
Which muſt be blooded?

1 *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!

Gril. Ay, blooded, thou moſt infamous Magiſtrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*;
But ere that be, fall Million miſcreant Souls,
Such Earth-born Minds as yours; for, mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages paſt conſign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial Hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your ſickly Years?
And now you're grown up to a Booby's Greatneſs,
What, wou'd you wreſt the Scepter from his Hand?
Now, by the Majeſty of Kings I ſwear,
You ſhall as ſoon be ſav'd for packing Juries.

1 *Sher.* Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be ſav'd?

Gril. Yes, Sir,
From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' Wheel.

1 *Sher,* Colonel, you ſpeak us plain.

Gril. A Plague confound you,
Why ſhould I not? what is there in ſuch Raſkals,
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my Tongue?
Now,

Now, in the Devil's Name, what make you here,
Dawbing the Inſide of the Court, like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City
To ſpread your monſtrous Lyes, and ſow Sedition?
Wild-fire choak you.

1 *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,
And ſo we take our Leaves.

Gril. Nay, ſtay, my Maſters;
For I'm a thinking now juſt whereabouts
Grow the two talleſt Trees in *Arden* Foreſt.

1 *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be ſo bold?

Gril. Why, to hang you upon the higheſt Branches;
'Fore God, it will be ſo; and I ſhall laugh
To ſee you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honeſt Crows pecking your Traitors Limbs.

All. Good Colonel!

Gril. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank ſtark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven-Bats, you Things ſo far from Souls,
Like Dogs, you're out of Providence's Reach,
And only fit for hanging; but be gone,
And think of Plunder. — You right elder Sheriff,
Who carv'd our *Henry*'s Image on a Table,
At your Club-Feaſt, and after ſtabb'd it through?

1 *Sher.* Mercy, Good Colonel.

Gril. Run with your Noſe to Earth,
Run Blood-Hound, run, and ſcent out Royal Murther.
You ſecond Rogue, but equal to the firſt,
Plunder, go hang, nay take your Tackling with you,
For theſe ſhall hold you faſt, your Slaves ſhall hang you,
To the mid Region in the Sun:
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Aſps, and Adders.

[*Exeunt* Sheriffs *and People.*

Enter Malicorn.

Ha! but here comes a Fiend that ſoars above,
A Prince o'th' Air, that ſets the Mud a moving.

Mal. Colonel, a Word.

Gril. I hold no Speech with Villains.

Mal.

Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.
Gril. No Matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by ſuch a Villain's Help as thine.
Mal. Hate then the Traitor, but yet love the Treaſon.
Gril. Why are you not a Villain?
Mal. 'Tis confeſs'd.
Gril. Then in the Name of all thy Brother-Devils,
What would'ſt thou have with me?
Mal. I know you're honeſt,
Therefore it is my Buſineſs to diſturb you.
Gril. 'Fore God I'll beat thee, if thou urge me farther.
Mal. Why tho' you ſhou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The Pleaſure I ſhall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruiſes.
Gril. Wert thou definite, Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I ſhould give thee hearing;
But ſuch a boundleſs Villainy as thine
Admits no Patience.
Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry*'s Bed.
Gril. Thou ly'ſt damn'd Villain. [*Strikes him.*
Mal. So, why this I look'd for:
But yet I ſwear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true as you have wrong'd me.
Gril. Wrong'd thee, Villain!
And name Revenge! O wert thou *Grillon*'s Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I ſwear by this,
One had been paſt an Oath; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee, dar'ſt not turn again.
Mal. 'Tis falſe, I dare, like you, but cannot act
There is no Force in this enervate Arm.
Blaſted I was ere born, Curſe on my Stars,
Got, by ſome Dotard in his pithleſs Years,
And ſent a wither'd Sapling to the World.
Yet I have Brain, and there is my Revenge;
Therefore I ſay again, theſe Eyes have ſeen
Thy Blood at Court, bright as a Summer's Morn,
When all the Heaven is ſtreak'd with dappl'd Fires,
And fleck'd with Bluſhes like a rifl'd Maid;
Nay, by the gleamy Fires that melted from her,

Faſt

Faſt Sighs and Smiles, ſwol'n Lips and heaving Breaſts,
My Soul preſages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.
Gril. Again thou ly'ſt, and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottled Spider, into thy primitive Earth,
Unleſs thou ſwear thy very Thought's a Lye.
Mal. I ſtand in Adamant, and thus defy thee;
Nay draw, and with the Edge betwixt my Lips,
Ev'n while thou rak'ſt it through my Teeth, I'll ſwear
All I have ſaid is true, as thou art honeſt,
Or I a Villain.
Gril. Damn'd infamous Wretch,
So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee:
And yet ſo much my Hate, that I muſt fear thee.
For ſhould it be as thou haſt ſaid, not all
The Trophies of my Lawrell'd Honeſty
Shou'd bar me from forſaking this bad World,
And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.
Mal. Ha! 'tis well, and now I am reveng'd.
I was in Hopes thou would'ſt have utter'd Treaſon,
And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.
Gril. Haſt thou compacted for a Leaſe of Years
With Hell, that thus thou ventur'ſt to provoke me?
Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Blockhead hits?)
Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
Thy Niece has been before the *Guiſe*'s Miſtreſs.
Gril. Hell-hound, avant.
Mal. Forgive my honeſt Meaning. [*Exit.*
Gril. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine Honour.
And thus he lays his Baits to catch my Soul:
Ha! but the Preſence opens: who comes here?
By Heaven my Niece, led by *Alphonſo Corſo!*
Ha! *Malicorn*, is't poſſible, Truth from thee!
'Tis plain, and I in juſtifying Woman,
Have done the Devil Wrong.

Enter Alphonſo Corſo, *leading in* Marmoutiere.

Alph. Madam, the King,
(Pleaſe you to ſit) will inſtantly attend you. [*Exit.*
Gril. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, ſhe's come to ſeek him,
O Proſtitute! and on her prodigal Fleſh
She has laviſh'd all the Diamonds of the *Guiſe*
To ſet her off, and ſell her to the King,

Mar.

Mar. O Heavens! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterpriſe like mine? I that reſolv'd
Never to leave thoſe dear delightful Shades,
But act the little Part that Nature gave me,
On the green Carpets of ſome guiltleſs Grove,
And having finiſh'd it, forſake the World!
Unleſs ſometimes my Heart might entertain
Some ſmall Remembrance of the taking *Guiſe*:
But that far, far from any dark'ning Thought,
To cloud my Honour, or eclipſe my Virtue.

Gril. Thou ly'ſt, and if thou had'ſt not glanc'd aſide,
And ſpy'd me coming, I had had it all.

Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good———

Gril. Thou haſt loſt thy Honour.
Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Maſſacre,
That would have ſtain'd thy almoſt Infant-Honour,
With Luſt, and Blood, do'ſt thou remember it?

Mar. I do, and bleſs the God-like Arm that ſav'd me.

Gril. 'Tis falſe, thou haſt forgot my generous Action;
And now thou laugh'ſt, to think how thou haſt cheated,
For all his Kindneſs, this old griſl'd Fool.

Mar. Forbid it Heav'n!

Gril. But oh, that thou hadſt dy'd
Ten thouſand Deaths, ere blaſted *Grillon*'s Glory,
Grillon, that ſav'd thee from a barbarous World,
Where thou hadſt ſtarv'd, or ſold thy ſelf for Bread,
Took thee into his Boſom, foſter'd thee
As his own Soul, and lapp'd thee in his Heart-Strings;
And now, for all my Cares, to ſerve me thus!
O 'tis too much, ye Powers! double Confuſion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, Shame upon thee,
It wrings the Tears from *Grillon*'s Iron Heart,
And melts me to a Babe.

Mar. Sir! Father! hear me!-
I come to Court, to ſave the Life of *Guiſe*.

Gril. And proſtitute thy Honour to the King.

Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquiſition,

I liſten'd to the Love of daring *Guiſe*.
Gril. By Arms, by Honeſty, I ſwear thou lov'ſt him.
Mar. By Heav'n, that gave thoſe Arms Succeſs, I ſwear
I do not, as you think; but take it all.
I've heard the *Guiſe*, not with an Angel's Temper,
Something beyond the Tenderneſs of Pity,
And yet, not Love.
Now, by the Pow'rs that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor ſhould the World have wrought this cloſe Confeſſion,
But to rebate your Jealouſy of Honour.
Gril. I know not what to ſay, nor what to think;
There's Heaven ſtill in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing; for thy better Angel
Still makes the Woman's Tongue his riſing Ground,
Wags there a-while, and takes his Flight for ever.
Mar. You muſt not go.
Gril. Tho' I have Reaſon plain
As Day, to judge thee falſe, I think thee true:
By Heav'n, methinks I ſee a Glory round thee;
There's ſomething ſays thou wilt not loſe thy Honour:
Death and the Devil! that's my own Honeſty:
My fooliſh open Nature, that would have
All like my ſelf; but off; I'll hence and curſe thee.
Mar. O ſtay!
Gril. I wo' not.
Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.
Let me conjure you, for your own Soul's Quiet,
And for the everlaſting Reſt of mine,
Stir not 'till you have heard my Heart's Deſign.
Gril. Angel, or Devil, I will.——Nay, at this Rate
She'll make me ſhortly bring him to her Bed.
Bawd for him? no, he ſhall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis firing, firſt.
That's honourable Sport. But I'll retire,
And if ſhe plays me falſe, here's that ſhall mend her.
[Marmoutiere *ſits. Song and Dance.*
Enter the King.
King. After the breathing of a Love-ſick Heart
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.
Mar. I diſcompoſe you, Sir.

King.

King. Thou doſt, by Heav'n;
But with ſuch charming Pleaſure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angel's View.
Mar. Love me, my Lord?
King. Who ſhou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and Self are vile,
While you are by: Try me upon Deſpair;
My Kingdom at the Stake, Ambition ſtarv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aſpire,
So once a Day I may have Leave———
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.
Mar. Fear you, Sir! what is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can crown Mankind:
Yet wear 'em ſo, as if you did not know 'em:
So ſtainleſs, fearleſs, free in all your Actions,
As if Heav'n lent you to the World to pattern.
King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner;
My People would not treat me in this Sort;
Tho' 'twere to gain a Part of their Deſign:
But to the *Guiſe* they deal their faithleſs Praiſe
As faſt, as you your Flattery to me;
Tho' for what End, I cannot gueſs, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.
Mar. Forgive you Heav'n that Thought: No, mighty Monarch,
The Love of all the good, and Wonder of the great;
I ſwear, by Heaven, my Heart adores, and loves you.
King. O Madam, riſe.
Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this ſeditious Rout that dare deſpiſe you;
Blaſt all my Days, ye Powers, torment my Nights;
Nay, let the Miſery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cauſe, like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you, like Pilgrims, through the World.
Gril. Sound Wind and Limb, 'fore God, a gallant Girl. [*Aſide.*
King. What ſhall I anſwer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a Kingly Heart;

For,

For, ſo I ſwear I will be to my laſt:
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry*'s Angel,
Shine through my Cares, and make my Crown ſit eaſy.
Mar. O never, Sir.
King. What ſaid you, *Marmoutiere?*
Why doſt thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns?
Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impoſſible; no more.
King. No more——and with that ſtern reſolv'd Be-
By Heaven, were I a dying, and the Prieſt [haviour.
Shou'd urge my laſt Confeſſion, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutiere!* and yet thou ſay'ſt, No more.
Mar. 'Tis well, Sir; I have loſt my Aim, farewel.
King. Come back, O ſtay, my Life flows after you.
Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a Trouble to you,
You will not hear my Suit.
King. You cannot go,
You ſha'not——O your Suit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.
Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or proſtrate, if you pleaſe,
Let me intreat for *Guiſe*.
King. Ha, Madam, what!
For *Guiſe*; for *Guiſe!* that ſtubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, ſlights his Pardon,
Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life:
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is ſworn to *Harry*'s Death: Does Beauty too,
And Innocence it ſelf conſpire againſt me?
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my laſt Drop of Blood. Come *Guiſe*, come Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traitors, come——I ſtrip to meet you;
Sheath all your Daggers in curſt *Henry*'s Heart.
Mar. This I expected; but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majeſty,
Perhaps you'll be more calm.
King. See, I'm huſh'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, wou'd you command?
Mar. Not to proceed to laſt Extremities,
Before the Wound is deſperate: Think alone,
For no Man judges like your Majeſty;

Take

Take your own Methods; all the Heads of *France*
Cannot ſo well adviſe you, as your ſelf:
Therefore reſume, my Lord, your God-like Temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch ſhou'd:
Believe it, Sir, the more your Majeſty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect Model
Of Heaven it ſelf, and Abſtract of the Angels,
Forgive the late Diſturbance of my Soul:
I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockleſs Stream,
But they dig through the Gravel of my Heart;
Therefore let me conjure you do not go;
'Tis ſaid, the *Guiſe* will come in Spight of me;
Suppoſe it poſſible, and ſtay to adviſe me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal Word, no more.

King. I will be eaſy
To my laſt Gaſp, as your own Virgin-Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my Paſſion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to ſigh
As we diſcourſe, and court you with my Eyes.

Enter Alphonſo.

Why do you wave your Hand, and warn me hence?
So looks the poor Condemn'd,
When Juſtice beckon's, there's no Hope of Pardon.
Sternly, like you, the Judge his Victim eyes,
And thus, like me, the Wretch deſpairing dies.

[*Exit with* Alphonſo.

Enter Grillon.

Gril. O rare, rare Creature! By the Power that made me,
Wer't poſſible we cou'd be damn'd again
By ſome new *Eve*, ſuch Virtue might redeem us.
Oh I could claſp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
'Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
And kiſs thy Beauties to a Diſſolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Unkle, Brother, all the Kin,
The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
Believe, dear Sir, whate'er my Actions ſeem,
I will not loſe my Virtue for a Throne.

Gril. Why, I will carve thee out a Throne my ſelf;

I'll

I'll hew down all the Common-wealths in Chriſtendom,
And ſeat thee on their Necks, as high as Heaven.
Enter Abbot Delbene.

Abb. Colonel, your Ear.

Mar. By theſe whiſpering Councils,
My Soul preſages that the *Guiſe* is coming:
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd ſacrifice him in the City's Sight.
O Heav'ns! what was't I ſaid? Were I a Man,
I know not that; but, as I am a Virgin,
If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guiſe*,
It ſhou'd be kneeling to the Throne for Mercy.
Ha! then thou lov'ſt, that thou art thus concern'd.
Down, riſing Miſchief, down, or I will kill thee,
Even in thy Cauſe, and ſtrangle new-born Pity:
Yet, if he were not married! ha, what then?
His Charms prevail; no, let the Rebel die.
I faint beneath this ſtrong Oppreſſion here,
Reaſon and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and ſtill let Virtue conquer;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reaſon over-winds and cracks the String. [*Exit.*

Abb. The King diſpatches Order upon Order,
With poſitive Command to ſtop his Coming.
Yet there is Notice given to the City:
Beſides, *Belleure* brought but a half Account,
How that the *Guiſe* reply'd, he would obey
His Majeſty in all, yet, if he might
Have Leave to juſtify himſelf before him,
He doubted not his Cauſe.

Gril. The Ax, the Ax,
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pleuriſy,
And it muſt bleed. [*Shout within.*

Abb. Hark, what a Shout was there!
I'll to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On Purpoſe thus.
Let there be Truth, or Lyes
In this mad Fame, I'll bring you inſtant Word.
[*Exit* Abbot.

Manet

Manet Grillon : *Enter* Guiſe, Cardinal, Mayenne, Malicorn, *Attendants*, &c. *Shouts again.*

Gril. Death, and thou Devil *Malicorn*, is that
Thy Maſter?

Gui. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guiſe*,
One that wou'd court you for a Friend.

Gril. A Friend!
Traitor, thou mean'ſt, and ſo I bid thee welcome:
But ſince thou art ſo inſolent, thy Blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [*Exit.*

Gui. The Bruiſes of his Loyalty have craz'd him.
[*Shouts under.*

Spirit within ſings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, *ho!*
If the Guiſe *reſolves to go,*
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his Head may lie too low.

Gui. Why, *Malicorn?*

Mal. [*Starting.*] Sir, do not ſee the King.

Gui. I will.

Mal. 'Tis dangerous.

Gui. Therefore I will ſee him,
And ſo report my Danger to the People.
Halt to your Judgment, let him if he dare;
But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again?
I thought a Look with us had been a Language;
I'll talk my Mind on any Point but this
By Glances; ha! not yet? thou mak'ſt me bluſh
At thy Delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
Ambition, or a Crown.

Mal. What, *Marmoutiere!*

Gui. Ay, there a General's Heart beat like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head and Breaſt
Ake, as I'd been a Horſe-back forty Hours.

Mal. She has ſeen the King.

Gui. I thought ſhe might. A Trick upon me; well.

Mal. Paſſion o' both Sides.

Gui. His thou meaneſt.

Mal. On hers.
Down on her Knees.

Gui.

Gui. And up again, no Matter.
Mal. Now all in Tears, now ſmiling, ſad at parting.
Gui. Diſſembl'd, for ſhe told me this before,
'Twas all put on, that I might hear and rave.
Mal. And ſo, to make ſure Work on't, by Conſent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawd———
Gui. Away.
Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.
Gui. 'Tis falſe, they do belye her.
Mal. But, Sir, I ſaw the Apartment.
Gui. What at Court?
Mal. At Court, and near the King, 'tis true by Heaven,
I never play'd you foul, why ſhould you doubt me?
Gui. I wou'd thou hadſt, ere thus unmann'd my Heart.
Blood, Battles, Fire, and Death! I run, I run!
With this laſt Blow he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the Thought of theſe irregular Vapours,
The Blood ha'n't burſt my Lips.
Card. Peace, Brother.
Gui. By Heav'n, I took thee for my Soul's Phyſician,
And doſt thou vomit me with this loath'd Peace?
'Tis Contradiction; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'll meet him now, tho' Fire-arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd croſs my Way. O Jealouſy of Love!
Greater than Fame: Thou eldeſt of the Paſſions,
Or rather all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where-e'er thou'rt thron'd in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood, and Ruin.
Card. Have you no Temper?
Gui. Pray, Sir, give me leave.
A Moment's Thought; ha, but I ſweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that Way, 'twill not fix
On ought but Vengeance. *Malicorn*; call the People.
[*Shouts within.*
But hark, they ſhout again, I'll on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on ſuch exalted Cauſes born,
I'll wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale; while in his Courts without,

The

The People ſhout him dead with their Alarms,
And make his Miſtreſs tremble in his Arms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King and Council.

[*Shouts within.*

King. What mean theſe Shouts?
Abb. I told your Majeſty,
The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with Hopes
Of their Deliverer. [*Shouts again.*
King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; ſee, *Alphonſo*, what's the Cauſe.

Enter Grillon.

Gril. My Lord, the *Guiſe* is come.
King. Is't poſſible! ha, *Grillon*, ſaid'ſt thou, come?
Gril. Why droops the Royal Majeſty? O Sir——
King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late-born Heir
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But, Peace, thou feſt'ring Thought, and hide thy Wound;
Where is he?
Gril. With her Majeſty, your Mother;
She has tak'n Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With Thirty thouſand Rebels at his Heels.
King. What's to be done? No Pall upon my Spirit;
But he that loves me beſt, and dares the moſt
On this nice Point of Empire, let him ſpeak.
Alph. I would adviſe you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him inſtantly upon the Spot.
Abb. I like *Alphonſo*'s Counſel, ſhort, ſure Work;
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Qu. M. Sir, the *Guiſe* waits.
King. He enters on his Fate.
Qu. M. Not ſo, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their Heat you cut him off,
That they will ſpare the Royal Majeſty.
Once, Sir, let me adviſe, and rule your Fury.
King. You ſhall, I'll ſee him, and I'll ſpare him now.
Qu. M. What will you ſay?

King.

King. I know not;
Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guards, and ſtrictly charge the *Swiſs*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traitor.
[*Exit* Grillon.
My Heart has ſet thee down, O *Guiſe*. in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood, ne'er to be blotted out.
Qu. M. Yet you'll relent when this hot Fit is over.
King. If I forgive him, may I never be forgiv'n;
No, if I tamely bear ſuch Inſolence,
What Act of Treaſon will the Villains ſtop at?
Seize me, they've ſworn; impriſon me's the next,
Perhaps arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But ere I ſuffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their ſlaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none. [*Ex.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd; the King appears ſitting in it; a Table by him, on which he leans; Attendants on each Side of them; amongſt the reſt, Abbot, Grillon, *and* Bellieure. *The* Queen-Mother *enters led by the Duke of* Guiſe, *who makes his Approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King riſes, and coming forward, ſpeaks.*

King. I Sent you Word you ſhould not come.
Gui. Sir, that I came———
King. Why, that you came, I ſee.
Once more, I ſent you Word, you ſhould not come.

Gui. Not come to throw my ſelf, with all Submiſſion,
Beneath your Royal Feet! to put my Cauſe
And Perſon in the Hands of Sovereign Juſtice!
King. Now 'tis with all Submiſſion, that's the Preface,
Yet ſtill you came againſt my ſtrict Command,
You diſobey'd me, Duke, with all Submiſſion.
Gui. Sir, it was the laſt Neceſſity that drove me,
To clear my ſelf of Calumnies, and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd, againſt my Innocence;
Yet had I known 'twas your expreſs Command,
I ſhould not have approach'd.
King. 'Twas as expreſs, as Words could ſignify;
Stand forth, *Bellieure*, it ſhall be prov'd you knew it,
Stand forth, and to this falſe Man's Face declare
Your Meſſage, Word for Word.
Bel. Sir, thus it was. I met him on the Way,
And plain as I could ſpeak, I gave your Orders,
Juſt in theſe following Words——
King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can ſtill be patient, and forgive.
Gui. And I can aſk Forgiveneſs, when I err;
But let my gracious Maſter pleaſe to know
The true Intent of my miſconſtru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame,
From wrong Conſtructions? And———
King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd, your Conſcience knows
You were not wrong'd; were you not plainlyly told,
That if you dar'd to ſet your Foot in *Paris*,
You ſhou'd be held the Cauſe of all Commotions
That ſhou'd from thence enſue? and yet you came.
Gui. Sir, will you pleaſe with Patience but to hear me?
King. I will; and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guiſe*,
To clear you to my ſelf.
Gui. I had been told,
There were in Agitation here at Court,
Things of the higheſt Note againſt Religion,
Againſt the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honeſt well-affected Men;

I therefore judg'd———
King. Then you, it ſeems, are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion againſt me?
Gui. I fear'd it might be repreſented ſo,
And came reſolv'd——
King. To head the factious Crowd.
Gui. To clear my Innocence.
King. The Means for that,
Had been your Abſence from this hot-brain'd Town —
Where you, not I, are King.——
I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart,
Come what may come, he dies.
Qu. M. ſtopping the King. What mean you, Sir?
You tremble and look pale; for Heaven's Sake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.
King. Had I Ten thouſand Lives, I'll venture all.
Give me way, Madam.
Qu. M. Not to your Deſtruction.
The whole *Pariſian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Crowd's a Name too ſmall, they are a Nation,
Numberleſs, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.
King. And that one Soul's the *Guiſe.* I'll rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.
Gui. [*Aſide.*] My Fate is now i'th' Ballance, Fool
I thank thee for thy Foreſight. [within,
Qu. M. Your Guards oppoſe 'em!
King. Why not? a Multitude's a bulky Coward.
Qu. M. By Heaven there are not Limbs in all your
For every one a Morſel. [Guards,
King. Cæſar quell'd 'em,
But with a Look and Word.
Qu. M. So *Galba* thought.
King. But *Galba* was not *Cæſar.*
Gui. I muſt not give 'em Time for Reſolution. [*Aſide.*
My Journey, Sir, has diſcompos'd my Health,
[*To the King.*
I humbly beg your Leave I may retire,
Till your Commands recall me to your Service. *Ex.*

Manent King, Queen-Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So you have counſell'd well, the Traitor's gone,
To mock the Meekneſs of an injur'd King. [*To* Qu. M.
Why did not you, who gave me Part of Life,
Infuſe my Father ſtronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull Mixture
Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd ſlow Arts
Of womaniſh Tameneſs in my Infant Mouth;
Why ſtood I ſtupid elſe, and miſs'd a Blow,
Which Heaven and daring Folly made ſo fair.

Qu. M. I ſtill maintain, 'twas wiſely done to ſpare him.

Gril. A Pox o'this unſeaſonable Wiſdom;
He was a Fool to come; if ſo, then they
Who let him go, were ſomewhat.

King. The Event, th'Event will ſhew us what we were,
For, like a blazing Meteor hence he ſhot,
And drew a ſweeping fiery Train along.
O *Paris*, *Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph;
But now the Scene of all thy King's Misfortunes;
Ungrateful, perjur'd, and diſloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Preſence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hiſſes out,
And ſhakes his forked Tongue at Majeſty,
While I———

Qu. M. While you loſe Time in idle Talk,
And uſe no Means for Safety and Prevention.

King. What can I do! O Mother, Abbot, *Grillon?*
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain, my Cauſe is deſperate.
Such an o'erwhelming Ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redreſs were paſt.

Gril. I'll go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the firſt Reverſion of a Rope;
Diſpatch is all my Buſineſs, I'll hang for you.

Abb. 'Tis not ſo bad, as vainly you ſurmiſe;
Some Space there is, ſome little Space, ſome Steps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not arm'd, nor marſhall'd into Order;
Believe it, Sir, the *Guiſe* will not attempt,
'Till he have rowl'd his Snow-ball to a Heap.

King.

King. So then, my Lord, we are a Day off from Death,
What ſhall to-morrow do?
Abb. To-morrow, Sir,
If Hours between ſlide not too idly by,
You may be Maſter of their Deſtiny,
Who now diſpoſe ſo loftily of yours.
Not far without the Suburbs there are quarter'd
Three thouſand *Swiſs*, and two *French* Regiments.
King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their Head.
Qu. M. Send Mareſchal *Byron* to lead 'em up.
King. It ſhall be ſo: by Heav'n there's Life in this,
The Wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And ſhews a Break of Sun-ſhine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And ſee your Soldiers well diſpos'd within,
For Safeguard of the *Louvre*.
Qu. M. One thing more,
The *Guiſe* (his Buſ'neſs not yet fully ripe,)
Will treat, at leaſt, for ſhew of Loyalty;
Let him be met with the ſame Arts he brings.
King. I know, he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your Part of me will come in Play;
Th' *Italian* Soul ſhall teach me how to ſooth:
Even *Jove* muſt flatter wieh an empty Hand,
'Tis time to thunder, when he gripes the Brand.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

A NIGHT-SCENE.

Enter Malicorne *ſolus.*

Mal. Thus far the Cauſe of God: but God's or Devil's,
I mean my Maſter's Cauſe, and mine ſucceed:
What ſhall the *Guiſe* do next? [*A Flaſh of Lightning.*
Enter the Spirit Melanax.
Mel. Firſt ſeize the King, and after murder him.
Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'ſt uncall'd to-night.
Mel. Always uncall'd, and ſtill at Hand for Miſchief.
Mal. ——But why in this Fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'ſt like one that preaches to the Crowd,
Goſpel is in thy Face. and outward Garb,

And Treaſon on thy Tongue.
Mel. Thou haſt me right,
Ten Thouſand Devils more are in this Habit.
Saintſhip and Zeal are ſtill our beſt Diſguiſe:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtleſs Crowd,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Gloſſes ban the holy Text,
And make it ſpeak Rebellion, Schiſm and Murther;
So turn the Arms of Heaven againſt it ſelf.
Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Euſtace* here?
Mel. Thou art miſtaken, Maſter, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has aſſum'd the Churchman's lucky Shape,
To talk the Crowd to Madneſs and Rebellion.
Mal. O true, Enthuſiaſtick Devil, true:
For Lying is thy Nature, even to me:
Did'ſt thou not tell me, if my Lord the *Guiſe*
Enter'd the Court, his Head ſhould then lie low?
That was a Lye; he went, and is return'd.
Mel. 'Tis falſe; I ſaid, Perhaps it ſhould lie low,
And, but I chill'd the Blood in *Henry*'s Veins,
And cramm'd a thouſand ghaſtly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thruſt 'em foremoſt in his lab'ring Brain,
Even ſo it would have been.
Mal. Thou haſt deſerv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil: what do we next?
Mel. I ſaid, firſt ſeize the King.
Mal. Suppoſe it done:
He's clapt within a Convent, ſhorn a Saint,
My Maſter mounts the Throne.
Mel. Not ſo faſt, *Malicorne*;
Thy Maſter mounts not, 'till the King be ſlain.
Mal. Not when depos'd?
Mel. He cannot be depos'd:
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there ſhone a Regal Star.
Mal. My Maſter had a ſtronger.
Mel. No, not a ſtronger, but more popular.
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guiſe* now ſtrongeſt;
But if th' ill Influence paſs o'er *Harry*'s Head,

As

As in a Year it will, *France* ne'er ſhall boaſt
A greater King than he; now cut him off,
While yet his Stars are weak.
Mal. Thou talk'ſt of Stars:
Can'ſt thou not ſee more deep into Events,
And by a ſurer Way?
Mel. No, *Malicorne*.
The Ways of Heaven are broken ſince our Fall,
Gulph beyond Gulph, and never to be ſhot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's Mind,
As in a Cryſtal Mirror, ſee th' Idea's
Of things that always are, as he is always.
Now ſhut below in this dark Sphere,
By ſecond Cauſes dimly we may gueſs,
And peep far off on Heaven's revolving Orbs,
Which caſt obſcure Reflections from the Throne.
Mal. Then tell me thy Surmiſes of the future.
Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Juſt when the Sun was entering in the *Ram*:
Th' aſcending *Scorpion* poyſon'd all the Sky,
A Sign of deep Deceit and Treachery.
Full on his Cuſp his angry Maſter ſate,
Conjoin'd with *Saturn*, baleful both to Man:
Of ſecret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Maſſacres expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill-omen'd Year.
Mal. Then flouriſh Hell, and mighty Miſchief reign.
Miſchief to ſome, to others muſt be good;
But hark, for now, tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When Silence broods upon our darkned World,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow Sound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.
Mel. 'Tis truly gueſs'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's Hand.
There's not a damned Ghoſt, nor Hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo 'ſcape, but hither flies,
With leathern Wings they beat the duſky Skies.
To ſacred Churches all in Swarms repair,
Some crowd the Spires, but moſt the hallow'd Bells,
And ſoftly toll for Souls departing Knells:
Each Chime thou hear'ſt, a future Death foretells.

Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
'Till all go loaded to the neather Skies.
Mal. To-morrow then.
Mel. To-morrow let it be:
Or thou deceiv'ſt thoſe hungry, gaping Fiends,
And *Beelzebub* will rage.
Mal. Why *Beelzebub?* Haſt thou not often ſaid,
That *Lucifer*'s your King?
Mel. I told thee true:
But *Lucifer*, as he who foremoſt fell,
So now lies loweſt in th' Abyſs of Hell,
Chain'd 'till the dreadful Doom, in Place of whom
Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the Damn'd,
Who liſt'ning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his Purpoſe: But no more.
The Morning creeps behind yon' Eaſtern Hill,
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves,
And fooliſh Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
And laſh the Laggers from the Sight of Day. [*Deſcends.*
Enter Guiſe, Mayenne, *Cardinal, and Archbiſhop.*
May. Sullen, methinks, and ſlow the Morning breaks,
As if the Sun were liſtleſs to appear,
And dark Deſigns hung heavy on the Day.
Gui. Y'are an old Man too ſoon, y'are ſuperſtitious,
I'll truſt my Stars, I know 'em now by Proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine:
Inviron'd with his Guards he durſt not touch me;
But aw'd and craven'd as he had been ſpell'd,
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guiſe*, and durſt not.
Card. We have him in our Power, coopt in his Court.
Who leads the firſt Attack? Now by yon' Heaven—
That bluſhes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll doff
This womaniſh Attire of godly Peace,
And crye, Lie there, Lord Cardinal of *Guiſe*.
Gui. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* is too cool.
But 'tis the manlier Fault o'th' two.
Biſh. Have you not heard the King, preventing Day,
Receive the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swiſſes* marching to their Fifes?
The Crowd ſtood gaping heartleſs, and amaz'd,

Shrunk

Shrunk to their Shops, and left the Paſſage free.
Gui. I would it ſhould be ſo, 'twas a good Horror.
Firſt let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranſackt Houſes;
That very Fright, when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their ſoft City Courages:
Cold Burghers muſt be ſtruck, and ſtruck like Flints,
Ere their hid Fire will ſparkle.
Biſh. I'm glad the King has introduc'd theſe Guards.
Card. Your Reaſon.
Biſh. They are too few for us to fear,
Our Numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not caſt in; but the Pretence,
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this Riſing paſs for juſt Defence.
May. Suppoſe the City ſhould not riſe.
Gui. Suppoſe as well the Sun ſhould never riſe:
He may not riſe, for Heaven may play a Trick;
But he has riſen from *Adam*'s Time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to noble Hazard?
No Venture made, but all dull Certainty?
By Heaven I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame Terms of yielding,
I ſcorn to poach for Power.
Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Guiſe.
A Lady, ſay'ſt thou, young, and beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?
Conduct her in——— [*Exit Servant.*
Card. You wou'd be left alone——
Gui. I wou'd, retire.
Re-enter Servant with Marmoutiere, *and Exit.*
Starting back.] Is't poſſible, I dare not truſt my Eyes,
You are not *Marmoutiere*?
Mar. What am I then?
Gui. Why any thing but ſhe:
What ſhould the Miſtreſs of a King do here?
Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Maſter of a King.
Gui. I ſent not for you, Madam.
Mar. I think, my Lord, the King ſent not for you.
Gui. Do you not fear, your Viſit will be known?
Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels, and Traitors:

Where-e'er I go, my Virtue is my Guard.

Gui. What Devil has ſent thee here to plague my Soul?
O that I could deteſt thee now as much
As ever I have lov'd, nay even as much
As yet in Spight of all thy Crimes I love:
But 'tis a Love ſo mixt with dark Deſpair,
The Smoke and Soot ſmother the riſing Flame,
And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman!
What can I call thee more? if Devil, 'twere leſs.
Sure, thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,
But *Eve* play'd falſe, engendring with the Serpent,
Her own Part worſe than his.

Mar. Then they got Traitors.

Gui. Yes, Angel-Traitors fit to ſhine in Palaces,
Fork'd into Ills, and ſplit into Deceits;
Two in their very Frame: 'twas well, 'twas well,
I ſaw not thee at Court, thou Baſiliſk;
For if I had, thoſe Eyes, without his Guards,
Had done the Tyrant's Work.

Mar. Why then it ſeems
I was not falſe in all; I told you, *Guiſe*,
If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court:
You ſee I kept my Promiſe.

Gui. Still thy Sex:
Once true in all thy Life, and that for Miſchief.

Mar. Have I ſaid I lov'd you?

Gui. Stab on, ſtab,
'Tis plain you love the King.

Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful Way you ſeem to mean.
My Eyes had once ſo far betray'd my Heart,
As to diſtinguiſh you from common Men,
Whate'er you ſaid, or did, was charming all.

Gui. But yet, it ſeems, you found a King more charming.

Mar. I do not ſay more charming, but more noble,
More truly Royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in Wiſhes.

Gui. May be ſo:
But Love has oyl'd your Tongue to run ſo glib,
Curſe on your Eloquence.

Mar.

Mar. Curſe not that Eloquence, that ſav'd your Life.
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandate, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening Pride of popular Power,
Had thruſt you headlong in the *Louvre* Toils,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majeſty
Had doom'd you to the Death you well deſerv'd.
Gui. Then was't not *Henry*'s Fear preſerv'd my Life?
Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know
He's born to give you Fear, not to receive it. [him:
Gui. Say this again, but add, you gave not up
Your Honour as the Ranſom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.
Mar. And ſo it were.
Gui. Why ſaid you, ſo it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks, 'tis much unkind.
Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of Kindneſs.
If you acknowledge I have ſav'd your Life,
Be grateful in Return, and do an Act,
Your Honour, tho' unaskt by me, requires.
Gui. By Heav'n, and you, whom next to Heav'n I love,
(If I ſaid more, I fear I ſhould not lye,)
I'll do whate'er my Honour will permit.
Mar. Go throw your ſelf at *Henry*'s Royal Feet,
And riſe not, 'till approv'd a loyal Subject.
Gui. A duteous loyal Subject I was ever.
Mar. I'll put it ſhort, my Lord, depart from *Paris*.
Gui. I cannot leave
My Country, Friends, Religion, all at Stake;
Be wiſe, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the Turn, forſake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a Merit of your Love.
Mar. No, I'll return, and periſh in thoſe Ruins;
I find thee now, ambitious, faithleſs *Guiſe*.
Farewel the baſeſt, and the laſt of Men.
Gui. Stay, or —— O Heav'n! I'll force you: Stay —
Mar. I do believe
So ill of you, ſo villainouſly ill,
That if you durſt, you wou'd:

Honour

Honour you've little, Honeſty you've leſs;
But Conſcience you have none.
Yet there's a Thing call'd Fame, and Men's Eſteem,
Preſerves me from your Force. Once more farewel:
Look on me, *Guiſe*, thou ſeeſt me now the laſt;
Tho' Treaſon urge not Thunder on thy Head,
This one departing Glance ſhall flaſh thee dead. [*Exit.*

Gui. Ha, ſaid ſhe true? Have I ſo little Honour?
Why then a Prize ſo eaſie, and ſo fair,
Had never 'ſcap'd my Gripe; but mine ſhe is,
For that's ſet down as ſure as *Harry*'s Fall:
But my Ambition, that ſhe calls my Crime:
Falſe, falſe by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heaven confeſt it in my very Frame;
The Fires that would have form'd Ten Thouſand An-
Were cram'd together for my ſingle Soul. [gels,

Enter Malicorne.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious Hours away,
The Heavens look gaudily upon your Greatneſs,
And the crown'd Moments court you as they fly;
Briſac and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiſs*,
And folded 'em like Sheep in holy Ground,
Where now with Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
They wait the Word that dooms 'em all to die:
Come forth, and bleſs the Triumph of the Day.

Gui. So ſlight a Victory requir'd not me:
I but ſate ſtill, and nodded like a God
My World into Creation; now 'tis Time
To walk abroad, and careleſly ſurvey
How the dull Matter does the Form obey.

[*Exit with* Malicorne.

Enter Citizens, and Melanax, *in his Fanatick Habit, at the Head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow Citizens, and you Gentlemen of the Rabble, a Word of godly Exhortation to ſtrengthen your Hands, ere you give the Onſet.

1 *Cit.* Is this a Time to make Sermons? I would not hear the Devil now, though he ſhould come in God's Name, to preach Peace to us.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be deſpis'd,

deſpis'd, we have all profited by godly Sermons tha promote Sedition, let the precious Man hold forth.

Omn. Let him hold forth, let him hold forth.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my Buſineſs: It has been ſo before any of you were born, and will be ſo when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.

1 *Cit.* That's a Lye, and a loud one. He has led the Rabble both old and young, that's all Ages: A heavenly ſweet Man, I warrant him, I have ſeen him ſomewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I have ſown Rebellion every where.

1 *Cit.* How, every where? That's another Lye: How far have you travell'd, Friend?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 *Cit.* Now that's a Rapper.

2 *Cit.* I ſay no: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly ſays true, for he may lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depoſe their Prince, has in all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted lawful.

1 *Cit.* That's the firſt true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depoſe him?

Mel. Whenever they have more Power to depoſe, than he has to oppoſe, and this they may do upon the leaſt Occaſion.

1 *Cit.* Sirrah, you mince the Matter; you ſhould ſay, we may do it upon no Occaſion, for the leſs the better.

Mel. [*Aſide.*] Here's a Rogue now will out-ſhoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 *Cit.* Some Occaſion, in my Mind, were not amiſs: for, look you Gentlemen, if we have no Occaſion, then whereby we have no Occaſion to depoſe him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I ſtick to thoſe Occaſions: for when they are gone, good-Night to Godlineſs and Freedom.

Mel. When the moſt are of one Side, as that's our Caſe, we are always in the right; for they that are in Power, will ever be the Judges: So that if we ſay White is Black, poor White muſt loſe the Cauſe, and put on

on Mourning, for White is but a ſingle Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on reſolutely for your Solemn League and Covenant, and if here be any ſqueamiſh Conſcience who fears to fight againſt the King, though I, that have known you Citizens theſe Thouſand Years, ſuſpect not any, let ſuch underſtand, that his Majeſty's politick Capacity is to be diſtinguiſh'd from his natural; and though you murther him in one, you may preſerve him in the other; and ſo much for this Time, becauſe the Enemy is at hand.

2 *Cit.* [*Looking out.*]
Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel, He that devours our Wives, and raviſhes our Children.

1 *Cit.* He looks ſo grum, I don't care to have to do with him; wou'd I were ſafe in my Shop behind the Counter.

2 *Cit.* And wou'd I were under my Wife's Petticoats, Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter yeſterday, paid a Bill of Exchange in Glaſs *Louis d'Ors*; and you Friend, that cry, look you Gentlemen, this very Morning was under another Woman's Petticoats, and not your Wife's.

2 *Cit.* How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight luſtily for the Cauſe of Heaven, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conſcience, I abſolve you both, and all the reſt of you: Now go on merrily, for thoſe that eſcape ſhall avoid killing; and thoſe who do not eſcape, I will provide for in another World.

[*Cry within on the other Side of the Stage,*
Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, *and his Party.*

Gril. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my Word, as 'twas *Julius Cæſar*'s of Pagan Memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a Word and a Blow; we muſt either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure Neceſſity for your Comfort: Now if any Man can be ſo unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your

your Souls, as to ſtand like a good Chriſtian and offer his Weaſand to a Butcher's Whittle, I ſay no more, but that he may be ſav'd, and that's the beſt can come on him. [*Cry on both Sides*, Vive le Roy, Vive Guiſe.

They Fight.

Mel. Hey, for the Duke of *Guiſe* and Property, up with Religion and the Cauſe, and down with thoſe arbitrary Rogues there: Stand to't you aſſociated Cuckolds.

[*Citizens go back.*

O Rogues, O Cowards, damn theſe half-ſtrain'd Shopkeepers, got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers; twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em.

[*They all run off*, Melanax *with them*; *the* 1 *and* 2 *Citizen taken.*

Gril. Poſſeſs your ſelves of the Place *Maubert*, and hang me up thoſe two Rogues for an Example.

1 *Cit.* O ſpare me, ſweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new ſet up.

Gril. I'll be your Cuſtomer, and ſet you up a little better, Sirrah; go hang him at the next Sign-poſt: What have you to ſay for your ſelf, Scoundrel? why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill Meaning to the Government, all that I did, was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Gril. Nay, if thou haſt a Wife that wears the Breeches, thou ſhalt be condemn'd to live: Get thee home for a Hen-peckt Traitor ——— What, are we encompaſs'd? Nay then, Faces this Way; we'll ſell our Skins to the faireſt Chapmen.

Enter Aumale *and Soldiers, on the one Side, Citizens on the other.* Grillon *and his Party are diſarm'd.*

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel, and hang him up at the next Sign-poſt: Nay, when I am in Power, I can make Examples too.

Omn. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal.

[*Pull and haul him.*

Gril. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traitors, Cuckolds! 'Swounds, what do you make of a Man? Do you think

Legs

Legs and Arms are ſtrung upon a Wire, like a jointed Baby? carry me off quickly, you were beſt, and hang me decently according to my firſt Sentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burthen: give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby I'll carry it for a Token to my Sovereign Lady.

Gril. 'Tis too little in all Conſcience, for her, take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I ſav'd, O the Conſcience of a Shop-keeper!

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your ſaving of me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for ſpeaking Treaſon againſt my anointed Wife, that's a new Reck'ning between us.

Enter Guiſe *with a General's Staff in his Hand*, Mayenne, *Cardinal*, *Arch-Biſhop*, Malicorne, *and Attendants*.

Omn. Vive Guiſe.

Gui. [*Bowing, and bare-headed.*]
I thank you Country-men: the Hand of Heaven
In all our Safeties has appear'd this Day;
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But ſtain your Triumph with no Chriſtian Blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this godly Talk,
Of ſparing Chriſtian Blood? why theſe are Dogs;
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus*' Ear,
Meer Dogs, that neither can be ſav'd, nor damn'd.

Arch-Biſh. Where have you learnt to ſpare inveterate [Foes?

Gui. You know the Book.

Arch-Biſh. And can expound it too:
But Chriſtian Faith was in the Non-age then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o'er the World;
What Madneſs were it for the weak and few,
To fight againſt the many and the ſtrong?
Grillon muſt die, ſo muſt the Tyrant's Guards,
Leſt gathering Head again, they make more Work.

Mal. My Lord, the People muſt be fleſh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Reliſh, dip 'em with you——
Or they'll perhaps repent. [em;

Gui. You are Fools, to kill 'em were to ſhew I fear'd

The

The Court diſarm'd, diſheartned and beſieg'd,
Are all as much within my Power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fiſt.
May. 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a popular Cauſe,
Muſt proſecute the Cauſe by popular Ways:
So whether you are merciful or no,
You muſt affect to be.
Gui. Diſmiſs thoſe Priſoners. *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not aſk your Love, be ſtill my Foe.
Gril. I will be ſo: But let me tell you *Guiſe*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too:
I'll give you back your Life when next we meet,
'Till then I am your Debtor.
Gui. That's 'till Dooms-day.
[Grillon *and his Exeunt one Way, Rabble the other.*
Haſte Brother, draw out Fifteen Thouſand Men,
Surround the *Louvre*, leſt the Prey ſhould 'ſcape.
I know the King will ſend to treat,
We'll ſet the Dice on him in high Demands,
No leſs than all his Officers of Truſt,
He ſhall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clipt
So long, he ſhall not paſs.
Card. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and ſuch tedious Work,
Like thoſe that hang their Noſes o'er a Potion,
And qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sipps.
Arch-Biſh. Beſt make Advantage of this popular Rage,
Let in th' o'erwhelming Tide on *Harry*'s Head,
In that promiſcuous Fury who ſhall know
Among a Thouſand Swords, who kill'd the King.
Mal. O my dear Lord, upon this only Day
Depends the Series of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has aſſum'd my Shape
In this Prophetick Doom.
Gui. Peace, croaking Raven.
I'll ſeize him firſt, then make him a led Monarch:
I'll be declar'd Lieutenant-General
Amidſt the Three Eſtates, that repreſent
The glorious, full, majeſtick Face of *France*.

Which

Which, in his own Deſpight, the King ſhall call:
So let him reign my Tenant, during Life,
His Brother of *Navarre* ſhut out for ever,
Branded with Hereſy, and barr'd from Sway,
That when *Valois* conſum'd in Aſhes lies,
The Phœnix-Race of *Charlemain* may riſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The* Louvre.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, *and* Grillon.

King. Diſmiſt with ſuch Contempt?
Gril. Yes, 'faith, we paſt like beaten *Romans* under-
King. Give me my Arms. [neath the Fork.
Gril. For what?
King. I'll lead you on.
Gril. You are a true Lyon, but my Men are Sheep;
If you run firſt, I'll ſwear they'll follow you.
King. What, all turn'd Cowards? not a Man in *France*
Dares ſet his Foot by mine, and periſh by me? [ing.
Gril. Troth, I can't find 'em much inclin'd to periſh-
King. What can be left in Danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'll go bare-fac'd,
And ſeize the firſt bold Rebel that I meet.
Abb. There's ſomething of Divinity in Kings,
That ſits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.
Gril. True, Abbot; but the Miſchief is, you Church-
Can ſee that ſomething further than the Crowd; [men
Theſe Muſket-Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice Diſtinctions:
[*One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, ſhe reads—*
One of 'em poſſibly may hit the King
In ſome one Part of him that's not divine,
And ſo that mortal Part of his Majeſty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another World, ſweet Abbot.
Qu. M. 'Tis equal Madneſs, to go out. or ſtay;
The Reverence due to Kings is all transferr'd
To haughty *Guiſe*; and when new Gods are made,
The old muſt quit the Temple; you muſt fly.
King. Death! had I Wings, yet I would ſcorn to fly.
Gril. Wings, or no Wings, is not the Queſtion:

If

If you won't fly for't, you muſt ride for't,
And that comes much to one.
King. Forſake my Regal Town!
Qu. M. Forſake a *Bedlam*;
This Note informs me, Fifteen Thouſand Men
Are marching to incloſe the *Louvre* round.
Abb. The Buſineſs then admits no more Diſpute.
You, Madam, muſt be pleas'd to find the *Guiſe*,
Seem eaſy, fearful, yielding, what you will;
But ſtill prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more Time for his Eſcape.
Qu. M. I'll undertake it — Nay, no Thanks my Son.
My Bleſſing ſhall be given in your Deliverance;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravell'd,
And *Guiſe* is to begin his Work again. [*Exit* Qu. M.
King. I go this Minute.
Enter Marmoutiere.
Nay then, another Minute muſt be given.
O how I bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt ſee thy King
Do this low Act, that leſſens all his Fame:
Death, muſt a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it muſt be ———
Mar. It muſt not, cannot be.
Gril. No, nor ſhall not, Wench, as long as my Soul wears a Body.
King. Secure in that, I'll truſt thee; ſhall I truſt thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewel, thou may'ſt behold me King again,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then farewel,
I'll ſay't as comfortably as I can:
But O curs'd *Guiſe*, for preſſing on my Time,
And cutting off Ten Thouſand more Adieus.
Mar. The Moments that retard your Flight are Traitors.
Make Haſte, my Royal Maſter, to be ſafe,
And ſave me with you, for I'll ſhare your Fate.
King. Wilt thou go too?
Then I am reconcil'd to Heaven again:
O welcome thou good Angel of my Way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my ſafe Return;

Not

Not *Greece*, nor hoſtile *Juno* cou'd deſtroy
The Heroe that abandon'd burning *Troy*;
He ſcap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night,
When, loaded with his Gods, he took his Flight.

[*Exeunt, the King leading her.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Caſtle of* Blois.

Enter Grillon, *and* Alphonſo Corſo.

Gril. WElcome Colonel, welcome to *Blois*.

Alph. Since laſt we parted at the Barricadoes, The World's turn'd upſide down.

Gril. No, 'faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downſide up, Our Part o'th' Wheel is riſing, tho' but ſlowly.

Alph. Who lookt for an Aſſembly of the States?

Gril. When the King was eſcap'd from *Paris*, and got out of the Toils, 'twas Time for the *Guiſe* to take 'em down, and pitch others: That is, to treat for the Calling of a Parliament, where being ſure of the major Part, he might get by Law, what he had miſt by Force.

Alph. But why ſhould the King aſſemble the States, to ſatisfy the *Guiſe* after ſo many Affronts?

Gril. For the ſame Reaſon, that a Man in a Duel ſays, he has receiv'd Satisfaction, when he is firſt wounded, and afterwards diſarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris*?

Gril. Becauſe no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*: The *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw it after him. But *Paris* is a damn'd unwieldy Bulk, and when the Preachers draw againſt the King, a Parſon in a Pulpit is a deviliſh Fore-Horſe. Beſides, I found in that Inſurrection, what dangerous Beaſts theſe Townsmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man had better deal with ten of their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen: O your inſpir'd Cuckold is moſt implacable.

Alph.

Alph. Is there any ſeeming Kindneſs between the King, and the Duke of *Guiſe?*

Gril. Yes, moſt wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Uſurer, and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very loyal to the *Guiſe*, and the *Guiſe* is very gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guiſe*, and the Arch-Biſhop of *Lyons*, are the two Pendants, that are always hanging at the Royal Ear; they eaſe his Majeſty of all the Spiritual Buſineſs, and the *Guiſe* of all the Temporal; ſo that the King is certainly the happieſt Prince in Chriſtendom, without any care upon him: ſo yielding up every Thing to his loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the Way of being the greateſt, and moſt glorious King in all the World.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a ſharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the Opening of the Parliament, admoniſhed Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was paſt, but ſeem'd to threaten Vengeance, if they perſiſted for the future.

Gril. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: he promiſing to unite himſelf to them, and they to obey him according to the Laws; yet the very next Morning they went on, in Purſuance of their old Common-wealth Deſigns, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now am I dull enough to think they have broken their Oath.

Gril. Ay, but you are but one private Man, and they are the Three States; and, if they Vote, that they have not broken their Oaths, who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's one above.

Gril. I hope you mean in Heaven, or elſe you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament-Time; but here comes the Maſter and my Niece.

Alph. Heaven preſerve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treaſon.

Gril. O yes, you may pray for him, the Preachers of the *Guiſe*'s Side do that moſt formally: nay, you may be ſuffer'd civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a Place of Profit under him: For, in ſhort, 'tis a judg'd Caſe of Conſcience, to make the beſt of the King, and to ſide againſt him.

Enter

Enter King and Marmoutiere.

King. *Grillon*, be near me,
There's ſomething for my Service to be done,
Your Orders will be ſudden, now withdraw.

Gril. [*Aſide*.] Well, I dare truſt my Niece, event tho' ſhe comes of my own Family; but if ſhe Cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honeſty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a general Rule without one Exception.

[*Exeunt* Gril. *and* Alph.

Mar. You bid my Unkle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This Hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Something of Moment hangs upon this Hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next, and next.
My Time is all ta'en up on Uſury;
I never am before-hand with my Hours,
But every one has Work before it comes.

Mar. There's ſomething for my Service to be done;
Thoſe were your Words.

King. And you deſire their Meaning.

Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may gueſs.

King. 'Tis ſearching there where Heaven can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not Man but by Surmiſe;
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought.
I tell thee, *Marmoutiere*, I never ſpeak,
Not when alone, for fear ſome Fiend ſhould hear,
And blab my Secrets out.

Mar. You hate the *Guiſe*.

King. True, I did hate him.

Mar. And you hate him ſtill.

King. I am reconcil'd.

Mar. Your Spirit is too high.
Great Souls forgive not Injuries, 'till Time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may ſhew, Forgiveneſs is their own;
For elſe 'tis Fear to puniſh that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.

King. He has ſubmitted.

Mar.

Mar. In Show, for in Effect he ſtill inſults.
King. Well, Kings muſt bear ſometimes.
Mar. They muſt, 'till they can ſhake their Burthen off,
And that's, I think, your Aim.
King. Miſtaken ſtill:
All Favours, and Preferments, paſs through them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they pleaſe.
Mar. Theſe are your Arts to make 'em more ſecure;
Juſt ſo your Brother us'd the Admiral.
Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.
King. What ſaid you, ha! what mean you *Marmoutiere?*
Mar. Nay, what mean you? that Start betray'd you,
King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartholomew*, [Sir.
Nor is *Blois Paris*.
Mar. 'Tis an open Town.
King. What then?
Mar. Where you are ſtrongeſt.
King. Well, what then? [vok'd.
Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are pro-
King. O! thou haſt ſet thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will ſting thee dead.
Mar. Can I unknow it?
King. No, but keep it ſecret. [own,
Mar. Think, Sir, your Thoughts are ſtill as much your
As when you kept the Key of your own Breaſt:
But ſince you let me in, I find it fill'd
With Death and Horror; you would murther *Guiſe*.
King. Murther! what Murther! uſe a ſofter Word,
And call it ſovereign Juſtice.
Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:
But Juſtice bears the God-like Shape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, and equal Plea
Betwixt th' Offender, and the righteous Judge.
King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws:
But when his Greatneſs overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Juſtice in the laſt Appeal,
And forc'd by ſtrong Neceſſity may ſtrike:
In which indeed they aſſert the publick Good,
And, like ſworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:
Unpleaſant wholeſome Work.

Mar.

Mar. If this be needful.

King. Ha, did'ſt not thou thy ſelf, in fathoming
The Depth of my Deſigns, drop there the Plummet?
Did'ſt thou not ſay Affronts, ſo great, ſo publick,
I never could forgive?

Mar. I did, but yet ———

King. What means, But yet? 'tis Evidence ſo full,
If the laſt Trumpet ſounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I ſhou'd meet the Saints half Way:
And in the Face of Heaven maintain the Fact.

Mar. Maintain it then to Heaven, but not to me:
Do you love me?

King. Can you doubt it?

Mar. Yes, I can doubt it: if you can deny:
Love begs once more this great Offender's Life.
Can you forgive the Man you juſtly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to ſpare him?
One whom you may ſuſpect I more than pity,
(For I would have you ſee, that what I ask,
I know is wondrous difficult to grant,)
Can you be thus extravagantly good?

King. What then? for I begin to fear my Firmneſs:
And doubt the ſoft Deſtruction of your Tongue.

Mar. Then in Return, I ſwear to Heaven and you,
To give you all the Preference of my Soul:
No Rebel Rival to diſturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[*King walks awhile, then wipes his Eyes, and ſpeaks.*

King. You've conquer'd; all that's paſt ſhall be forgiv'n.
My laviſh Love has made a laviſh Grant:
But know, this Act of Grace ſhall be my laſt.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him deſiſt, and tempt Revenge no further:
For by yond' Heaven that's conſcious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

Deputies appearing at the Door.

The Deputies are entring, you muſt leave me:
Thus Tyrant-buſineſs all my Hours uſurps,
And makes me live for others.

Mar.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a proſperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. [*Exit.*

Enter Deputies of the Three States.
Cardinal of Guiſe, *and Archbiſhop of* Lyons,
at the Head of 'em.

King. Well, my good Lords, what Matters of Impor-
Employ'd the States this Morning? [tance

Arch-Biſh. One high Point
Was warmly canvaſs'd in the Commons Houſe,
And will be ſoon Reſolv'd.

King. What was't?

Card. Succeſſion.

King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvaſs'd, or ſo ſoon Reſolv'd.

Card. Things neceſſary muſt ſometimes be ſudden.

King. No ſudden Danger threatens you, my Lord.

Arch-Biſh. What may be ſudden, muſt be counted ſo.
We hope, and wiſh your Life: But yours and ours
Are in the Hand of Heaven.

King. My Lord, they are:
Yet in a natural way I may live long,
If Heaven, and you my loyal Subjects, pleaſe.

Arch-Biſh. But ſince good Princes, like your Majeſty,
Take care of Dangers meerly poſſible,
Which may concern their Subjects whoſe they are,
And for whom Kings are made.

King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And ſo the Ties are too.

Card. To cut things ſhort,
The Commons will decree to exclude *Navarre*
From the Succeſſion of the Realm of *France*.

King. Decree, my Lord! What! one Eſtate decree?
Where then are th' other two, and what am I?
The Government is caſt up ſomewhat ſhort,
The Clergy and Nobility caſhier'd,
Five hundred popular Figures on a Row,
And I my ſelf that am, or ſhould be King,
An o'ergrown Cypher ſet before the Sum:
What Reaſons urge our Sovereigns for th' Excluſion?

Arch-Biſh. He ſtands ſuſpected, Sir, of Hereſie.
King. Has he been call'd to make his juſt Defence?
Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.
King. To whom?
Card. The Commons.
King. What is't thoſe Gods the Commons do not [know?
But Hereſie, you Churchmen teach us Vulgar,
Suppoſes obſtinate, and ſtiff perſiſting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected: has this Courſe been us'd?
Arch-Biſh. We grant it has not, but ——
King. Nay, give me leave,
I urge from your own Grant, it has not been:
If then in Proceſs of a petty Sum,
Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be given:
Much leſs in the Succeſſion of a Crown,
Which after my Deceaſe, by Right inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navarre*.
Card. The Right of Souls is ſtill to be preferr'd,
Religion muſt not ſuffer for a Claim.
King. If Kings may be excluded or depos'd,
Whene'er you cry Religion to the Crowd,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion orthodox,
And Subjects muſt be Traitors to be ſav'd.
Arch-Biſh. Then Hereſy's entail'd upon the Throne.
King. You would entail Confuſion, Wars and Slaughters:
Thoſe Ills are certain; what you name, contingent.
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis ſincere,
Above Deceit, no Crookedneſs of Thought,
Says, what he means; and what he ſays, performs:
Brave, but not raſh; ſucceſsful, but not proud.
So much acknowledging, that he's uneaſie
Till every petty Service be o'erpaid.
Arch-Biſh. Some ſay revengeful.
King. Some then libel him:
But that's what both of us have learn'd to bear.
He can forgive, but you diſdain Forgiveneſs:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel muſt prophane:
Honour's a ſacred Thing in all but Kings:

But when your Rhymes aſſaſſinate our Fame,
You hug your nauſeous, blund'ring Ballad-Wits,
And pay 'em, as if Nonſenſe were a Merit,
If it can mean but Treaſon.

Arch-Biſh. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge —

King. And I have more to anſwer; let 'em know,
My Royal Brother of *Navarre* ſhall ſtand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good Men will never fail his Cauſe,
And all the bad ſhall be conſtrain'd by Laws.

Arch-Biſh. Since gentle Means t'exclude *Navarre* are vain,
To-morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd,
To make the Duke of *Guiſe* Lieutenant-General;
Which Power moſt graciouſly confirm'd by yo
Will ſtop this headlong Torrent of Succeſſion,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it.
In hope you'll not oppoſe what muſt be done,
We wiſh you, Sir, a long and proſp'rous Reign.

[*Exeunt omnes, but the King.*

King. To-morrow *Guiſe* is made Lieutenant-General,
Why then to-morrow I no more am King;
'Tis time to puſh my ſlacken'd Vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all;
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heaven is wearied with repeated Crimes,
'Till Lightning flaſhes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Enter Grillon *to him.*

Gril. 'Tis juſt th' appointed Hour you bid me wait.

King. So juſt, as if thou wert inſpir'd to come;
As if the Guardian-Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'erſlept himſelf ſo many Years,
Juſt now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my Reſcue.

Gril. I hear the *Guiſe* will be Lieutenant-General.

King. And can'ſt thou ſuffer it?

Gril. Nay, if you will ſuffer it, then well may I. If Kings will be ſo civil to their Subjects, to give up all Things tamely, they firſt turn Rebels to themſelves, and that's a fair Example for their Friends; 'sLife, Sir, 'tis a dangerous Matter to be loyal on the wrong ſide, to ſerve

my Prince in Spight of him; if you'll be a Royaliſt your ſelf, there are Millions of honeſt Men will fight for you; but if you wo'not, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more: I am reſolv'd.
The Courſe of Things can be with-held no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed End:
My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Preſſes for Birth, and longs to be diſclos'd.
Grillon, the *Guiſe* is doom'd —— to ſudden Death:
The Sword muſt end him; has not thine an Edge?

Gril. Yes, and a Point too; I'll challenge him.

King. ——— I bid thee kill him. [*Walking.*

Gril. ——— So I mean to do.

King. ——— Without thy Hazard.

Gril. Now I underſtand you, I ſhou'd murther him: I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.

King. ——— Doſt thou not hate him?

Gril. ——— Yes.

King. Haſt thou not ſaid,
That he deſerves it?

Gril. Yes, but how have I
Deſerv'd to do a Murther?

King. 'Tis no Murther:
'Tis Sovereign Juſtice urg'd from Self-Defence.

Gril. 'Tis all confeſt, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go. Thou art a Coward.

Gril. You are my King.

King. Thou ſay'ſt, thou dar'ſt not kill him.

Gril. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durſt have don't.

King. Thou haſt done worſe in thy long courſe of Arms. Haſt thou ne'er kill'd a Man?

Gril. Yes, when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Haſt thou not plunder'd ſtom the helpleſs Poor? Snatch'd from the ſweating Labourer his Food?

Gril. Sir, I have eaten and drank in my own Defence, when I was hungry and thirſty. I have plunder'd, when you have not paid me —— I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter, when a better Whore was not to be had. As for cutting off a Traitor, I'll execute him lawfully

fully in my own Function, when I meet him in the Field; but for your Chamber-Practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge unjuſt, or tyrannous?
Heaven knows I love not Blood.

Gril. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice. You may diſpatch a Rebel lawfully, but the Miſchief is, that Rebel has given me my Life at the Barricadoes, and 'till I have return'd his Bribe, I am not upon even Terms with him.

King. Give me thy Hand, I love thee not the worſe;
Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conſcience.
Thou ſhalt not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good;
But keep my Secret, for that's Conſcience too.

Gril. When I diſcloſe it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one:
Call *Lognac* hither ſtraight, and St. *Malin*;
Bid *Larchant* find ſome unſuſpected Means
To keep Guards doubled at the Council-Door,
That none paſs in or out, but thoſe I call:
The reſt I'll think on further, ſo farewell.

Gril. Heaven bleſs your Majeſty! [kill'd:
Tho' I'll not kill him for you, I'll defend you when he's
For the honeſt Part of the Jobb let me alone.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The SCENE *opens, and diſcovers Men and Women at a Banquet,* Malicorne *ſtanding by.*

Mal. This is the Solemn Annual Feaſt I keep.
As this Day twelve Year, on this very Hour,
I ſign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleaſure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet moſt.
And 'faith, I over-ſold it to the Fiend:
What, One and twenty Years, nine yet to come!
How can a Soul be worth ſo much to Devils?
O how I hug my ſelf, to out-wit theſe Fools of Hell!
And yet a ſudden Damp, I know not why,
Has ſeiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy Weight,
Hangs on their active Springs, I want a Song
To rowze me, my Blood freezes: Muſick there.

After a Song and Dance, loud Knocking at the Door.
Enter a Servant.

What Noiſe is that?

Serv. An ill-look'd ſurly Man,
With a hoarſe Voice, ſays he muſt ſpeak with you.

Mal. Tell him I dedicate this Day to Pleaſure,
I neither have, nor will have Buſineſs with him.
[*Exit Serv.*
What louder yet, what ſaucy Slave is this? [*Knock louder.*
Re-enter Servant. [him:

Serv. He ſays you have, and muſt have Buſineſs with
Come out, or he'll come in, and ſpoil your Mirth.

Mal. I wo'not.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him ſo,
[*Knock again more fiercely.*
My Hair ſtands up in Briſtles when I ſee him:
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spade-Bitch
Bayes at his Back, and howls.

Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy ſelf. [*Ex. Serv.*

SCENE *cloſes upon the Company.*

Enter Melanax, *an Hour-Glaſs in his Hand, almoſt empty.*

How dar'ſt thou interrupt my ſofter Hours?
By Heaven I'll ram thee in ſome knotted Oak,
Where thou ſhall ſigh and groan to whiſtling Winds,
Upon the lonely Plain: [Sands,
Or I'll confine thee deep in the Red Sea grov'ling on the
Ten thouſand Billows rowling o'er thy Head.

Mel. Hoh, hoh, hoh.

Mal. Laugh'ſt thou, malicious Fiend?
I'll ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,
Like Parchment in a Flame.

Mel. Thou can'ſt not do't.
Behold this Hour-Glaſs.

Mal. Well, and what of that?

Mel. Seeſt thou theſe ebbing Sands?
They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs, the Bellows of thy mortal Breath,
Shall ſink for ever down, and heave no more.

Mal. What, reſty, Fiend?

Nine

Nine Years thou haſt to ſerve.

Mel. Not full nine Minutes.

Mal. Thou ly'ſt, look on thy Bond, and view the Date.

Mel. Then wilt thou ſtand to that without Appeal?

Mal. I will, ſo help me Heav'n.

Mel. So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*

There, Fool, behold who lyes, the Devil, or thou?

Mal. Ha! one and twenty Years are ſhrunk to twelve.

Do my Eyes dazle?

Mel. No, they ſee too true:

They dazl'd once, I caſt a Miſt before 'em,

So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull Sight

Appear'd full Twenty one.

Mal. There's Equity in Heaven for this, a Cheat.

Mel. Fool, thou haſt quitted thy Appeal to Heaven,

To ſtand to this.

Mal. Then I am loſt for ever.

Mel. Thou art.

Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?

Mel. Yes. to repent, then thou hadſt cheated me.

Mal. Add but a Day, but half a Day, an Hour:

For ſixty Minutes, I'll forgive nine Years.

Mel. No, not a Moment's Thought beyond my Time:

Diſpatch, 'tis much below me to attend

For one poor ſingle Fare.

Mal. So pitileſs?

But yet I may command thee, and I will:

I love the *Guiſe*, even with my lateſt Breath,

Beyond my Soul, and my loſt Hopes of Heav'n;

I charge thee by my ſhort-liv'd Power, diſcloſe

What Fate attends my Maſter.

Mel. If he goes

To Council when he next is call'd, he dies.

Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my laſt Adieu,

Say, I ſhall never ſee his Eyes again:

But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,

Bid him believe my lateſt Breath, he dies. [*Exit Serv.*

The Sands run yet. O do not ſhake the Glaſs:
[*Devil ſhakes the Glaſs.*
I ſhall be thine too ſoon; cou'd I repent,
Heaven's not confin'd to Moments, Mercy, Mercy!
Mel. I ſee thy Pray'rs diſperſt into the Winds,
And Heaven has puſt 'em by:
I was an Angel once of foremoſt Rank,
Stood next the ſhining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almoſt gaz'd I Glory in the Face,
That I could bear it, and ſtar'd farther in,
'Twas but a Moment's Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell; but Man, baſe Earth-born Man,
Sins paſt a Sum, and might be pardon'd more:
And yet 'tis juſt; for we were perfect Light,
And ſaw our Crimes; Man in his Body's Mire,
Half Soul, half Clod, ſinks blindfold into Sin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Luſts within.
Mel. Then I have Hope.
Mal. Not ſo, I preach'd on purpoſe
To make thee loſe this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sand creeps low, Deſpair, Deſpair, Deſpair.
Mal. Where am I now? upon the Brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to puſh me on,
And Heaven behind me cloſing all its Doors.
A Thouſand Years for every Hour I've paſt,
O cou'd I 'ſcape ſo cheap! But ever, ever!
Still to begin an endleſs Round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and laſt for Hell!
Yet can Pains laſt, when Bodies cannot laſt?
Can earthly Subſtance endleſs Flames endure?
Or, when one Body wears and flits away,
Do Souls thruſt forth another Cruſt of Clay?
To fence and guard their tender Forms from Fire ——
I feel my Heart-ſtrings rend, I'm here, I'm gone:
Thus Men too careleſs of their future State,
Diſpute, know nothing, and believe too late.
[*A Flaſh of Lightning, they ſink together.*
Enter Duke of Guiſe, *Cardinal, and* Aumale.
Card. A dreadful Meſſage from a dying Man,
A Propheſy indeed!

For

For Souls juſt quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make ſwift Acquaintance with their kindred Forms,
And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.
Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the ſecurer Side:
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is ſuch,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.
Enter Arch-Biſhop.
Gui. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Sovereign paſt a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:
Then if he dares but to be juſt, I die.
'Tis too much Odds againſt me, I'll depart,
And finiſh Greatneſs at ſome ſafer Time. [hence,
Arch-Biſh. By Heaven 'tis *Harry*'s Plot to fright you
That, Coward-like, you might forſake your Friends.
Gui. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne*.
Arch-Biſh. Yes, ſome Court-Devil, no doubt:
If you depart, conſider, good my Lord,
You are the Maſter-ſpring that moves our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Preſence, which buoys up our Hearts,
The League will ſink beneath a Royal Name:
Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings
Will ſoon be ſhaken off; things done, repeal'd;
And things undone, paſt future Means to do.
Card. I know not, I begin to taſte his Reaſons.
Arch-Biſh. Nay, were the Danger certain of your Stay,
An Act ſo mean would loſe you all your Friends,
And leave you ſingle to the Tyrant's Rage:
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.
Gui. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll ſtand the Shock,
Where-e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful, and united;
He will not venture on ſo raſh a Deed:
And now I wonder I ſhould fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to conquer and contemn.
Enter Marmoutiere.
Arch-Biſh. Your Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the [Scale,
And warn you not to go.

Gui. O fear her not,
I will be there. [*Ex. Arch-Biſhop and Cardinal.*
What can ſhe mean, Repent?
Or is it caſt betwixt the King and her
To ſound me? come what will, it warms my Heart
With ſecret Joy, which theſe my ominous Stateſmen
Left dead within me; ha! ſhe turns away.

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Viſit, Sir?

Gui. No, Madam, I at laſt have gain'd the Point
Of mightieſt Minds, to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. — Believe me, *Guiſe*, 'twere gallantly reſolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the Inſide too.
Why came that Sigh uncall'd? For Love of me
Partly perhaps, but more for Thirſt of Glory,
Which now again dilates it ſelf in Smiles,
As if you ſcorn'd that I ſhould know your Purpoſe.

Gui. I change, 'tis true, becauſe I love you ſtill,
Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own Deſpight,
I tell you all; even at that very Moment,
I know you ſtreight betray me to the King.

Mar. O *Guiſe*, I never did; but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I muſt never ſee you more.

Gui. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reaſon for't,
Therefore, what am I to expect from Pity?
From yours, I mean, when you behold me ſlain?

Mar. Firſt anſwer me, and then I'll ſpeak my Heart.
Have you, O *Guiſe*, ſince your laſt ſolemn Oath,
Stood firm to what you ſwore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er awhile, becauſe again,
I tell you, I muſt never ſee you more.

Gui. Never! She's ſet on by the King to ſift me.
Why by that Never then, all I have ſworn
Is true, as that the King deſigns to end me.

Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints! you live.

Gui. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white in [Council,
This very Day he means to cut me off.

Mar. —— By Heaven then you're forſworn, you've broke your Vows.

Gui. —— By you the Juſtice of the Earth I have not.

Mar. —— By you Diſſembler of the World you have.

[

I know the King.

Gui. — I do believe you, Madam.

Mar. — I have try'd you both.

Gui. — Not me, the King you mean.

Mar. — Do theſe o'erboiling Anſwers ſuit the *Guiſe*?
But go to Council, Sir, there ſhew your Truth,
If you are innocent, you're ſafe; but O
If I ſhou'd chance to ſee you ſtretch'd along,
Your Love, O *Guiſe*, and your Ambition gone,
That venerable Aſpect pale with Death,
I muſt conclude you merited your End. [ther.

Gui. — You muſt, you will, and ſmile upon my Mur-

Mar. Therefore, if you are conſcious of a Breach,
Confeſs it to me: Lead me to the King,
He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,
And place you next him; therefore if you're r ght,
Make me not fear it by Aſſeverations;
But ſpeak your Heart, and O reſolve me truly.

Gui. — Madam, I ha' thought, and truſt you with my
You ſaw but now my parting with my Brother, [Soul.
The Prelate too of *Lyons*; 'twas debated
Warmly againſt me, that I ſhou'd go on.

Mar. — Did I not tell you, Sir?

Gui. — True, but in ſpight
Of thoſe Imperial Arguments they urg'd,
I was not to be work'd from ſecond Thought,
There we broke off; And, mark me, if I live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.

Mar. Go then. O Heaven! Why muſt I ſtill ſuſpect you?
Why heaves my Heart? And why o'erflow my Eyes?
Yet if you live, O *Guiſe*, there, there's the Cauſe,
I never ſhall converſe, nor ſee you more.

Gui. O ſay not ſo, for once again I'll ſee you.
Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet ſay not never; for I hope by Virtue
To Merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.

Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluſe for ever.

Gui. Ha! Stay 'till Morning: Tapers are too dim;
Stay 'till the Sun ariſes to ſalute you;
Stay 'till I lead you to that diſmal Den.

Of

Of Virgins, buried quick, and ſtay for ever.
Mar. Alas! Your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other Way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my ſuſpected Honour.
Gui. Hear me a Word, one Sigh, one Tear, at parting,
And one laſt Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I ſee your Face pale, as the Cherubins
At *Adam*'s Fall.
Mar. O Heav'n! I now confeſs
My Heart bleeds for thee *Guiſe*.
Gui. Why Madam, why?
Mar. Becauſe by this Diſorder,
And that ſad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.
Gui. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death cou'd make me tremble thus:
Be pitiful to thoſe Infirmities
Which thus unman me; ſtay 'till the Council's o'er;
If you are pleas'd to grant an Hour or two
To my laſt Pray'r, I'll thank you as my Saint:
If you refuſe me, Madam, I'll not murmur.
Mar. Alas, my *Guiſe!* O Heav'n what did I ſay?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pardon it, ſince 'tis my laſt.
Gui. O let me crawl, vile as I am, and kiſs
Your ſacred Robe: Is't poſſible, your Hand!
[*She gives him her Hand.*
O that it were my laſt expiring Moment,
For I ſhall never taſte the like again.
Mar. Farewe! my Proſelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.
Gui. I have none but you,
Muſt I ne'er ſee you more?
Mar. I have ſworn you muſt not:
Which Thought thus roots me here, melts my Reſolves,
[*Weeps.*
And makes me loyter when the Angels call me.
Gui. O ye Celeſtial Dews! O Paradiſe!
O Heav'n! O Joys! Ne'er to be taſted more.
Mar. Nay, take a little more, cold *Marmoutiere*,

The

The temperate, devoted *Marmoutiere*
Is gone, a laſt Embrace I muſt bequeath you.
Gui. And O let me return it with another.
Mar. Farewel for ever; Ah, *Guiſe*, tho' now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls ſhall meet — Farewel — and Io's ſings above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier Spirits prove,
But all are bleſt, and all enjoy an everlaſting Love.
[*Exit* Marmoutiere.

Guiſe *Solus.*

Gui. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? there's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Metal, and my Spirits gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague,
I wiſh my Fleſh were off: What now! thou bleed'ſt
Three, and no more! What then? And why what then?
But juſt three Drops! And why not juſt three Drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty?

Enter a Page. [wait you.

Page. My Lord, your Brother and th' Arch-Biſhop
Gui. I come; down Devil, ha! Muſt I ſtumble too?
Away ye Dreams. What if it thunder'd now?
Or if a Raven croſs'd me in my Way?
Or now it comes, becauſe laſt Night I dreamt
The Council-Hall was hung with Crimſon round,
And all the Cieling plaiſter'd o'er with Black.
No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rowling Lakes,
Fathomleſs Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
Fantoms be gone, if I muſt die, I'll fall
True Politi an, and defy you all.

SCENE II. *The Court before the Council-Hall.*

Grillon, Larchant, *Soldiers plac'd, People crowding.*

Gril. Are your Guards doubled, Captain?
Larch. Sir, they are. [tion.
Gril. When the *Guiſe* comes, remember your Peti-
Make way there for his Eminence; give back,
Your Eminence comes late.

Enter

Enter Two Cardinals, Counſellors, the Cardinal of Guiſe, *Arch-Biſhop of* Lyons, *laſt the* Guiſe.

Gui. Well, Colonel, are we Friends?

Gril. 'Faith, I think not.

Gui. Give me your Hand.

Gril. No, for that gives a Heart.

Gui. Yet we ſhall claſp in Heaven.

Gril. By Heaven we ſhall not.
Unleſs it be with Gripes.

Gui. True *Grillon* ſtill.

Larch. My Lord.

Gui. Ha! Captain, you are well attended:
If I miſtake not, Sir, your Number's doubl'd.

Larch. All theſe have ſerv'd againſt the Hereticks;
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds and loſt Arrears.

Gui. It ſhall be done.
Again my Heart, there is a Weight upon thee,
But I will ſigh it off. Captain farewel.

[*Exeunt Cardinal,* Guiſe, *&c.*

Gril. Shut the Hall-Door, and bar the Caſtle-Gates:
March, march there cloſer yet, Captain, to the Door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Council-Hall.*

Gui. I do not like my ſelf to-day.

Arch-Biſh. — A Qualm, he dares not.

Card. — That's one Man's Thought; he dares, and that's another's.

Enter Grillon.

Gui. O *Marmoutiere*, ha, never ſee thee more?
Peace my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal Circling of my Blood?
I'll ſtand it while I may. O mighty Nature!
Why this Alarm, why do'ſt thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their Uſe? [*Swoons.*

Card. Ha! He's fall'n, chafe him: He comes again.

Gui. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.

Gril. Th' Effect

Of

Of laſt Night's Lechery with ſome working Whore.

Enter Revol.

Rev. My Lord of *Guiſe*, the King would ſpeak with [you.

Gui. O Cardinal, O *Lyons*, but no more; Yes, one Word more; thou haſt a Privilege

[*To the Cardinal.*

To ſpeak with a Recluſe. O therefore tell her,
If never thou behold'ſt me breathe again,
Tell her I ſigh'd it laſt —— O *Marmoutiere.*

[*Exit Bowing.*

Card. You will have all things your own way, my Lord.
By Heav'n, I have ſtrange Horror on my Soul.

Arch-Biſh. I ſay again, that *Henry* dares not do't.

Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him;
I know he ſcorns to ſtoop to mean Revenge;
But when ſome mightier Miſchief ſhocks his Toure,
He ſhoots at once with Thunder on his Wings,
And makes it Air; but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.

Guiſe *within.*] Murtherers, Villains!

Arch-Biſh. I hear your Brother's Voice, run to the [Door.

Card. Help, Help, the *Guiſe* is murther'd.

Arch-Biſh. Help, Help.

Gril. Ceaſe your vain Cries, you are the King's Priſoners,
Take 'em *Dugaſt* into your Cuſtody.

Card. We muſt obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws, behind it a Traverſe.*

The Guiſe *is aſſaulted by Eight, They ſtab him in all Parts, but moſt in the Head.*

Gui. O Villains! Hell-Hounds! Hold:

[*Half draws his Sword, is held.*

Murther'd, O baſely, and not draw my Sword,
Dog, *Logniac*, but my own Blood choaks me.
Down, Villain, down, I'm gone, O *Marmoutiere.*

[*Flings himſelf upon him —— Dies.*

The

The Traverſe is drawn.

The King riſes from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet-Council.

King. Open the Cloſet, and let in the Council;
Bid *Dugaſt* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be anſwer'd on your Lives.

Enter Queen-Mother followed by the Counſellors.

O, Madam, you are welcome; how goes your Health?

Qu. M. A little mended, Sir. What have you done?

King. That which has made me King of *France*, for
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead. [there

Qu. M. You have cut out dangerous Work, but make
With Speed and Reſolution. [it up

King. Yes, I'll wear
The Fox no longer, but put on the Lyon;
And ſince I could reſolve to take the Heads
Of this great Inſurrection, you the Members
Look to't, beware, turn from your Stubbornneſs,
And learn to know me, for I will be King. [droop,

Gril. 'Sdeath, how the Traitors lowre and quake, and
And gather to the Wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cauſe!

King. [*Looking upon* Guiſe.]
Be Witneſs, Heaven, I gave him treble Warning;
He's gone; no more; diſperſe, and think upon't.
Beware my Sword, which if I once unſheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
None ſhall atone the Vows of ſpeedy Juſtice,
'Till Fate to Ruin every Traitor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.

A SONG in the FIFTH ACT of the Duke of GUISE.

SHEPHERDESS.

TEll me, Thyrſis, *tell your Anguiſh,*
Why you ſigh, and why you languiſh;
When the Nymph whom you adore,
Grants the Bleſſing
Of Poſſeſſing,
What can Love and I do more?

SHEPHERD.

Think it's Love beyond all Meaſure,
Makes me faint away with Pleaſure;
Strength of Cordial may deſtroy.
And the Bleſſing
Of Poſſeſſing,
Kills me with Exceſs of Joy.

SHEPHERDESS.

Thyrſis, *how can I believe you!*
But confeſs, and I'll forgive you;
Men are falſe, and ſo are you,
Never Nature
Fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

SHEPHERD.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever ſhining,
And refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

Chorus together.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever ſhining,
And refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Spoken by Mrs. *Cook.*

MUch Time and Trouble this poor Play has coſt;
And, 'faith, I doubted once the Cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one Man was meant, nor great, nor ſmall;
Our Poets, like frank Gameſters, threw at all.
They took no ſingle Aim: ——
But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd Broadſides at the whole Party.
Duels are Crimes; but when the Cauſe is right,
In Battle, every Man is bound to fight.
For what ſhou'd hinder me to ſell my Skin.
Dear as I cou'd, if once my Hand were in?
Se Defendendo *never was a Sin.*
'Tis a fine World, my Maſters, right or wrong,
The Whiggs *muſt talk, and* Tories *hold their Tongue,*
They muſt do all they can ——
But we, forſooth, muſt bear a Chriſtian Mind;
And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wond'rous wiſe,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to riſe.
When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan, *or* Mally
Tipt you th' inviting Wink, ſtand, Shall I, ſhall I?

A

EPILOGUE.

A Trimmer *cry'd, (that heard me tell this Story)*
Fie, Miſtreſs Cook, *'faith you're too rank a* Tory!
Wiſh not Whiggs *hang'd, but pity their hard Caſes;*
You Women love to ſee Men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't think me ſuch a Jew;
I ſay no more, but give the Devil his Due.
Lenitives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, *ſays I, 's an excellent Phyſician.*
I love no Blood —— Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But Hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.
We Trimmers *are for holding all Things even:*
Yes —— juſt like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
Have we not had Mens Lives enough already?
Yes ſure: —— But you're for holding all Things ſteady.
Now ſince the Weight hangs all on one Side, Brother,
You Trimmers *ſhou'd to poize it hang on t'other.*
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of Steering,
Are neither Fiſh, nor Fleſh, nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, *nor* Tories *they; nor this, nor that;*
Not Birds, nor Beaſts; but juſt a kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cauſe,
With Tory *Wings, but* Whiggiſh *Teeth and Claws.*

THE

THE VINDICATION: OR, THE PARALLEL OF THE *French* HOLY LEAGUE, AND THE *Engliſh* League *and* Covenant,

Turn'd into a Seditious Libel againſt the KING and His ROYAL HIGHNESS,

BY

Thomas Hunt, and the Authors of the *Reflections* upon the Pretended Parallel in the Play called

The DUKE of *GUISE.*

Turno tempus erit magno cùm optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta: & cùm ſpolia iſta, diemque
Oderit.———

Printed in the YEAR M DCC XXXV.

THE VINDICATION OF THE DUKE *of* GUISE.

IN the Year of His Majeſty's Happy Reſtauration, the Firſt Play I undertook was *The Duke of Guiſe*; as the faireſt Way, which *The Act of Indemnity* had then left us, of ſetting forth the *Riſe* of the *Late Rebellion*; and by *Exploding* the Villainies of it upon the *Stage*, to *precaution Poſterity* againſt the like Errors.

As this was my *firſt Eſſay*, ſo it met with the Fortune of an *unfiniſh'd Piece*; that is to ſay, it was damn'd in private, by the Advice of ſome Friends to whom I ſhew'd it; who freely told me, that it was an excellent Subject; but not ſo artifically wrought, as they could have wiſh'd: And now let my Enemies make their beſt of this Confeſſion.

The *Scene* of the Duke of *Guiſe*'s *Return* to *Paris*, AGAINST the King's *Poſitive Command*, was then written;

ten: I have the Copy of it ſtill by me, almoſt the ſame which it now remains, being taken *Verbatim* out of *Davila:* For where the *Action* is *Remarkable*, and the very *Words related*, the Poet is not at Liberty to change them much; and if he will be adding any thing for *Ornament*, it ought to be *wholly of a Piece*. This do I take for a ſufficient Juſtification of that Scene, unleſs they will make the *pretended Parallel* to be a *Prophecy*, as well as a *Parallel* of *Accidents*, that were *twenty Years after to come*. Neither do I find, that they can ſuggeſt the leaſt Colour for't in any other Part of the Tragedy.

But now comes the main Objection, *Why was it ſtopt then?* To which I ſhall render this juſt Account, with all due Reſpects to thoſe who were the Occaſion of it.

Upon a wandering Rumour (which I will divide betwixt *Malice* and *Miſtake*) that ſome Great Perſons were repreſented, or perſonated in it, the Matter was complain'd of to my Lord *Chamberlain*; who, thereupon, appointed the Play to be brought to him, and prohibited the Acting of it 'till further Order; commanding me, after this to wait upon his Lordſhip; which I did, and humbly deſir'd him to compare the *Play* with the *Hiſtory*, from whence the Subject was taken, referring to the *Firſt Scene* of the *Fourth Act* whereupon the *Exception* was *grounded*, and leaving *Davila* (the *Original*) with his Lordſhip. This was before *Midſummer*; and about two Months after, I receiv'd the Play back again from his Lordſhip, but without any poſitive Order whether it *ſhould* be Acted or *not*; neither was Mr. *Lee*, or *my ſelf* any way ſollicitous about it: But this indeed I ever ſaid, That it was intended for the *King's Service*; and *His Majeſty* was the beſt *Judge*, whether it anſwer'd that End or no; and that I reckon'd it my Duty to ſubmit, if his Majeſty, for any Reaſon whatſoever, ſhould deem it unfit for the *Stage*. In the *Interim*, a ſtrict Scrutiny was made, and *no Parallel* of the Great Perſon deſign'd, could be made out. But this Puſh failing, there were immediately ſtarted ſome terrible Inſinuations, that the *Perſon* of His *Majeſty* was *repreſented* under that of *Henry the Third*; which if they could have found out, would have conclu-

ded

ded, perchance, not only in the *ſtopping* of the *Play*, but in the *hanging up* of the *Poets*. But ſo it was, that His Majeſty's *Wiſdom* and *Juſtice* acquitted both the *One*, and the *Other*; and when the *Play it ſelf* was almoſt *forgotten*, there were Orders given for the *Acting* of it.

This is Matter of *Fact*; and I have the Honour of ſo Great Witneſſes to the Truth of what I have deliver'd, that it will need no other Appeal. As to the expoſing of any Perſon living, our Innocency is ſo clear, that it is almoſt unneceſſary to ſay, *It was not in my Thought*; and as far as any one Man can vouch for another, I do believe it was as little in Mr. *Lee*'s. And now ſince ſome People have been ſo buſy as to caſt out falſe and ſcandalous Surmiſes, how far we two agreed upon the Writing of it, I muſt do a common Right both to Mr. *Lee* and *my ſelf*, to declare publickly, that it was at his earneſt Deſire, without any Solicitation of mine, that this Play was produced betwixt us. After the Writing of *OEdipus*, I paſs'd a Promiſe to join with him in another; and he happen'd to claim the Performance of that Promiſe, juſt upon the finiſhing of a Poem, when I would have been glad of a little Reſpite before the undertaking of a ſecond Task. The Perſon that paſs'd betwixt us, knows this to be true; and Mr. *Lee* himſelf, I am ſure, will not diſown it: So that I did not [*ſeduce him to join with me*] as the malicious Authors of the *Reflections* are pleas'd to call it; but Mr. *Lee's Loyalty* is above ſo *ridiculous a Slander*. I know very well, that the Town did ignorantly call and take this to be my *Play*; but I ſhall not arrogate to my ſelf the Merits of my Friend. *Two Thirds* of it belong'd to *him*; and then to *me* only the *Firſt Scene* of the Play; the whole *Fourth Act*, and the *firſt half*, or ſomewhat *more* of the *Fifth*.

The Pamphleteers, I know, do very boldly inſinuate, That *before the Acting of it, I took the whole Play to my ſelf; but finding afterwards how ill Succeſs it had upon the Stage, I threw as much of it as poſſibly I could upon my Fellow*. Now here are *three damn'd Lyes* crowded together into a very little Room: Firſt, That I *aſſum'd* any Part of it to my *ſelf*, which I had not *written*; wherein I appeal, not only to my particular *Acquaintance*, but to the whole

Company of *Actors*, who will witneſs for me, that in all the *Rehearſals*, I never pretended to any *one Scene* of Mr. *Lee*'s, but did him all imaginable Right, in his Title to the *greater Part* of it. I hope I may, without *Vanity*, affirm to the World, that I never ſtood in Need of borrowing another Man's Reputation; and I have been as little guilty of the *Injuſtice*, of laying Claim to any thing which was not my own. Nay, I durſt almoſt refer my ſelf to ſome of the angry Poets on the other Side, whether I have not rather *countenanc'd* and *aſſiſted their Beginnings*, than *hinder'd* them from *Riſing*. The two other Falſities are, the *ill Succeſs of the Play*, and *my diſowning it*. The former is manifeſtly without *Foundation*; for it *ſucceeded* beyond my very *Hopes*, having been frequently Acted, and never without a conſiderable Audience: And then 'tis a thouſand to one, that having *no Ground* to *diſown* it, I did not *diſown* it; but the *Univerſe* to a *Nutſhell* that I did not *diſown* it for want of *Succeſs*, when it *ſucceeded* ſo much beyond my *Expectation*. But my malignant Adverſaries are the more excuſable, for this coarſe Method of breaking in upon *Truth* and *good Manners*, becauſe it is the only Way they have to gratify the *Genius* and the *Intereſt* of the *Faction together*; and never ſo much Pains taken neither, to ſo very, very little Purpoſe. They *decry* the *Play*, but in ſuch a manner, that it has the Effect of a *Recommendation*. They call it a *dull Entertainment*; and that's a dangerous Word, I muſt confeſs, from one of the *greateſt Maſters* in *humane Nature*, of *that Faculty*. Now I can forgive them this Reproach too, after all the reſt: For this Play does openly diſcover the Original and Root of the Practices and Principles, both of their Party and Cauſe; and they are ſo well acquainted with all the Trains and Mazes of Rebellion, that there's nothing new to them in the whole Hiſtory. Or what if it were a little inſipid, there was no Conjuring that I remember in *Pope Joan*: And the *Lancaſhire Witches* were without Doubt the moſt *inſipid* Jades that ever flew upon a Stage; and even *Theſe*, by the Favour of a *Party*, made a Shift to hold up their Heads. Now if we have out-done theſe Plays in their own *dull Way*, their

their Authors have ſome Sort of *Privilege* to throw the *firſt Stone:* But we ſhall rather chuſe to *yield* the Point of *Dullneſs*, than *contend* for it, againſt ſo indiſputable a Claim.

But *Matters of State* (it ſeems) *are canvaſſed on the Stage, and Things of the graveſt Concernment, there managed:* And who were the *Aggreſſors* I beſeech you, but a few *factious, popular Hirelings*, that by *tampering* the *Theatres*, and by *poiſoning* the *People*, made a *Play-houſe* more ſeditious than a *Conventicle:* So that the *Loyal Party* crave only the ſame Freedom of *defending* the *Government*, which the other took before-hand of *expoſing* and *defaming* it. There was no Complaint of any *Diſorders* of the *Stage*, in the Buſtle that was made (even to the *forming* of a *Party*) to uphold a *Farce* of *theirs*. Upon the firſt Day, the whole Faction (in a Manner) appeared; but after one Sight of it, they ſent their *Proxies* of *Serving-men* and *Porters* to *Clap* in the Right of their Patrons: And it was impoſſible ever to have gotten off the *Nonſenſe* of *three Hours* for *Half a Crown*, but for the Providence of ſo *congruous* an *Audience*. Thus far, I preſume, the *Reckoning* is even, for *bad Plays*, on *both Sides*; and for *Plays* written for a *Party*. I ſhall ſay nothing of *their Poets Affection* to the *Government*; unleſs upon an *abſolute* and an *odious Neceſſity*. But to return to the *Pretended Parallel*.

I have ſaid enough already to convince any Man of common Senſe, That there neither *was*, nor could be any *Parallel intended:* And it will farther appear, from the *Nature* of the *Subject*; there being no *Relation* betwixt *Henry the Third* and the *Duke of Guiſe*, except that of the *King*'s marrying into the Family of *Lorrain*. If a Compariſon had been deſign'd, how eaſy had it been either to have found a Story, or to have invented one, where the Tyes of Nature had been nearer? If we conſider their *Actions* or their *Perſons*, a much leſs Proportion will be yet found betwixt them: and if we bate the *Popularity*, perhaps none at all. If we conſider them in Reference to their *Parties*; the *One* was manifeſtly the *Leader*, the *Other*, at the worſt, is but *miſ-led*. The *Deſigns* of the *One* tended openly to *Uſurpation:* Thoſe of the *Other*

may yet be interpreted more fairly; and I hope from the natural Candour and Probity of his Temper, that it will come to a perfect Submiſſion and Reconcilement at laſt. But that which perfectly deſtroys this *pretended Parallel*, is, that *our* Picture of the *Duke of Guiſe* is exactly according to the *Original* in the *Hiſtory*: his Actions, his Manners, nay, ſometimes his very Words, are ſo juſtly copied, that whoever has read him in *Davila*, ſees him the ſame here. There is no going out of the Way, no Daſh of a Pen to make any *By-feature* reſemble him to any other Man: And indeed, excepting his Ambition, there was not in *France*, or perhaps in any other Country, any Man of his Age vain enough to hope he cou'd be miſtaken for him. So that if we *wou'd* have made a *Parallel*, we *cou'd* not. And yet I fancy, that where I make it my Buſineſs to draw *Likeneſs*, it will be no hard Matter to judge who ſate for the *Picture*. For the *Duke of Guiſe's Return to Paris contrary to the King's Order*, enough already has been ſaid; 'Twas too conſiderable in the Story to be omitted, becauſe it occaſion'd the Miſchiefs that enſued: But in *this Likeneſs*, which was only *caſual*, no Danger follow'd, I am confident there was none intended: and am ſatisfied that none was fear'd. But the Argument drawn from our evident Deſign is yet, if poſſible, more convincing. The firſt Words of the *Prologue* ſpake the *Play* to be a *Parallel*, and then you are immediately inform'd how far that *Parallel* extended, and of what it is ſo. *The Holy League begot the Covenant, Guiſards got the Whig, &c.* So then it is not, (as the ſnarling Authors of the *Reflections* tell you) a Parallel of the *Men*, but of the *Times*. A Parallel of the *Factions*, and of the *Leaguers*. And every one knows that this Prologue was written before the ſtopping of the Play. Neither was the Name alter'd on any ſuch Account as they inſinuate, but laid aſide long before, becauſe a Book call'd the *Parallel* had been printed, reſembling the *French League* to the *Engliſh Covenant*; and therefore we thought it not convenient to make Uſe of another Man's Title. The *chief Perſon* in the *Tragedy*, or he whoſe *Diſaſters* are the *Subject* of it, may in Reaſon give the Name; and ſo it was call'd *The Duk*

of

of Guiſe. Our Intention therefore was to make the Play a Parallel, betwixt the *Holy League* plotted by the Houſe of *Guiſe* and its *Adherents*, with the *Covenant* plotted by the *Rebels* in the Time of King *Charles* the *Firſt*, and thoſe of the *New Aſſociation*, which was the Spawn of the *Old Covenant*.

But *This Parallel* is plain, that the *Excluſion* of the *Lawful Heir* was the main Deſign of *both Parties*: And that the Endeavours to get the *Lieutenancy* of *France* eſtabliſhed on the *Head* of the *League*, is in Effect the ſame with offering to get the *Militia* out of the *King's Hands* (as declar'd by Parliament) and conſequently that the Power of Peace and War ſhould be wholly in the People. 'Tis alſo true that the *Tumults* in the *City*, in the Choice of their *Officers*, have had no ſmall Reſemblance with a *Pariſian Rabble*. And I am afraid that both *Their Faction* and *Ours* had the *ſame Good Lord*. I believe alſo, that if *Julian* had been written and calculated for the *Pariſians*, as it was for *our Sectaries*, one of *their Sheriffs* might have miſtaken too and call'd him *Julian* the *Apoſtle*. I ſuppoſe I need not puſh this Point any further; where the *Parallel* was intended, I am certain it will reach: But a larger Account of the Proceedings in the City may be expected from a better Hand, and I have no Reaſon to foreſtall it. In the mean Time, becauſe there has been no *Actual Rebellion*, the Faction triumph in their *Loyalty*; which if it were out of *Principle*, all our Diviſions would ſoon be ended, and we the happy People, which God and the Conſtitution of our Government have put us in Condition to be: But ſo long as they take it for a *Maxim*, That the *King* is but an *Officer in Truſt*, that the *People*, or their *Repreſentatives* are *ſuperior* to him, Judges of *Miſcarriages*, and have Power of *Revocation*, 'tis a plain Caſe, that whenever they pleaſe they may take up Arms; and according to *Their* Doctrine, *lawfully* too. Let them jointly renounce this one Opinion, as in Conſcience and Law they are bound to do, becauſe both Scripture and Acts of Parliament oblige them to it, and we will then thank their *Obedience* for our Quiet, whereas now we are only beholden to them for their *Fear*. The Miſeries of

the laſt War are yet too freſh in all Mens Memory: And they are *not* Rebels only becauſe they have been ſo *too lately*. An Author of theirs has told us roundly the *Weſt-Country Proverb*; *Chud eat more Cheeſe and chad it*: Their Stomach is as good as ever it was; but the Miſchief on't is, they are either *muzzled*, or want their *Teeth*. If there were as many *Fanaticks* now in *England*, as there were *Chriſtians* in the *Empire*, when *Julian* reign'd, I doubt we ſhould not find them much inclin'd to *Paſſive Obedience*; and *Curſe ye Meroz* wou'd be oftner preach'd upon, than *Give to Cæſar*, except in the Senſe Mr. *Hunt* means it.

Having clearly ſhown wherein the *Parallel* conſiſted, which no Man can miſtake, who does not wilfully; I need not juſtify my ſelf, in what concerns the ſacred Perſon of his Majeſty. Neither the *French Hiſtory*, nor our own could have ſupplied me, nor *Plutarch* himſelf, were he now alive, could have found a *Greek* or *Roman* to have compared to him, in that eminent Virtue of his *Clemency*; even his Enemies muſt acknowledge it to be *Superlative*, becauſe they live by it. Far be it from Flattery, if I ſay, that there is nothing under Heaven, which can furniſh me with a *Parallel*; and that in his *Mercy*, he is of all Men the *Trueſt Image* of his *Maker*.

Henry the Third was a Prince of a *mix'd Character*; he had, as an old *Hiſtorian* ſays of another, *Magnas Virtutes, nec minora Vitia*: But amongſt thoſe Virtues, I do not find his *forgiving Qualities* to be much celebrated. That he was deeply engaged in the bloody *Maſſacre* of St. *Bartholomew*, is notoriouſly known: And if the Relation printed in the *Memoirs of Villeroy* be true, he confeſſes there that the *Admiral* having brought him and the Queen-Mother into Suſpicion with his Brother then reigning, for endeavouring to leſſen his Authority, and draw it to themſelves, he firſt deſign'd his Accuſer's Death by *Maurevel*, who ſhot him with a *Carabine*, but fail'd to kill him; after which, he puſh'd on the *King* to that *dreadful Revenge*, which immediately ſucceeded. 'Tis true, the Provocations were high, there had been reiterated Rebellions, but a Peace was now concluded: it was ſolemnly

ſworn

ſworn to by *both Parties*, and as great an Aſſurance of *Safety* given to the *Proteſtants*, as the *Word of a King and publick Inſtruments* could make it. Therefore the Puniſhment was execrable, and it pleas'd God, (if we may dare to judge of his ſecret Providence) to cut off that King in the very Flower of his Youth, to blaſt his Succeſſor in his Undertakings, to raiſe againſt him the Duke of *Guiſe*, the Complotter and Executioner of that inhumane Action (who by the Divine Juſtice, fell afterwards into the ſame Snare which he had laid for others) and finally, to die a violent Death himſelf, murther'd by a *Prieſt*, an *Enthuſiaſt* of *his own Religion*. From theſe Premiſſes, let it be concluded, if reaſonably it can, that we could draw a *Parallel*, where the Lines were ſo diametrically oppoſite. We were indeed obliged by the Laws of Poetry, to caſt into *Shadows* the *Vices* of this *Prince*; for an excellent Critick has lately told us, that *when a KING is nam'd, a HEROE is ſuppos'd*: 'Tis a Reverence due to Majeſty, to make the Virtues as conſpicuous, and the Vices as obſcure as we can poſſibly. And this we own, we have either perform'd, or at leaſt endeavour'd. But if we were more favourable to that Character than the Exactneſs of Hiſtory would allow, we have been far from diminiſhing a *Greater*, by drawing it into Compariſon. You may ſee through the whole Conduct of the Play, a *King* naturally *ſevere*, and a *Reſolution* carried on to *revenge* himſelf to the uttermoſt on the *Rebellious Conſpirators*. That this was ſometimes ſhaken by Reaſons of Policy and Pity, is confeſs'd; but it always return'd with greater Force, and ended at laſt in the Ruin of his Enemies. In the mean time we cannot but obſerve the wonderful Loyaltv on the *other* Side; that the *Play* was to be ſtopp'd, becauſe the *King* was *repreſented*. May we have many ſuch Proofs of their Duty and Reſpect: But there was no Occaſion for them here. 'Tis to be ſuppos'd, that His Majeſty himſelf was made acquainted with this Objection; if he were ſo, he was the ſupream and only Judge of it; and then the Event juſtifies us: If it were ſuſpected only by thoſe whom he commanded, 'tis hard if his own Officers and Servants ſhould not ſee as much Ill in it as other Men, and

be as willing to prevent it; eſpecially when there was no Sollicitation us'd to have it Acted. 'Tis known that Noble Perſon to whom it was referr'd, is a ſevere Critick on good Senſe, Decency, and Morality; and I can aſſure the World, that the Rules of *Horace* are more familiar to *him*, than they are to *me*. He remembers too well that the *vetus Comœdia* was baniſh'd from the *Athenian Theatre* for its too much Licence in repreſenting Perſons, and would never have pardon'd it in this or any Play.

What Opinion *Henry the Third* had of his *Succeſſor*, is evident from the Words he ſpoke upon his *Death-Bed: He exhorted the Nobility* (ſays *Davila*) *to acknowledge the King of* Navarre, *to whom the Kingdom of Right belong'd: and that they ſhould not ſtick at the Difference of Religion: for both the King of* Navarre, *a Man of a ſincere noble Nature, would in the End return into the Boſom of the Church, and the Pope being better inform'd, would receive him into his Favour to prevent the Ruin of the whole Kingdom.* I hope I ſhall not need in this Quotation to defend my ſelf, as if it were my Opinion, that the Pope has any Right to diſpoſe of Kingdoms: my Meaning is evident, that the King's Judgment of his Brother-in-Law, was the ſame which I have copied: And I muſt farther add from *Davila*, that the Arguments I have uſed in Defence of that *Succeſſion*, were chiefly drawn from the King's Anſwer to the Deputies, as they may be ſeen more at large in Pages 730, and 731. of the Firſt Edition of that Hiſtory in *Engliſh:* There the Three Eſtates, to the Wonder of all Men, jointly concurr'd in cutting off the *Succeſſion*; the Clergy, who were manag'd by the Arch-Biſhop of *Lyons* and Cardinal of *Guiſe*, were the firſt who promoted it; and the Commons and Nobility afterwards conſented, as referring themſelves (ſays our Author) to the *Clergy*; ſo that there was only the *King* to ſtand in the Gap; and he by Artifice diverted that Storm which was breaking upon Poſterity.

The Crown was then reduced to the loweſt Ebb of its Authority; and the King, in a manner, ſtood ſingle, and yet preſerv'd his *Negative entire*: But if the Clergy and

and Nobility had been on his Part of the Balance, it might reaſonably be ſuppos'd, that the meeting of thoſe Eſtates at *Blois* had heal'd the Breaches of the Nation, and not forc'd him to the *Ratio ultima Regum*, which is never to be *prais*'d, nor is it here, but only *excus'd* as the laſt Reſult of his Neceſſity. As for the *Parallel* betwixt the King of *Navarre*, and any other Prince now living, what Likeneſs the God of Nature, and the Deſcent of Virtues in the ſame Channel have produced, is evident: I have only to ſay, that the Nation certainly is happy where the Royal Virtues of the Progenitors are deriv'd on their Deſcendants.

In that Scene, 'tis true, there is but *One* of the *Three Eſtates mention'd*; but the *Other two* are virtually *included*; for the *Arch-Biſhop* and *Cardinal* are at the Head of the *Deputies*: And that the *reſt* are *mute Perſons*, every Critick underſtands the Reaſon, *ne quarta loqui perſona laboret*; I am never willing to cumber the Stage with many Speakers, when I can reaſonably avoid it; as here I might. And what if I had a Mind to paſs over the Clergy and Nobility of *France* in Silence, and to excuſe them from joyning in ſo *illegal* and ſo *ungodly* a *Decree*? Am I ty'd in *Poetry*, to the ſtrict Rules of *Hiſtory*? I have follow'd it in this Play more cloſely, than ſuited with the Laws of the *Drama*, and a great Victory they will have, who ſhall diſcover to the World this wonderful Secret, that I have not obſerv'd the Unities of *Place* and *Time*; but are they better kept in the *Farce* of the *Libertine deſtroy'd*? 'Twas our common Buſineſs here to draw the *Parallel* of the Times, and not to make an *Exact Tragedy*: For this once we were reſolv'd to err with honeſt *Shakeſpear*: Neither can *Catiline* or *Sejanus*, (written by the great Maſter of our Art) ſtand excus'd any more than we, from this Exception: But if *we* muſt be *criticis'd*, ſome Plays of our *Adverſaries* may be expos'd, and let them reckon their Gains when the Diſpute is ended. I am accus'd of *Ignorance*, for ſpeaking of the *Third Eſtate*, as *not ſitting in the ſame Houſe with the other Two*: Let not thoſe Gentlemen miſtake themſelves, there are many Things in *Plays* to be accommodated to the Country in which we live; I

ſpoke to the Underſtanding of an *Engliſh Audience*; *Our Three Eſtates* now ſit, and have long done ſo, in *Two Houſes*; but our *Records* bear Witneſs, that they, according to the *French Cuſtom*, have ſate in One; that is, the *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal within* the *Barr*, and the *Commons* without it. If that Cuſtom had been ſtill continued here, it ſhould have been ſo repreſented; but being otherwiſe, I was forc'd to write ſo as to be underſtood by our own Countrymen. If theſe be Errors, a *bigger* Poet than either of us two has fallen into greater, and the Proofs are ready, whenever the Suit ſhall be recommenc'd.

Mr. *Hunt*, the *Jehu* of the Party, begins very furiouſly with me, and ſays, I have already *condemn'd the Charter and City*, and have *executed the Magiſtrates in Effigie upon the Stage, in a Play call'd the* Duke of Guiſe, *frequently acted, and applauded, &c.*

Compare the latter End of this Sentence with what the *Two Authors of the Reflections*, or perhaps the *Aſſociating Club* of the *Devil-Tavern* write in the Beginning of their Libel. *Never was Mountain deliver'd of ſuch a Mouſe: the fierceſt* Tories *have been aſham'd to defend this Piece: They who have any Sparks of Wit among them are ſo true to their Pleaſure, that they will not ſuffer Dulneſs to paſs upon them for Wit, nor Tediouſneſs for Diverſion: Which is the Reaſon that this Piece has not met with the expected Applauſe: I never ſaw a Play more deficient in Wit, good Characters or Entertainment, than this is.*

For Shame, Gentlemen, pack your Evidence a little better againſt another Time: You ſee, *My Lord Chief Baron* has deliver'd his Opinion, That *the Play was frequently Acted and applauded:* but you of the *Jury* have found *Ignoramus*, on the *Wit* and the *Succeſs* of it. *Oates*, *Dugdale* and *Turberville*, never diſagreed *more* than you do; let us know at laſt, which of the Witneſſes are *True Proteſtants*, and which are *Iriſh*. But it ſeems your Authors had contrary Deſigns: Mr. *Hunt* thought fit to ſay, it was *frequently Acted and applauded, becauſe*, ſays he, *it was intended to provoke the Rabble into Tumults and Diſorder*. Now if it were not ſeen frequently, this Argument

ment would loſe ſomewhat of its Force. The *Reflectors* Buſineſs went another Way, it was to be allow'd *no Reputation, no Succeſs*, but to be damn'd Root and Branch, to prevent the Prejudice it might do their Party; accordingly, as much as in them lay, they have drawn a Bill of *Excluſion* for it on the *Stage*; but what *Rabble* was it to provoke? Are the *Audience* of a *Play-Houſe* (which are generally Perſons of Honour, Noblemen and Ladies, or at worſt, as one of your Authors calls his Gallants, *Men of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town*) are *theſe* the *Rabble* of Mr. *Hunt?* I have ſeen a *Rabble* at Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*'s Night, and have heard of ſuch a Name, as *True Proteſtant Meeting-Houſes*; but a *Rabble* is not to be provoked, where it never comes. Indeed, we had one in this Tragedy, but it was upon the *Stage*; and that's the Reaſon why your *Reflectors* would break the Glaſs, which has ſhewed them their own Faces. The Buſineſs of the *Theatre*, is to expoſe *Vice* and *Folly*; to diſſwade Men by Examples from one, and to ſhame them out of the other. And however you may pervert our good Intentions, it was here particularly to reduce Men to Loyalty, by ſhewing the pernicious Conſequences of Rebellion, and popular Inſurrections. I believe no Man, who loves the Government, would be glad to ſee the *Rabble* in ſuch a Poſture, as they were repreſented in our Play: But if the *Tragedy* had ended on *your Side*, the *Play* had been a *Loyal Witty Poem*, the Succeſs of it ſhould have been recorded by Immortal *Og* or *Doeg*, and the *Rabble Scene* ſhould have been *True Proteſtant*, though a *Whigg-Devil* were at the *Head* of it.

In the mean Time, pray, where lies the Relation betwixt the *Tragedy of the Duke of Guiſe*, and the *Charter of London?* Mr. *Hunt* has found a rare Connection, for he tacks them together, by the Kicking of the *Sheriffs*: That Chain of Thought was a little ominous, for ſomething like a Kicking has ſucceeded the Printing of his *Book*; and the *Charter of London* was the *Quarrel*. For my Part I have not Law enough to ſtate that Queſtion, much leſs decide it; let the *Charter* ſhift for it ſelf in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, the Government is ſomewhat wiſer,

than

than to imploy my Ignorance on ſuch a Subject; my Promiſe to honeſt *Nat. Lee*, was the only Bribe I had, to ingage me in this Trouble; for which he has the good Fortune to eſcape *Scot-free*, and I am left in Pawn for the Reckoning, who had the leaſt Share in the Entertainment. But the Riſing, it ſeems, ſhould have been on the *True Proteſtant Side*; *for he has tryed*, ſays Ingenious Mr. *Hunt*, *what he could do, towards making the Charter forfeitable, by ſome Extravagancy and Diſorder of the People.* A wiſe Man I had been doubtleſs for my Pains, to raiſe the *Rabble* to a *Tumult*, where I had been certainly one of the firſt Men whom they had *limb'd*, or *dragg'd* to the next convenient *Sign-Poſt*.

But on ſecond Thought, he ſays, this ought not to move the Citizens: He is much in the Right; for the *Rabble Scene* was written on Purpoſe to keep his Party of them in the Bounds of *Duty*. 'Tis the Buſineſs of factious Men to ſtir up the Populace: Sir *Edmond on Horſe-Back*, attended by a *Swinging Pope in Effigie, and Forty Thouſand True Proteſtants* for his Guard to Execution, are a Show more proper for that Deſign, than a *Thouſand Stage-Plays*.

Well, he has fortified his Opinion with a Reaſon, however, why the People ſhould not be moved; *becauſe I have ſo maliciouſly and miſchievouſly repreſented the King, and the King's Son; nay, and his Favourite* (ſaith he) *the Duke too; to whom I give the worſt Strokes of my unlucky Fancy.*

This need not be anſwered, for 'tis already manifeſt, That neither the King, nor the King's Son are repreſented; neither that Son he means, nor any of the reſt, God bleſs them all. What Strokes of my unlucky Fancy I have given to His Royal Highneſs, will be ſeen, and it will be ſeen alſo, who ſtrikes him worſt and moſt unluckily.

The Duke of Guiſe, he tells us, *ought to have repreſented a great Prince, that had inſerv'd to ſome moſt deteſtable Villainy, to pleaſe the Rage or Luſt of a Tyrant; ſuch great Courtiers have been often ſacrificed, to appeaſe the Furies of the Tyrant's guilty Conſcience; to expiate for his Sin, and to attone the*

the People. For a Tyrant ſtands naturally in Fear of ſuch wicked Miniſters, is obnoxious to them, aw'd by them, and they drag him to greater Evils, for their own Impunity, than they perpetrated for his Pleaſure, and their own Ambition.

Sure, he ſaid not all this for nothing; I would know of him, on what Perſons he would fix the Sting of this ſharp Satyr? *What two* they are, whom, to uſe his own Words, he *ſo maliciouſly and miſchievouſly would repreſent.* For my Part, I dare not underſtand the Villainy of his Meaning; but Somebody was to have been ſhown a *Tyrant*, and ſome other *a great Prince, inſerving to ſome Deteſtable Villainy, and to that Tyrant's Rage and Luſt*; this great *Prince* or *Courtier* ought to be *ſacrificed*, to attone the *People*, and the *Tyrant* is perſwaded, for his own Intereſt, to give him up to *publick Juſtice*. I ſay no more, but that he has ſtudied the Law to good Purpoſe. He is dancing on the Rope without a *Metaphor*, his Knowledge of the Law is the Staff that poizes him, and ſaves his Neck. The *Party* indeed ſpeaks out ſometimes, for Wickedneſs is not always ſo wiſe, as to be ſecret, eſpecially when it is driven to Deſpair. By ſome of their Diſcourſes, we may gueſs at whom he points; but he has fenc'd himſelf in with ſo many Evaſions, that he is ſafe in his Sacrilege; and he who dares to anſwer him, may become obnoxious. 'Tis true, he breaks a little out of the Clouds, within two Paragraphs; for there he tells you, that *Caius Cæſar (to give unto* Cæſar, *the Things that are* Cæſar's*) Was in the* Catiline Conſpiracy; a fine Inſinuation this, to be ſneer'd at by his Party, and yet not to be taken Hold of by *publick Juſtice:* They would be glad now, that I or any Man, ſhould bolt out their Covert Treaſon for them: For their Loop-Hole is ready, that the *Cæſar* here ſpoken of, was a private Man. But the Application of the Text, declares the Author's to be *another Cæſar*, which is ſo black and ſo infamous an Aſperſion, that nothing leſs than the higheſt Clemency can leave it unpuniſh'd. I could reflect on his Ignorance in this Place, for attributing theſe Words to *Cæſar*, *He that is*

not

not with us, is againſt us: He ſeems to have miſtaken them out of the *New Teſtament*, and that's the beſt Defence I can make for him; for if he did it knowingly, 'twas impiouſly done, to put our *Saviour's Words* into *Cæſar's* Mouth. But *His Law* and *Our Goſpel*, are *two Things*; this Gentleman's *Knowledge* is not of the *Bible*, any more than his *Practice* is *according* to it. He tells you, he will give the World a Taſte of my *Atheiſm* and *Impiety*; for which he quotes theſe following Verſes, in the Second or Third Act of the Duke of *Guiſe*.

For Conſcience or Heaven's Fear, religious Rules
Are all State Bells, to toll in pious Fools.

In the firſt Place, he is miſtaken in his *Man*, for the Verſes are not *mine*, but Mr, *Lee*'s: I aſk'd him concerning them, and have this Account, that they were ſpoken by the *Devil*; now, what can either *Whig* or *Devil* ſay, more proper to their *Character*, than *Religion* is only a *Name*, a *Stalking-Horſe*, as errant a *Property*, as *Godlineſs* and *Property themſelves* are amongſt *their Party*? Yet for theſe two Lines, which, in the Mouth that ſpeaks them, are of no Offence, he hallooes on the whole Pack againſt me: *Judge*, *Juſtice*, *Surrogate*, and *Official* are to be employed, at his Suit, to direct *Proceſs*; and boring through the *Tongue* for *Blaſphemy*, is the leaſt Puniſhment his *Charity* will allow me.

I find 'tis happy for me, that he was not made a *Judge*, and yet I had as lieve have him my *Judge* as my Council, if my Life were at Stake. My poor Lord *Stafford* was well help'd up with this Gentleman for his Solicitor; no Doubt, he gave that unfortunate Nobleman moſt admirable Advice towards the *ſaving* of his Life; and would have rejoyc'd exceedingly, to have ſeen him clear'd. I think, I have diſprov'd his Inſtance of my *Atheiſm*, it remains for him to juſtify *his Religion*, in putting the Words of *Chriſt* into a *Heathen*'s Mouth: And much more in his prophane Alluſion to the *Scripture*, in the other Text; *Give unto* Cæſar, *the Things that are* Cæſar's; which, if it be not a Profanation of the Bible, for the Sake of a *ſilly Witticiſm*, let all Men, but his own Party, judge. I am not malicious enough

to

to return him the Names which he has call'd me; but of all Sins, I thank God, I have always abhorr'd *Atheism:* And I had Need be a *better Chriſtian* than Mr. *Hunt* has ſhown himſelf, if I forgive him ſo infamous a *Slander*.

But as he has miſtaken *our Saviour* for *Julius Cæſar*, ſo he would *Pompey* too, if he were let alone: To him, and to his *Cauſe*, or to the like Cauſe it belong'd, he ſays, to uſe theſe Words, *he that is not with us, is againſt us.* I find he cares not whoſe the Expreſſion is, ſo it be not Chriſt's. But how comes *Pompey the Great* to be a *Whig?* He was indeed, a Defender of the Antient Eſtabliſh'd *Roman Government*, but *Cæſar* was the *Whig* who took up Arms unlawfully to *ſubvert* it. Our *Liberties* and our *Religion* both are ſafe, they are ſecur'd to us by the *Laws*, and thoſe *Laws* are executed under an *Eſtabliſh'd Government*, by a *Lawful King*. The *Defender* of our *Faith*, is the *Defender* of our *Common Freedom*; to *Cabal*, to *Write*, to *Rail* againſt this Adminiſtration, are all *Endeavours* to deſtroy the *Government*; and to oppoſe the *Succeſſion*, in any private Man, is a *Treaſonable Practice* againſt the *Foundation* of it. *Pompey* very honourably maintain'd the *Liberty* of his Country, which was govern'd by a *Common-Wealth:* So that there lies no *Parallel* betwixt his *Cauſe* and Mr. *Hunt*'s, except in the bare Notion of a *Common-Wealth*, as it is oppos'd to *Monarchy:* And that's the Thing he would obliquely ſlur upon us. Yet on theſe Premiſſes, he is for ordering my *Lord Chief Juſtice* to grant out *Warrants* againſt all thoſe who have *applauded the Duke of* Guiſe; as if they committed a *Riot* when they *Clapp'd:* I ſuppoſe they paid for their Places, as well as he and his Party did, who Hiſs'd. If he were not *half diſtracted*, for not being *Lord Chief Baron*, methinks he ſhould be Lawyer enough to adviſe my Lord Chief Juſtice better. To *Clap* and *Hiſs* are the Privileges of a *Free-born Subject* in a *Play-Houſe:* They buy them with their Money, and their Hands and Mouths are their own Property: It belongs to the *Maſter of the Revels*, to ſee that no *Treaſon* or *Immorality* be in the *Play*; but when 'tis *Acted*, let every Man like or diſlike freely: Not but that

that Reſpect ſhould be us'd too, in the Preſence of the King, for by His *Permiſſion* the *Actors* are allow'd: 'Tis due to his *Perſon*, as he is *Sacred*, and to the Succeſſors, as being next related to him: There are Opportunities enow for Men to Hiſs, who are ſo diſpos'd, in their Abſence: For when the King is in Sight, though but by Accident, a Malefactor is repriev'd from Death: Yet ſuch is the Duty, and good Manners of theſe good Subjects, that they forbore not ſome Rudeneſs in his Majeſty's Preſence; but when his Royal Highneſs and his Court were only there, they puſh'd it as far as their Malice had Power: and if their Party had been more numerous, the Affront had been the greater.

The next Paragraph of our Authors, is a Panegyrick on the Duke of *Monmouth*, which concerns not me, who am very far from detracting from him: The Obligations I have had to him, were thoſe of his Countenance, his Favour, his good Word, and his Eſteem; all which I have likewiſe had in a greater Meaſure from his Excellent Dutcheſs, the Patroneſs of my poor unworthy Poetry. If I had not greater, the Fault was never in their Want of Goodneſs to me, but in my own Backwardneſs to aſk, which has always, and I believe will ever, keep me from riſing in the World. Let this be enough, with reaſonable Men, to clear me from the Imputation of an ungrateful Man, with which my Enemies have moſt unjuſtly tax'd me. If I am a Mercenary Scribler, the Lords Commiſſioners of the Treaſury beſt know: I am ſure, they have found me no importunate Solicitor: For I know my ſelf, I deſerv'd little, and therefore have never deſir'd much. I return that Slander with juſt Diſdain on my Accuſers; 'tis for Men who have ill Conſciences to ſuſpect others: I am reſolv'd to ſtand or fall with the Cauſe of God, my King and Country; never to trouble my ſelf for any railing Aſperſions which I have not deſerv'd, and to leave it as a Portion to my Children, that they had a Father, who durſt do his Duty, and was neither covetous nor mercenary.

As little am I concern'd at that Imputation of my Back-Friends, that I have confeſs'd my ſelf to be put on

to

to write as I do: If they mean this Play in particular, that is notoriouſly prov'd againſt them to be falſe: For the reſt of my Writings, my Hatred of their Practices and Principles was Cauſe enough to expoſe them as I have done, and will do more. I do not think as they do; for if I did, I muſt think *Treaſon*: But I muſt in Conſcience write as I do, becauſe I *know*, which is more than *Thinking*, that I write for a *Lawful Eſtabliſh'd Government*, againſt *Anarchy*, *Innovation*, and *Sedition*: But *theſe Lyes* (as Prince *Harry* ſaid to *Falſtaffe*) *are as groſs as he that made them*. More I need not ſay, for I am accus'd without Witneſs. I fear nor any of their *Evidences*, not even him of *Salamanca*; who though he has diſown'd his *Doctorſhip* in *Spain*, yet there are ſome allow him to have taken a certain *Degree* in *Italy*; a Climate, they ſay, more proper for his *Maſculine Conſtitution*. To conclude this ridiculous Accuſation againſt me, I know but four Men in their whole Party to whom I have ſpoken for above this Year laſt paſt: and with them neither but caſually and curſorily. We have been Acquaintance of a long Standing, many Years before this accurſed Plot divided Men into ſeveral Parties: I dare call them to witneſs, whether the moſt I have at any Time ſaid, will amount to more than this, that *I hop'd the Time would come when theſe Names of* Whig *and* Tory *would ceaſe among us; and that we might live together, as we had done formerly*. I have ſince this Pamphlet met accidentally with two of them; and I am ſure, they are ſo far from being my Accuſers, that they have ſeverally own'd to me, that all Men who eſpouſe a Party, muſt expect to be blacken'd by the contrary Side: That themſelves knew nothing of it, nor of the *Authors* of the *Reflections*. It remains therefore to be conſider'd, whether, if I were as much a *Knave* as they wou'd make me, I am *Fool* enough to be guilty of this Charge: And whether they who rais'd it, would have made it publick, if they had thought I was theirs inwardly. For 'tis plain they are glad of worſe Scriblers than I am, and maintain them too, as I could prove, if I envy'd them their miſerable Subſiſtence. I ſay no more, but

let

let my Actions ſpeak for me: *Spectemur agendo*, that's the Tryal.

Much leſs am I concern'd at the noble Name of *Bayes*; that's a *Brat* ſo like his own *Father*, that he cannot be miſtaken for any other Body: They might as reaſonably have call'd *Tom Sternhold*, *Virgil*, and the Reſemblance would have held as well.

As for *Knave*, and *Sycophant*, and *Raſcal*, and *Impudent*, and *Devil*, and *Old Serpent*, and a thouſand ſuch Good-morrows, I take them to be only Names of Parties: And cou'd return *Murtherer*, and *Cheat*, and *Whig-Napper*, and *Sodomite*; and in ſhort, the goodly Number of the *ſeven deadly Sins*, with all their Kindred and Relations, which are Names of *Parties* too; but *Saints* will be *Saints* in Spight of Villainy. I believe they wou'd paſs themſelves upon us for ſuch a *Compound* as *Mithridate*, or *Venice-Treacle*; as if Whiggiſm were an admirable *Cordial* in the *Maſs*, though the ſeveral *Ingredients* are rank *Poiſons*.

But if I think either Mr. *Hunt* a *Villain*, or know any of my *Reflectors* to be *ungrateful Rogues*, I do not owe them ſo much Kindneſs as to call them ſo; for I am ſatisfied that to prove them either, would but recommend them to their own Party. Yet if ſome will needs make a *Merit* of their *Infamy*, and provoke a *Legend* of their *ſordid Lives*, I think they muſt be gratify'd at laſt; and though I will not take the *Scavenger*'s Employment from him, yet I may be perſwaded to *point* at ſome Mens Doors, who have Heaps of Filth before them. But this muſt be when they have a little anger'd me; for hitherto I am provok'd no further than to ſmile at them. And indeed, to look upon the whole Faction in a Lump, never was a more pleaſant Sight than to behold theſe Builders of a New *Babel*, how ridiculous they are mix'd, and what a rare Confuſion there is amongſt them. One Part of them is carrying Stone and Mortar for the building of a *Meeting-Houſe*; another Sort underſtand not that Language; they are for ſnatching away their Work-fellows Materials to ſet up a *Bawdy-Houſe*: Some of them *blaſpheme*, and

and others *pray*; and both I believe with equal Godliness at Bottom: Some of them are *Atheists*, some *Sectaries*, yet *ALL True Protestants*. *Most* of them love *all Whores*, but her of *Babylon*. In few Words, any Man may be what he will, so he be one of *Them*. 'Tis enough to despise the *King*, to hate the *Duke*, and rail at the *Succession*: After this 'tis no Matter how a Man lives; he is a *Saint* by *Infection*; he goes along with the *Party*, has their *Mark* upon him; his *Wickedness* is no more than *Frailty*: *their Righteousness* is *imputed* to him: So that as *ignorant Rogues* go out *Doctors* when a *Prince* comes to an *University*, they hope at *the last Day*, to take their *Degree* in a Crowd of *True Protestants*, and thrust unheeded into Heaven.

'Tis a Credit to be be rail'd at by such Men as these. The *Charter-man* in the very *Title-page*, where he hangs out the *Cloth* of the *City* before his Book, gives it for his *Motto*, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; as if he shou'd have said, *You have a Mind to be cozen'd, and the Devil give you Good on't*: If I cry a *Sir-Reverence*, and you take it for *Honey*, make the best of your *Bargain*. For Shame, good Christians, can you suffer such a Man to *serve*, when you see his Design is upon your *Purses*? He is contented to expose the *Ears Representative* of your *Party* on the *Pillory*, and is in a Way of doing you more Service than a worn-out Witness, who can hang Nobody hereafter but himself. He tells you *the Papists clap their Hands in the Hopes they conceive of the Ruin of your Government*: Does not this *single Syllable YOUR* deserve a *Pension*, if he can *prove* the *Government* to be *Yours*, and that the *King* has *nothing* to do in *your Republick*? He continues, as if that were as sure and certain to Them, as it is to Us, without Doubt, that they (the *Papists*) once fired the City, just as certain in your own Conscience. I wish the Papists had no more to answer for, than that Accusation: Pray let it be put to the *Vote*, and resolv'd upon the *Question*, by your *whole Party*, that the *North-East Wind* is not only *ill-affected* to Man and Beast, but is also a *Tory* or *Tantivy Papist* in *Masquerade*. I am satisfy'd, not to have

so

ſo much Art left me, as to frame any thing agreeable, or veriſimilar, but 'tis plain that he has, and therefore, as I ought in Juſtice, I reſign my *Lawrel*, and my *Bays* too, to Mr. *Hunt*; 'tis he ſets up for the Poet now; and has the only Art to *amuſe* and to *deceive the People*. You may ſee how profound his Knowledge is in *Poetry*; for he tells you juſt before, *that my Heroes are commonly ſuch Monſters as* Theſeus *and* Hercules; *renown'd throughout all Ages for deſtroying*. Now *Theſeus* and *Hercules* you know, have been the *Heroes* of *all Poets*, and have been renown'd through all Ages, for *deſtroying Monſters*, for *ſuccouring* the *Diſtreſſed*, and for putting to *Death inhumane arbitrary Tyrants*. Is this your *Oracle?* If he were to write the Acts and Monuments of *Whig Heroes*, I find they ſhould be quite contrary to mine: *Deſtroyers indeed*, but of a *Lawful Government*; *Murtherers*, but of their *Fellow-Subjects*; *Lovers*, as *Hercules* was of *Hylas*; with a Journey at laſt to *Hell*, like that of *Theſeus*.

But mark the wiſe Conſequences of our Author. I *have not*, ſays he, *ſo much Art left me to make any thing agreeable, or verſimilar, wherewith to amuſe or deceive the People:* And yet in the very *next Paragraph*, my Province is to *corrupt the Manners of the Nation, and lay waſte their Morals, and my Endeavours are more happily apply'd, to extinguiſh the littſe Remainder of the Virtue of the Age.* Now I am to perform all this it ſeems, without making any Thing *veriſimilar* or *agreeable:* Why, *Pharaoh* never ſet the *Iſraelites* ſuch a Task, to build *Pyramids* without *Brick* or *Straw*. If the Fool knows it not, *Verſimilitude* and *Agreeableneſs*, are the very Tools to do it; but I am willing to diſclaim them both, rather than to uſe them to ſo ill Purpoſe as he has done.

Yet even this their Celebrated Writer knows no more of *Style* and *Engliſh* than the *Northern Dedicator*. As if *Dulneſs* and *Clumſineſs* were fatal to the *Name* of *TO M.* 'Tis true, he is a *Fool* in *three Languages* more than the *Poet*, for they ſay, he underſtands *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, from all which, to my certain Knowledge, I acquit the other. *Og* may write againſt the King, if he pleaſes, ſo long as he *drinks* for him, and his *Writings* will never

ever do the Government ſo much *Harm*, as his *Drinking* does it *Good:* For true Subjects will not be much perverted by his *Libels*; but the Wine-*Duties* riſe conſiderably by his *Claret*. He has often call'd me an *Atheiſt* in Print; I would believe more charitably of him; and that he only goes the *broad Way*, becauſe the other is too *narrow* for him. He may ſee by this, I do not delight to meddle with his Courſe of *Life*, and his *Immoralities*, though I have a long *Bead-Roll* of them. I have hitherto contented my ſelf with the *Ridiculous* Part of him, which is enough in all Conſcience to employ one Man: Even without the Story of his late Fall at the *Old Devil*, where he *broke no Ribs*, becauſe the Hardneſs of the *Stairs* could reach *no Bones*; and for my Part, I do not wonder how he came to *fall*, for I have always known him heavy; the Miracle is, how he got *up again*. I have heard of a *Sea-Captain* as *fat* as he, who to 'ſcape Arreſts, would lay himſelf flat upon the Ground, and let the *Bailiffs* carry him to *Priſon*, if they cou'd. If a Meſſenger or two, nay, we may put in three or four, ſhould come, he has friendly Advertiſement how to 'ſcape them. But to leave him, who is not worth any further Conſideration, now I have done laughing at him, Wou'd every Man knew his own Talent, and that they who are only born for *drinking*, wou'd let both *Poetry* and *Proſe* alone.

I am weary with tracing the Abſurdities and Miſtakes of our great Lawyer, ſome of which indeed are *wilful*; as where he calls the *Trimmers*, the *more moderate Sort of Tories*. It ſeems thoſe Politicians are odious to both Sides; for neither own them to be theirs. We know them, and ſo does he too in his Conſcience, to be *ſecret Whigs*, if they are any Thing. But now the Deſigns of *Whigiſm* are openly diſcover'd, they tack about to ſave a Stake, that is, they will not be Villains to their own Ruin. While the Government was to be deſtroyed, and there was Probability of compaſſing it, no Men were ſo violent as they; but ſince their *Fortunes* are in Hazard by the *Law*, and their *Places at Court* by the *King's Diſpleaſure*, they pull in their Horns, and talk more peaceably; in Order, I ſuppoſe, to their Vehemence on the right Side, if they were to be believ'd. For in laying of Colours,

lours, they obſerve a *Medium*; Black and White are too far diſtant to be plac'd directly by one another, without ſome Shadowings to ſoften their Contrarieties. 'Tis *Mariana* I think (but am not certain) that makes the following Relation; and let the noble Family of *Trimmers* read their own Fortune in it. *Don Pedro, King of* Caſtile, *Sirnam'd* the Cruel, *who had been reſtor'd by the Valour of our* Edward the Black Prince, *was finally diſpoſſeſs'd by* Don Henry the Baſtard, *and he enjoyed the Kingdom quietly, 'till his Death; which, when he felt approaching, he call'd his Son to him, and gave him his laſt Counſel. I have,* ſaid he, *gain'd this Kinghom, which I leave you, by the Sword; for the Right of Inheritance was in* Don Pedro; *but the Favour of the People, who hated my Brother for his Tyranny, was to me inſtead of Title. You are now to be the peaceable Poſſeſſor of what I have unjuſtly gotten: and your Subjects are compos'd of theſe three Sorts of Men. One Party eſpous'd my Brother's Quarrel, which was the undoubted Lawful Cauſe; thoſe, though they were my Enemies, were Men of Principle and Honour: Cheriſh them, and exalt them into Places of Truſt about you, for in them you may confide ſafely, who priz'd their* Fidelity *above their* Fortune. *Another Sort, are they who fought my Cauſe againſt* Don Pedro; *to thoſe you are indeed oblig'd, becauſe of the accidental Good they did me, for they intended only their* private Benefit, *and help'd to raiſe me, that I might afterwards promote them: You may continue them in their Offices, if you pleaſe; but truſt them no farther than you are forc'd; for what they did, was againſt their Conſcience. But there is a third Sort, which during the whole Wars, were Neuters; let them be cruſh'd on all Occaſions, for* their Buſineſs *was only* their own Security. *They had neither Courage enough to engage on my Side, nor Conſcience enough to help their Lawful Sovereign:* **Therefore let them be made Examples, as the worſt Sort of intereſted Men, which certainly are Enemies to both, and would be profitable to neither.**

I have only a dark Remembrance of this Story, and have not the *Spaniſh* Author by me, but I think, I am not much miſtaken in the Main of it: And whether true

e or falſe, the Counſel given, I am ſure, is ſuch, as ght, in common Prudence, to be practis'd againſt *Trim-ers*, whether the *Lawful* or *Unlawful* Cauſe *prevail*. *yal* Men may juſtly be diſpleas'd with this *Party*, not r their *Moderation*, at Mr. *Hunt* inſinuates; but becauſe der the Mask of *ſeeming Mildneſs*, there lies hidden, ther a deep *Treachery*, or at beſt, an *intereſſed Luke-armneſs*. But he runs Riot into almoſt Treaſonable Ex-reſſions, as if *Trimmers were hated becauſe they are not rfectly wicked, or perfectly deceiv'd, of the* Catiline lake, *bold, and without Underſtanding, that can adhere Men that publickly profeſs Murthers, and applaud the Deſign*: By all which villainous Names, he opprobrious-y calls His Majeſty's moſt *loyal Subjects*; as if Men muſt *e perfectly wicked* who endeavour to ſupport a *lawful Government*; or *perfectly deceiv'd*, who on no Occaſion re take up Arms againſt their *Sovereign*: As if *ac-nowledging* the *Right* of *Succeſſion*, and *reſolving* to *main-ain* it in the *Line*, were to be in a *Catiline Conſpiracy*; nd at laſt, (which is ridiculous enough, after ſo much rious Treaſon) as if to *clap the Duke of Guiſe*, were to *dhere to Men that publickly profeſs Murthers, and applaud he Deſign of the Aſſaſſinating Poets*.

But together with his *Villainies*, pray let his *Incohe-nces* be obſerv'd. He commends the *Trimmers*, (at leaſt citly excuſes them) for Men of ſome *Moderation*; and his in Oppoſition to the Inſtruments of Wickedneſs of he *Catiline* Make, that are *reſolute* and *forward*, and *ithout Conſideration*. But he forgets all this in the next Twenty Lines; for there he gives them their own, and ells them roundly, *in internetino bello medii pro hoſtibus abentur*. Neutral Men are Traitors, and aſſiſt by their ndifferency to the Deſtruction of the Government. The lain *Engliſh* of his *Meaning* is this; while Matters are nly in *Diſpute*, and in *Machination*, he is contented hey ſhould be *moderate*; but when once the Faction an bring about a *Civil War*, then they are *Traytors*, f they declare not openly for them.

But it is not, ſays he, *the Duke of* Guiſe, *who is to be aſſaſſinated, a turbulent, wicked, and haughty Courtier, but*

an

an innocent and gentle Prince: By his Favour, *our Duke of Guiſe*, was neither *Innocent* nor *Gentle*, nor a Prince of the *Blood Royal*, though he pretended to deſcend from *Charlemaign*, and a *Genealogy* was Printed to that Purpoſe, for which the Author was puniſh'd, as he deſerv'd; witneſs *Davila*, and the *Journals* of *Henry the Third*, where the Story is at large related. Well, who is it then? why, 'tis a *Prince who has no Fault, but that he is the King's Son*: Then he has no Fault by Conſequence; for I am certain, that's no Fault of his. The reſt of the Compliment is ſo ſilly, and ſo fulſome, as if he meant it all *in Ridicule*. And to conclude the Jeſt, he ſays, That *the beſt People of* England, *have no other Way left, to ſhow their Loyalty to the King, their Religion and Government, in long Intervals of Parliament, than by proſecuting his Son, for the Sake of the King, and his own Merit, with all the Demonſtrations of the higheſt Eſteem.* Yes, I can tell them one other Way to expreſs their Loyalty, which is to *obey* the *King*, and *reſpect* his *Brother*, as the *next Lawful Succeſſor*; their *Religion commands* them both, and the *Government* is ſecured in ſo doing. But why *in Intervals of Parliament?* How are they more oblig'd to honour the *King's Son* out of Parliament, than in it? And why this Proſecution of Love for the *King's Sake?* Has he order'd more Love to be ſhown to one Son, than to another? Indeed, his own Quality is Cauſe ſufficient for all Men to reſpect him, and I am of their Number, who truly honour him, and who wiſh him better than this *miſerable Sycophant*; for I wiſh him, from his Father's Royal *Kindneſs*, what *Juſtice* can make him, which is a greater Honour, than the Rabble can confer upon him.

But our Author finds, that *Commendation* is no more *his Talent*, than *Flattery* was that of *Æſop*'s *Aſs*; and therefore falls immediately, from *pawing* with his *Fore-Feet*, and *grinning* upon *one Prince*, to downright *braying* againſt *another*.

He ſays, I have not us'd *my Patron Duke much better: For I have put him under a moſt diſmal and unfortunate Character of a Succeſſor, excluded from the Crown by Act of State, for his Religion; who fought his way to the Crown, chang'd*

chang'd his Religion, and died by the Hand of a Roman Aſſaſſinate.

If it pleaſe His *Royal Highneſs* to be *my Patron*, I have Reaſon to be proud of it; becauſe he never yet forſook any Man, whom he has had the Goodneſs to own for his. But how have I put him under *an unfortunate Character?* The *Authors* of the *Reflections*, and our *John a Nokes*, have not laid their Noddles together about this Accuſation. For 'tis their Buſineſs to prove, the King of *Navarre* to have been a moſt *ſucceſsful, magnanimous, gentle*, and *grateful Prince:* In which Character they have follow'd the Stream of all *Hiſtorians*. How then happens this jarring amongſt Friends, that the ſame Man is put under ſuch *diſmal Circumſtances* on *one* Side, and ſo *fortunate* on the *other*, by the Writers of the *ſame Party?* The Anſwer is very plain, that they take the Cauſe by ſeveral Handles. *They* who will not have the *Duke* reſemble the King of *Navarre*, have *magnify'd* the Character of *that* Prince, to *debaſe* His *Royal Highneſs*; and therein done what they can to ſhow the *Diſparity*. Mr. *Hunt*, who will have it to be the *Duke's Character*, has *blacken'd that King* as much as he is able, to ſhow the Likeneſs. Now this would be ridiculous Pleading at a *Barr*, by Lawyers retain'd for the ſame Cauſe; and both Sides wou'd call each other Fools, becauſe the *Jury* betwixt them would be *confounded*, and perhaps the *Judges* too.

But this it is to have a bad Cauſe, which puts Men of Neceſſity upon Knavery; and that Knavery is commonly found out. Well, Mr. *Hunt* has in another Place confeſs'd himſelf to be in *Paſſion*, and that's the Reaſon he is ſo groſly miſtaken in opening of the Cauſe. For firſt the King of *Navarre* was neither under *diſmal*, nor *unfortunate Circumſtances*. Before the end of that very Sentence, our Lawyer has confeſs'd, that *he fought his Way to the Crown*; that is, he glorioufly vanquiſh'd all his Rebels, and happily poſſeſs'd his Inheritance many Years after he had regain'd it. In the next Place, he was *never excluded from the Crown by Act of State*. He chang'd his *Religion* indeed, but not 'till he had almoſt *weather'd* the *Storm*, recover'd the beſt Part of his *Eſtate*, and gain'd

ſome glorious *Victories* in *pitch'd Battles*; ſo that his *changing* cannot without Injuſtice be attributed to his *Fear*. *Monſieur Chiverny*, in his *Memoirs* of thoſe Times, plainly tells us, that *he ſolemnly promis'd to his Predeceſſor* Henry the Third *then dying, that he wou'd become a* Romaniſt; and *Davila*, though he ſays not this *directly*, yet *denies* it not. By whoſe Hands *Henry the Fourth* died, is notoriouſly known; but it is invidiouſly urg'd, both by Mr. *Hunt* and the *Reflectors*: For we may, to our Shame, remember, that a King of our own Country was *barbarouſly murther'd* by his *Subjects*, who profeſs'd the *ſame Religion*; though I believe, that neither *Jacques Clement*, nor *Ravillac*, were *better Papiſts*, than the *Independants* and *Presbyterians* were *Proteſtants*: So that their *Argument* only proves, that there are *Rogues* of all *Religions*: *Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra*. But Mr. *Hunt* follows his Blow again, that I have *offer'd a Juſtification of an Act of Excluſion againſt a Popiſh Succeſſor in a Proteſtant Kingdom, by remembring what was done againſt the King of* Navarre, *who was* de facto *excluded by an Act of State*. My Gentleman, I perceive, is very willing to call that an Act of *Excluſion*, and an Act of *State*, which is only, in our Language, call'd a *Bill*: For *Henry the Third* cou'd never be gain'd to *paſs* it, though it was propos'd by the *Three Eſtates* at *Blois*. The *Reflectors* are more modeſt; for they profeſs, (though I am afraid it is ſomewhat againſt the Grain) that a *Vote* of the Houſe of *Commons* is not an *Act*: But the Times are turn'd upon them, and they dare ſpeak no other Language. Mr. *Hunt* indeed is a bold *Republican*, and tells you the Bottom of their Meaning. Yet why ſhould it make the *Courage of His Royal Highneſs quail, to find himſelf under this Repreſentation?* Which by our Author's Favour, is neither *diſmal*, nor *diſaſtrous*. *Henry the Fourth* eſcap'd this dreadful Machine of the *League*: I ſay *dreadful*; for the *Three Eſtates* were at that Time compos'd generally of *Guiſards, factious, hot-headed, rebellious intereſſed Men*: The King in *Poſſeſſion* was but his *Brother-in-Law*; and at that Time publickly his *Enemy*; for the King of *Navarre* was then in *Arms* againſt him: And yet the Senſe of *Common Juſtice*, and the Good

Good of his *People* ſo prevail'd, that he withſtood the Project of the *States*, which he alſo knew was level'd at *Himſelf*; for had the Excluſion proceeded, he had been immediately lay'd by, and the Lieutenancy of *France* conferr'd on *Guiſe*: After which the Rebel wou'd certainly have put up his Title for the Crown. In the Caſe of His *Royal Highneſs*, only *one* of the *Three Eſtates* have offer'd at the *Excluſion*, and have been conſtantly oppos'd by the *other two*, and by His *Majeſty*: Neither is it any way probable, that the like will ever be again attempted: For the *Fatal Conſequences*, as well as the *Illegality* of that Deſign, are ſeen through already by the People. So that inſtead of offering a *Juſtification* of an Act of *Excluſion*, I have expos'd a *rebellious*, *impious*, and *fruitleſs* Contrivance *tending* to it. If we look on the Parliament of *Paris*, when they were in their right Wits, before they were *intoxicated* by the *League*, (at leaſt wholly) we ſhall find them *addreſſing* to King *Henry the Third* in another Key, concerning the King of *Navarre*'s *Succeſſion*, though he was at that Time (as they call'd it) a *relaps'd Heretick*. And to this Purpoſe I will quote a Paſſage out of the *Journals* of *Henry the Third*, ſo much magnify'd by my Adverſaries.

Towards the End of *September*, 1585, there was publiſhed at *Paris*, a Bull of *Excommunication*, againſt the King of *Navarre*, and the Prince of *Condé*: The Parliament of *Paris* made their *Remonſtrance* to the King upon it, which was both grave, and worthy of the Place they held, and the Authority they have in this Kingdom: Saying for Concluſion, that *their Court had found the Style of this Bull ſo full of Innovation, and ſo diſtant from the Modeſty of* Ancient Popes, *that they cou'd not underſtand in it the Voice of an* Apoſtle's Succeſſor; *foraſmuch, as they found not in their Records, nor in the Search of all Antiquity, that the Princes of* France *had ever been ſubject to the Juſtice or Juriſdiction of the* Pope, *and they cou'd not take it into Conſideration, 'till firſt he made appear the Right which he pretended in the Tranſlation of Kingdoms, eſtabliſh'd and ordain'd by Almighty God, before the Name of* Pope *was heard of in the World.* 'Tis plain by this, that the Parliament of

Paris acknowledg'd an inherent Right of Succeſſion in the King of *Navarre*, though of a contrary Religion to their own: And though after the Duke of *Guiſe*'s Murther at *Blois*, the City of *Paris* revolted from their Obedience to their *King*, pretending, that he was fallen from the Crown, by Reaſon of that and other Actions, with which they charg'd him; yet the Sum of all their Power to renounce him, and create the Duke of *Mayenne Lieutenant General*, depended *ultimately* on the *Pope's Authority*; which, as you ſee, but three Years before, they had peremptorily denied.

The College of *Sorbonne* began the Dance, by their Determination, that the *Kingly Right was forfeited*; and ſtripping him of all his *Dignities*, they call'd him plain *Henry de Valois*; After this, ſays my Author, *ſixteen Raſcals* (by which he means the *Council* of that *Number*) *having adminiſtred the Oath of Government to the Duke of* Mayenne, *to take in Quality of* Lieutenant-General *of the Eſtate and Crown of* France; *the ſame ridiculous Dignity was confirm'd to him, by an* imaginary Parliament, *the* true Parliament *being detain'd Priſoners, in divers of the City Goals, and two new Seals were order'd to be immediately made, with this Inſcription:* The Seal of the Kingdom of *France*. I need not enlarge on this Relation, 'tis evident from hence, that the *Sorbonniſts* were the *Original*, and our *Schiſmaticks* in *England* were the *Copiers* of *Rebellion*; that *Paris* began, and *London* follow'd.

The next Lines of my Author are, that *a Gentleman of* Paris *made the Duke of* Mayenne's *Picture to be drawn, with a Crown Imperial on his Head*; and I have heard of an *Engliſh Nobleman*, who has at this Day the Picture of *Old Oliver*, with this *Motto* underneath it, *Utinam vixeris*. All this while, this cannot be reckon'd an Act of *State*, for the *Depoſing King Henry the Third*; becauſe it was an Act of *Ouvert Rebellion* in the *Pariſians*: Neither could the holding of the *Three Eſtates* at *Paris*, afterwards, by the ſame Duke of *Mayenne*, devolve any Right on him, in Prejudice of King *Henry the Fourth*; though thoſe pretended States declar'd his Title void, on the Account of his *Religion:* Becauſe thoſe Eſtates could neither

neither be call'd nor holden, but by, and under the *Authority* of the *Lawful King*. It wou'd take more Time than I have allow'd, for this Vindication, or I cou'd eaſily trace from the *French Hiſtory*, what Misfortunes attended *France*, and how near it was to Ruin, by the Endeavours to alter the Succeſſion. For firſt, it was actually *diſmembred*, the Duke of *Merceur* ſetting up a Principality in the Dutchy of *Bretagne*, *Independant* of the *Crown*: The Duke of *Mayenne* had an evident Deſign to be elected *King*, by the Favour of the *People* and the *Pope*: The young Dukes of *Guiſe* and of *Nemours* aſpir'd, with the Intereſt of the *Spaniards*, to be choſen, by their Marriage with the *Infanta Iſabella*. The Duke of *Lorrain* was for cantling out ſome Part of *France*, which lay next his Territories; and the Duke of *Savoy* had, before the Death of *Henry the Third*, actually poſſeſs'd himſelf of the *Marquiſate* of *Saluces*. But above all, the *Spaniards* fomented theſe Civil Wars, in Hopes to reduce that flouriſhing Kingdom under their own *Monarchy*. To as many, and as great Miſchiefs, ſhould we be evidently ſubject; if we ſhould madly ingage our ſelves in the like Practices of altering the *Succeſſion*, which our Gracious King in his Royal Wiſdom well foreſaw; and has cut up that accurſed Project by the Roots; which will render the Memory of his *Juſtice* and *Prudence*, *Immortal* and *Sacred to future Ages*, for having not only preſerv'd our preſent Quiet, but ſecur'd the Peace of our Poſterity.

'Tis clearly manifeſt, that no Act of *State* paſs'd, to the *Excluſion* of either the King of *Navarre*, or of *Henry the Fourth*; conſider him, in either of the two Circumſtances: but *Oracle Hunt*, taking this for granted, wou'd prove *à fortiori*, that *if a Proteſtant Prince were actually excluded from a Popiſh Kingdom, then a Popiſh Succeſſor is more reaſonably to be excluded from a Proteſtant Kingdom*; *becauſe*, ſays he, *a Proteſtant Prince is under no Obligation to deſtroy his Popiſh Subjects, but a Popiſh Prince is to deſtroy his Proteſtant Subjects*: Upon which bare Suppoſition, without farther Proof, he calls him *inſufferable Tyrant*, and the worſt of *Monſters*.

Now I take the Matter quite otherwiſe, and bind my ſelf to maintain that there is not, nor can be any Obligation, for a King to deſtroy his Subjects of a contrary Perſuaſion to the eſtabliſh'd Religion of his Country: For *quatenus Subjects*, of what Religion ſoever, *he is infallibly bound* to preſerve and cheriſh, and not to deſtroy them: And this is the firſt Duty of a Lawful Sovereign, as ſuch, antecedent to any Tye or Conſideration of his Religion. Indeed, in thoſe Countries where the *Inquiſition* is introduc'd, it goes harder with *Proteſtants*, and the Reaſon is manifeſt, becauſe the Proteſtant Religion ha not gotten Footing there, and Severity is the Means to keep it out: But to make this Inſtance reach *England*, our Religion muſt not only be chang'd (which in it ſelf, is almoſt impoſſible to imagine) but the Council of *Trent receiv'd*, and the *Inquiſition admitted*, which *many Popiſh* Countries have rejected. I forget not the Cruelties, which were exercis'd in Queen *Mary*'s Time, againſt the *Proteſtants*; neither do I any way excuſe them: But it follows not, that every *Popiſh Succeſſor* ſhou'd take Example by them, for every one's Conſcience of the ſame Religion, is not guided by the ſame Dictates in his Government: Neither does it follow, that if one be cruel, another muſt; eſpecially, when there is a ſtronger Obligation, and greater Intereſt to the contrary: For if a *Popiſh King* in *England* ſhou'd be bound to deſtroy his *Proteſtant People*, I wou'd aſk the Queſtion, over whom he meant to reign afterwards? And how many Subjects would be left?

In Queen *Mary*'s Time, the Proteſtant Religion had ſcarcely taken Root: And it is reaſonable to be ſuppos'd, that ſhe found the Number of Papiſts, equalling that of the Proteſtants, at her Entrance to the Kingdom; eſpecially if we reckon into the Account thoſe who were the *Trimmers* of the Times; I mean ſuch, who privately were Papiſts, though under her Proteſtant Predeceſſor they appear'd otherwiſe. Therefore her Difficulties in perſecuting her Reform'd Subjects, were far from being ſo inſuperable, as ours now are, when the Strength and Number of the Papiſts is ſo very inconſiderable. They who caſt

caſt in the Church of *England* as ready to embrace *Popery*, are either *Knaves* enough to know they *lye*, or *Fools* enough not to have conſider'd the *Tenets* of that Church, which are *diametrically oppoſite* to *Popery*; and more ſo than any of the *Sects*.

Not to inſiſt on the Quiet and Security, which Proteſtant Subjects at this Day enjoy in ſome Parts of *Germany*, under Popiſh Princes; where I have been aſſur'd, that *Maſs* is ſaid, and a *Lutheran Sermon* preach'd in different Parts of the ſame Church, on the ſame Day, without Diſturbance on either Side; nor on the Privileges granted by *Henry the Fourth* of *France* to his Party, after he had forſaken their Opinions, which they quietly poſſeſs'd for a long Time after his Death.

The *French Hiſtories* are full of *Examples*, manifeſtly proving, that the fierceſt of their *Popiſh Princes* have not thought themſelves bound to deſtroy their *Proteſtant Subjects*: And the ſeveral *Edicts* granted under them, in Favour of the *Reform'd Religion*, are pregnant Inſtances of this Truth. I am not much given to Quotations, but *Davila* lies open for every Man to read. *Tolerations*, and *free Exerciſe of Religion*, granted more *amply* in *ſome*, more *reſtrainedly* in *others*, are no Sign that thoſe Princes held themſelves oblig'd in *Conſcience* to deſtroy Men of a different Perſuaſion. It will be ſaid thoſe Tolerations were gain'd by Force of *Arms*: In the firſt Place, 'tis no great Credit to the Proteſtant Religion, that the Proteſtants in *France* were actually *Rebels*. But the Truth is, they were only *Geneva Proteſtants*, and their Opinions were far diſtant from thoſe of the Church of *England*, which teaches *paſſive Obedience* to all her Sons, and not to propagate *Religion* by *Rebellion*. But 'tis further to be conſider'd, that thoſe *French* Kings, though Papiſts, thought the Preſervation of their Subjects, and the publick Peace, were to be conſider'd, before the Gratification of the Court of *Rome*; and though the Number of the Papiſts exceeded that of the Proteſtants, in the Proportion of three to one; though the Proteſtants were always beaten when they fought, and though the Popes preſs'd continually with Exhortations and Threatnings to extirpate *Calvi-*

niſm, yet Kings thought it enough to continue in their own Religion themſelves. without forcing it upon their Subjects, much leſs deſtroying them who profeſs'd another. But it will be objected, thoſe Edicts of Toleration were not kept on the Papiſts Side: They wou'd anſwer, becauſe the Proteſtants ſtretch'd their Privileges further than was granted: And that they often relaps'd into *Rebellion:* But whether or no the Proteſtants were in *Fault*, I leave Hiſtory to determine. 'Tis Matter of *Fact*, that they were barbarouſly *maſſacred*, under the Protection of the *publick Faith:* Therefore to argue fairly, either an *Oath* from Proteſtants is not to be *taken* by a Popiſh Prince; or if *taken*, ought inviolably to be preſerv'd. For when we oblige our ſelves to any one, 'tis not his Perſon we ſo much conſider, as that of the moſt high God, who is call'd to witneſs this our Action: And 'tis to him we are to diſcharge our Conſcience. Neither is there, or can be any *Tie* on *human Society*, when that of an *Oath* is no more regarded: Which being an Appeal to God, he is immediate Judge of it; and Chronicles are not ſilent how often he has puniſh'd perjur'd Kings. The Inſtance of *Vladiſlaus* King of *Hungary*, breaking his Faith with *Amurath* the *Turk*, at the Inſtigation of *Julian* the Pope's *Legate*, and his miſerable Death enſuing it, ſhews that even to *Infidels*, much more to *Chriſtians*, that Obligation ought to be accounted ſacred. And I the rather urge this, becauſe it is an Argument taken almoſt *verbatim* from a Papiſt, who accuſes *Catharine de Medicis* for violating her Word given to the Proteſtants during her *Regency* of *France*. What Securities in particular we have, that our own Religion and Liberties wou'd be preſerv'd, though under a Popiſh *Succeſſor*, any one may inform himſelf at large in a Book lately written by the Reverend and Learned Doctor *Hicks*, call'd *Jovian*, in Anſwer to *Julian the Apoſtate:* In which, that truly Chriſtian Author has ſatisfy'd all Scruples which reaſonable Men can make, and prov'd, that we are in no Danger of loſing either; and wherein alſo, if thoſe Aſſurances ſhou'd all fail (which is almoſt morally impoſſible) the Doctrine of *paſſive Obedience* is *unanſwerably demonſtrated:* A Doctrine

trine deliver'd with ſo much Sincerity, and Reſignation of Spirit, that it ſeems evident the Aſſertor of it is ready, if there were Occaſion, to ſeal it with his Blood.

I have done with mannerly Mr. *Hunt*, who is only *magni nominis umbra*; the moſt *malicious*, and withal, the moſt *incoherent ignorant Scribler* of the whole Party. I inſult not over his Misfortunes, though he has himſelf occaſion'd them: And though I will not take his own Excuſe, that he is in Paſſion, I will make a better for him; for I conclude him crack'd: And if he ſhould return to *England*, am charitable enough to wiſh his only Priſon might be *Bedlam*. This Apology is truer than that he makes for me: For *writing a Play*, as I conceive, is not entring into the *Obſervator's Province*; neither is it the *Obſervator's* Manner *to confound Truth with Falſhood, to put out the Eyes of People, and leave them without Uuderſtanding*. The Quarrel of the Party to him is, that he has *undeceiv'd* the *Ignorant*, and laid open the ſhameful Contrivances of the *new vamp'd Aſſociation*: That though he is *on the wrong Side of Life*, as he calls it, yet he pleads not his *Age* to be *emeritus*: That in ſhort, he has left the Faction as bare of *Arguments*, as *Æſop's Bird* of *Feathers*; and plum'd them of all thoſe Fallacies and Evaſions which they borrowed from *Jeſuits* and *Presbyterians*.

Now for my *Templar* and *Poet* in *Aſſociation* for a *Libel*, like the Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Jupiter* in a *fiery Sign*: What the *one* wants in *Wit*, the *other* muſt ſupply in *Law*. As for Malice, their Quota's are indifferently well adjuſted: The *rough Draught*, I take for granted, is the *Poet's*, the *Finiſhings* the *Lawyer's*. They begin, that in Order to one Mr. *Friend's* Commands, one of them went to ſee the Play. This was not the *Poet*, I am certain, for No-body ſaw him there, and he is not of a *Size* to be *conceal'd*. But the *Mountain*, they ſay, *was deliver'd of a Mouſe*; I have been *Goſſip* to many ſuch *Labours* of a *dull fat Scribler*, where the *Mountain* has been *bigger*, and the *Mouſe leſs*. The next Salley is on the *City-Elections*, and a Charge is brought againſt my *Lord Mayor*, and the two *Sheriffs*, for excluding true *Electors*. I have heard, that a *Whig-Gentleman* of the *Temple* hired a *Livery-Gown*, to

niſm, yet Kings thought it enough to continue in their own Religion themſelves. without forcing it upon their Subjects, much leſs deſtroying them who profeſs'd another. But it will be objected, thoſe Edicts of Toleration were not kept on the Papiſts Side: They wou'd anſwer, becauſe the Proteſtants ſtretch'd their Privileges further than was granted: And that they often relaps'd into *Rebellion*: But whether or no the Proteſtants were in *Fault*, I leave Hiſtory to determine. 'Tis Matter of *Fact*, that they were barbarouſly *maſſacred*, under the Protection of the *publick Faith*: Therefore to argue fairly, either an *Oath* from Proteſtants is not to be *taken* by a Popiſh Prince; or if *taken*, ought inviolably to be preſerv'd. For when we oblige our ſelves to any one, 'tis not his Perſon we ſo much conſider, as that of the moſt high God, who is call'd to witneſs this our Action: And 'tis to him we are to diſcharge our Conſcience. Neither is there, or can be any *Tie* on *human Society*, when that of an *Oath* is no more regarded: Which being an Appeal to God, he is immediate Judge of it; and Chronicles are not ſilent how often he has puniſh'd perjur'd Kings. The Inſtance of *Vladiſlaus* King of *Hungary*, breaking his Faith with *Amurath* the *Turk*, at the Inſtigation of *Julian* the Pope's *Legate*, and his miſerable Death enſuing it, ſhews that even to *Infidels*, much more to *Chriſtians*, that Obligation ought to be accounted ſacred. And I the rather urge this, becauſe it is an Argument taken almoſt *verbatim* from a Papiſt, who accuſes *Catharine de Medicis* for violating her Word given to the Proteſtants during her *Regency* of *France*. What Securities in particular we have, that our own Religion and Liberties wou'd be preſerv'd, though under a Popiſh *Succeſſor*, any one may inform himſelf at large in a Book lately written by the Reverend and Learned Doctor *Hicks*, call'd *Jovian*, in Anſwer to *Julian the Apoſtate*: In which, that truly Chriſtian Author has ſatisfy'd all Scruples which reaſonable Men can make, and prov'd, that we are in no Danger of loſing either; and wherein alſo, if thoſe Aſſurances ſhou'd all fail (which is almoſt morally impoſſible) the Doctrine of *paſſive Obedience* is *unanſwerably demonſtrated*: A Doctrine

trine deliver'd with ſo much Sincerity, and Reſignation of Spirit, that it ſeems evident the Aſſertor of it is ready, if there were Occaſion, to ſeal it with his Blood.

I have done with mannerly Mr. *Hunt*, who is only *magni nominis umbra*; the moſt *malicious*, and withal, the moſt *incoherent ignorant Scribler* of the whole Party. I inſult not over his Misfortunes, though he has himſelf occaſion'd them: And though I will not take his own Excuſe, that he is in Paſſion, I will make a better for him; for I conclude him crack'd: And if he ſhould return to *England*, am charitable enough to wiſh his only Priſon might be *Bedlam*. This Apology is truer than that he makes for me: For *writing a Play*, as I conceive, is not entring into the *Obſervator's Province*; neither is it the *Obſervator's* Manner *to confound Truth with Falſhood, to put out the Eyes of People, and leave them without Underſtanding*. The Quarrel of the Party to him is, that he has *undeceiv'd* the *Ignorant*, and laid open the ſhameful Contrivances of the *new vamp'd Aſſociation*: That though he is *on the wrong Side of Life*, as he calls it, yet he pleads not his *Age* to be *emeritus*: That in ſhort, he has left the Faction as bare of *Arguments*, as *Æſop*'s *Bird* of *Feathers*; and plum'd them of all thoſe Fallacies and Evaſions which they borrowed from *Jeſuits* and *Presbyterians*.

Now for my *Templar* and *Poet* in *Aſſociation* for a *Libel*, like the Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Jupiter* in a *fiery Sign*: What the *one* wants in *Wit*, the *other* muſt ſupply in *Law*. As for Malice, their Quota's are indifferently well adjuſted: The *rough Draught*, I take for granted, is the *Poet*'s, the *Finiſhings* the *Lawyer*'s. They begin, that in Order to one Mr. *Friend*'s Commands, one of them went to ſee the Play. This was not the *Poet*, I am certain, for No-body ſaw him there, and he is not of a *Size* to be *conceal'd*. But the *Mountain*, they ſay, *was deliver'd of a Mouſe*; I have been *Goſſip* to many ſuch *Labours* of a *dull fat Scribler*, where the *Mountain* has been *bigger*, and the *Mouſe leſs*. The next Salley is on the *City-Elections*, and a Charge is brought againſt my *Lord Mayor*, and the two *Sheriffs*, for excluding true *Electors*. I have heard, that a *Whig-Gentleman* of the *Temple* hired a *Livery-Gown*, to

give his Voice among the *Companies* at *Guild-Hall:* Let the Queſtion be put, *Whether or no, he were a true Elector?* Then their own *Juries* are commended from ſeveral *Topicks*; they are the *Wiſeſt*, *Richeſt*, and moſt *Conſcientious:* To which is anſwer'd *Ignoramus*. But our *Juries* give moſt *prodigious* and *unheard-of Damages*. Hitherto there is nothing but *Boys-play* in our Authors: *My Mill grinds Pepper and Spice, your Mill grinds Rats and Mice.* They go on, *if I may be allow'd to judge,* (as Men that do not *poetize*, may be Judges of Wit, *humane Nature* and *common Decencies:*) So then the Sentence is begun with *I:* There is but one of them puts in for a Judge's Place: *That's he in the Grey:* But preſently 'tis Men; *two more in Buckram,* wou'd be *Judges* too. *Neither* of them it ſeems, Poetize; that's true, but both of them are in at *Rhime Doggrel*; witneſs the Song againſt the *Biſhops*, and the *Tunbridge-Ballad*. By the Way, I find all my ſcribbling Enemies have a mind to be *Judges*, and *Chief Barons:* Proceed Gentlemen. *This Play (as I am inform'd by ſome, who have a nearer Communication with the Poets and the Players, than I have.)* Which of the two *Soſias* is it that now ſpeaks? If the *Lawyer*, 'tis true, he has but little *Communication* with the *Players:* If the *Poet*, the *Players* have but *little Communication with him*. For 'tis not long ago, he ſaid to Some-body, *By G—— my Lord, thoſe* Tory-Rogues *will act none of my Plays*. Well, but the Accuſation, that this Play was once written by *another*, and then 'twas called the *Pariſian Maſſacre:* Such a Play, I have heard indeed was written; but I never ſaw it. Whether this be any of it or no, I can ſay no more, than for my own Part of it. But pray, who denies the unparallel'd Villainy of the Papiſts in that bloody *Maſſacre?* I have enquired why it was not Acted, and heard it was ſtopt, by the Interpoſition of an *Ambaſſador*, who was willing to ſave the Credit of his Country, and not to have the Memory of an Action ſo barbarous, reviv'd. But that I tempted my Friend to alter it, is a notorious *Whiggiſm*, to ſave the *broader Word*. The *Sicilian Veſpers* I have had plotted by me above theſe ſeven *Years:* The Story of it, I found under borrow'd Names in *Giraldo Cinthio*; But the Rape in my Tragedy of *Amboyna* was

ſo

ſo like it, that I forbore the writing. But what had this to do with Proteſtants? For the *Maſſacrers* and the *Maſſacred* were all Papiſts.

But 'tis obſervable, they ſay, that though the *Maſſacre cou'd not be Acted, as it was firſt Written againſt Papiſts, yet when it was turn'd upon Proteſtants, it found Reception.*

Now all's come out, the Scandal of the Story turns at laſt upon the *Government:* That *patronizes Popiſh Plays*, and *forbids Proteſtant*. Ours is to be a *Popiſh Play:* why? Becauſe it expoſes the Villainy of *Sectaries* and *Rebels?* Prove them firſt to be Proteſtants, and ſee what you will get by it when you have done? Your Party are certainly the Men whom the Play attacks; and ſo far I will help you: The Deſigns and Actions repreſented in the Play, are ſuch as you have copied from the *League:* for though you have Wickedneſs enough, yet you wanted the *Wit* to make a *new Contrivance*. But for Shame, while you are carrying on ſuch palpable Villainy, do not aſſume the Name of *Proteſtants*. You will tell us, you are Friends to the *Government*, and the King's *beſt Subjects*; but all the while you are aſperſing both *It* and *Him*. Who ſhall be Judges, whether you are Friends or not? The *Government* or *You?* Have not all Rebels always ſung the ſame Song? Was ever Thief or Murderer Fool enough to plead *Guilty?* For your Love and Loyalty to the King, they who mean him beſt among you, are no better Subjects than Duke *Trincalo:* They wou'd be content he ſhou'd be *Vice-Roy*, ſo they may be *Vice-Roys* over him.

The next Accuſation in particular to me, *That I the ſaid* Bays, *wou'd falſly and felonioufly have robb'd* Nat. Lee *of his Share in the Reputation of* OEdipus: Now I am *Culprit*; I writ the Firſt and Third Acts of *OEdipus*, and drew the *Scenary* of the *whole Play:* When-ever I have own'd a farther Proportion, let my Accuſers ſpeak: This was meant miſchievouſly, to ſet us two at Variance: Who is the *Old Serpent* and *Satan* now? When my Friends help my barren Fancy, I am thankful for it: I do not uſe to receive Aſſiſtance, and afterwards ungratefully diſown it.

Not

Not long after, *Exemplary Puniſhment* is due to me for this moſt *deviliſh Parallel* 'Tis a deviliſh one indeed, but who can help it? If I draw *Devils* like one *another*, the fault is in themſelves for being ſo. I neither made their Horns nor Claws, nor Cloven Feet: I know not what I ſhou'd have done, unleſs I had drawn the *Devil* a *handſom proper Gentleman*, like the Painter in the Fable, to have made a *Friend* of him; but I ought to be *exemplarily puniſh'd for it*; when the *Devil* gets *uppermoſt*, I ſhall *expect* it. *In the mean time, let Magiſtrates* (*that reſpect their Oaths and Office*) which Words you ſee are put into a *Parentheſis*, as if (God help us) we had none ſuch now; let them put the Law in execution againſt *lewd Scriblers*, the *Mark* will be too *fair* upon a *Pillory*, for a *Turnip* or a *rotten Egg* to *miſs* it. But for my part, I have not Malice enough to wiſh him ſo much harm; not ſo much as to have a Hair of his Head periſh, much leſs, that one whole ſide of it ſhould be diſmantled: I am no Informer who writ ſuch a Song, or ſuch a *Libel*; if the *Dulneſs* betrays him not, he is *ſafe* for *me*. And may the ſame *Dulneſs* preſerve him ever from *publick Juſtice*: 'Tis a ſufficient thick *Mud-wall* betwixt *him* and *Law*. 'Tis his Guardian Angel, that protects him from Puniſhment, becauſe in ſpight of him, he caunot deſerve it. 'Tis that which preſerves him innocent, when he means moſt Miſchief; and makes him a *Saint*, when he intends to be a *Devil*. He can never offend enough, to need the Mercy of the *Government*; for 'tis *beholden* to him, that he writes againſt it: And he never offers at a *Satyr*, but he converts his *Readers* to the *contrary Opinion*.

Some of the ſucceeding Paragraphs are intended for *very Ciceronian*: There the *Lawyer* flouriſhes in the *Pulpit*, and the *Poet* ſtands in *Socks* among the Crowd to hear him. Now for *Narration*, *Reſolution*, *Calumniation*, *Aggravation*, and the whole *Artillery of Tropes* and *Figures* to defend the Proceedings at *Guild-Hall*: The moſt minute Circumſtances of the Elections are deſcribed ſo lively, that a Man, who had not heard he was there in a *Livery-Gown*, might ſuſpect there was a *quorum pars magna fui* in the Caſe; and Multitudes of Electors, juſt as well qualified as himſelf,

himſelf might give their Party the greater Number: but throw back their *gilt Shillings*, which were told for *Guineas*, and their Sum was conſiderably leſs. Well, there was no Rebellion at this time, therefore ſays my Adverſary, there was no *Parallel*. 'Tis true, there was no *Rebellion*; but who ever told him, that I intended this *Parallel* ſo far? if the Likeneſs had been throughout, I may gueſs by their good will to me, that I had never liv'd to write it. But to ſhow his Miſtake, which I believe wilful, the Play was wholly written a Month or two before the laſt Election of the *Sheriffs*. Yet it ſeems there was ſome kind of *Prophecy* in the Caſe: and till the Faction gets clear of a *Riot*, a part of the Compariſon will hold even there; yet, if he pleaſes to remember, there has been a King of *England* forc'd by the Inhabitants from his *Imperial Town*. 'Tis true, the Son has had better fortune than the Father; but the reaſons is that he has now a ſtronger Party in the *City* than his Enemies: the *Government* of it is ſecur'd in *Loyal* and *Prudent Hands*, and the Party is too weak to puſh their Deſigns farther. *They reſcued not their beloved Sheriffs at a time* (he tells you) *when they had moſt important uſe of them*. What the Importancy of the Occaſion was, I will not ſearch; 'tis well if their own Conſciences will acquit them. But let them be never ſo much belov'd, their Adherents knew it was a Lawful Authority that ſent them to the *Tower*; and an Authority which to their ſorrow, they were not able to *reſiſt*: ſo that if four Men guarded them without diſturbance, and to the contempt of their ſtrength, at broad noon-day, and at full Exchange-time, it was no more their Honeſty, to ſtand looking on with their Hands in their Pockets, than it is of a ſmall Band of *Robbers*, to let a *Caravan* go by, which is too ſtrong for them to aſſault.

After this, I am call'd, after the old rate, *looſe and infamous Scribler*, and 'tis well I ſcape ſo cheap: bear your good fortune moderately, Mr. *Poet*: for as looſe and as infamous as I am, if I had written for your Party, your Penſion would have been cut off, as uſeleſs. But they muſt take up with *Settle*, and ſuch as they can get: *Bartholomew*

tholomew-Fair Writers, and *Bartholomew-Cloſe Printers*; there's a famine of Wit amongſt them, they are forc'd to give unconſcionable Rates, and after all to have only Carrion for their Money.

Then I am *an ignorant Fellow for not knowing there were no Juries in Paris:* I do not remember I have written any ſuch thing: but whoever did, I am confident it was not his *Ignorance*. Perhaps he had a mind to bring the Caſe a little nearer home: if they had not *Juries* in *Paris*, we had them from the *Normans*, who were *French-men:* and as you manag'd them, we had as good have had none in *London:* Let it ſatisfie you we have them now; and ſome of your looſe and infamous Scribblers may come to underſtand it a little better.

The next is the Juſtification of a Noble Peer deceas'd: the Caſe is known, and I have no Quarrel to his Memory: Let it ſleep; he is now before another Judge. Immediately after I am ſaid to have intended *an abuſe to the Houſe of Commons*; which is call'd by our Authors, *the moſt Auguſt Aſſembly of Europe*. They are to prove I have abus'd that Houſe; but 'tis manifeſt they have leſſen'd the Houſe of *Lords*, by owning the Commons to be the *more Auguſt Aſſembly*. 'Tis an Houſe choſen (they ſay) by every *Proteſtant* who has a conſiderable Inheritance in *England*; which word *conſiderable* ſignifies forty Shillings *per Annum* of free Land. For the Intereſt of the Loyal Party, ſo much undervalued by our Authors, they have long ago confeſs'd in Print, that the Nobility and Gentry have diſown'd them: and the Yeomanry have at laſt conſider'd, *queis hæc conſevimus arva?* they have had enough of unlawful and arbitrary Power; and know to their coſt, what *an Auguſt Aſſembly* they had once without a *King* and *Houſe of Peers*.

But now they have me in a burning ſcent, and run after me full cry: *Was ever ſuch Licence conniv'd at yet, in an impious Libeller and Scribler, that the Succeſſion, ſo ſolemn a matter, that is not fit to be debated of but in Parliament, ſhould be profan'd ſo far as to be play'd with on the Stage?*

Hold a little, Gentlemen, hold a little (as one of your Fellow-

Fellow-Citizens ſays in the Duke of *Guiſe*:) Is it ſo *unlawful* for me to argue *for the Succeſſion in the right Line* upon the *Stage*; and is it ſo very *lawful* for Mr. *Hunt*, and the *Scriblers* of *your Party*, to *oppoſe* it in their *Libels off* the Stage? Is it ſo ſacred, that a Parliament only is ſuffer'd to debate it, and dare you run it down both in your Diſcourſes and Pamphlets out of Parliament? In conſcience what can you urge againſt me, which I cannot return an hundred times heaver on you? And by the way you tell me, that to affirm the contrary to this, is a *Præmunire* againſt the Statute of the 13 of *Eliz.* If ſuch a *Præmunire* be, pray anſwer me who has moſt incurr'd it? In the mean time do me the favour to look into the *Statute-Book*, and ſee if you can find the *Statute:* you know your ſelves, or you have been told it, that this *Statute* is virtually *repeal'd*, by that of the firſt of King *James*, acknowledging his *immediate lawful and undoubted Right to this Imperial Crown, as the next Lineal Heir:* thoſe laſt words are an *implicit Anti-declaration* to the Statute in Queen *Elizabeth*, which for that reaſon is now omitted in our Books. The lawful Authority of an Houſe of Commons I acknowledge; but without fear and trembling, as my *Reflectors* would have it: For why ſhould I fear my *Repreſentatives?* they are ſummon'd to conſult about the publick Good, and not to frighten thoſe who choſe them. 'Tis for *you* to *tremble* who *libel the Supreme Authority of the Nation.* But we knaviſh Coxcombs and Villains are to know, ſay my Authors, that *a Vote is the Opinion of that Houſe.* Lord help our Underſtandings that know not this without their telling! What *Engliſhman* do you think does not honour his Repreſentatives, and wiſh a Parliament void of Heats and Animoſities, to ſecure the Quiet of the Nation? You cite His Majeſty's *Declaration* againſt thoſe who dare triffle with Parliaments: (a Declaration, by the way, which you endeavour'd not to have read publickly in Churches, with a Threatning to thoſe that did it.) *But we ſtill declare* (ſays His Majeſty) *that no Irregularities of Parliament ſhall make us out of love with them:* Are not you unfortunate Quoters, why now ſhou'd you rub up the remembrance of thoſe

thoie *Irregularities* mention'd in that *Declaration*, which caus'd, as the King informs us, its Diſſolution?

The next Paragraph is already anſwer'd; 'tis only a clumſey Commendation of the *D.* of *M.* copied after Mr. *Hunt*, and a proof that he is unlike the Duke of *Guiſe*.

After having done my Drudgery for me, and having moſt officiouſly prov'd that the *Engliſh* Duke is no Parallel for the *French*; which I am ſure he is not; they are next to do their own Buſineſs, which is, that I meant a Parallel betwixt *Henry the Third*, and our moſt gracious *Sovereign*. But, as Fallacies are always couch'd in general Propoſitions, they plead the whole courſe of the *Drama*, which, they ſay, *ſeems* to inſinuate my Intentions. One may ſee to what a miſerable ſhift they are driven: when, for want of any one Inſtance, to which I challenge them, they have only to alledge, that the Play *SEEMS* to inſinuate it. I anſwer, it does not ſeem, which is a *bare Negative* to a *bare Affirmative*; aud then we are juſt where we were before. Fat *Falſtaffe* was never ſet harder by the Prince for a *Reaſon*, when he anſwer'd, that if Reaſons *grew as thick as* Blackberries, *he wou'd not give one*. Well, after long pumping, leſt the Lye ſhould appear quite barefac'd, they have found, I ſaid, that at *King Henry's Birth* there ſhone a *RegalStar*: ſo there did at *King Charles the Second's*: therefore I have made a *Parallel* betwixt *Henry the Third*, and *Charles the Second*. A very concluding *Syllogiſm*, if I ſhould anſwer it no farther.

Now let us look upon the Play, the Words are in the *fourth Act*. The Conjurer ther is asking his Devil, *what Fortune attended his Maſter, the* Guiſe, *and what the King?* The Familiar anſwers concerning the King. *He cannot be depos'd, he may be* kill'd; *a violent Fate attends him; but at his Birth there ſhone a* Regal Star. (*Conj.*) My Maſter had a ſtronger. (*Devil*) *No not a* ſtronger, *but more* popular. Let the whole Scene (which is one of the beſt in the Tragedy, though murder'd in the *Acting*) be read together, and it will be as clear as day-light, that the *Devil* gave an *Aſtrological* account of the *French King's Horoſcope*: that the *Regal Star*, then *culminating*, was the *Sun* in the tenth *Houſe* or *Mid-Heaven*; which *cæteris paribus* is a *Regal*

gal Nativity in that Art. The reſt of the Scene confirms what I have ſaid: for the *Devil* has taken the *Poſition* of the *Heavens* or *Scheme* of the *World*, at the Point of the *Sun's entrance into Aries*. I diſpute not here the *Truth* or *Lawfulneſs* of that Art; but 'tis uſual with *Poets*, eſpecially with the *Italians*, to mix *Aſtrology* in their Poems: *Chaucer*, amongſt us, is frequent in it; but this Revolution particularly I have taken out of *Luigi Pulci*, and there is one almoſt the ſame in *Boiardo*'s *Orlando Inamorato*. Now if theſe *Poets* knew, that a *Star* were to appear at *our King's Birth*, they were better *Prophets* than *Noſtradamus*, who has told us nothing of it. Yet this they ſay is *Treaſon with a Witneſs*, and *one of the Crimes for which they condemn'd me to be hang'd, drawn and quarter'd:* I find they do not believe me to be one of their Party at the bottom, by their charitable Wiſhes to me; and am proud enough to think I have done them ſome little Miſchief, becauſe they are ſo deſirous to be rid of me. But if *Jack Ketch* muſt needs have the handling of us *Poets*, let him begin firſt where he may take the *deepeſt Say:* let *me* be *hang'd*, but in my *turn*; for I am ſure I am neither the *fatteſt Scribler* nor the *worſt*; I'll be judg'd by their own Party. But for all our Comforts, the Days of hanging are a little out of date: and I hope there will be no more *Treaſon with a Witneſs* or *Witneſſes*; for now there is no more to be got by *Swearing*, and the *Market is over-ſtock'd beſides*.

But are you in earneſt, when you ſay I have made *Henry the Third fearful, weak, bloody, perfidious, hypocritical*, and *fawning* in the *Play?* I am ſure an unbyaſs'd Reader will find a more favourable Image of him in the *Tragedy*; whatever he was out of it. You wou'd not have told a Lye ſo ſhameleſs, but that you were reſolv'd to ſecond it with a worſe; that I made a *Parallel* of that *Prince*. And now it comes to my turn, pray let me ask you, why you ſpend three Pages and a half in heaping up all the Villainies true or falſe, which you can rake together, to blaſt his Memory? Why is all this pains taken to expoſe the *Perſon* of *King Henry the Third*? Are you *Leaguers*, or *Covenanters*, or *Aſſociators?* What has the poor dead Man done to nettle you? Were *his Rebels your Friends*

Friends or *your Relations?* Were your *Norman* Anceſtors of any of thoſe Families, which were Conſpirators in the Play? I ſmell a Rat in this Buſineſs: *Henry the Third* is not taken thus to task for nothing. Let me tell you, this is little better than an implicit Confeſſion of the *Parallel* which I intended. This Gentleman of *Valois* ſticks in your Stomachs: and though I do not defend his Proceedings in the States, any otherwiſe, than by the inevitable Neceſſity which caus'd them, yet acknowledging *his Crime* does not extenuate *their Guilt*, that forc'd him to it. 'Twas bad on both ſides, but the *Revenge* was not ſo wicked as the *Treaſon:* for 'twas a *voluntary* Act of theirs, and a *compell'd* one of his. The ſhort on't is, he took a violent courſe to cut up the *Covenant* by the *Roots*; and there's your Quarrel to him.

Now for a long-winded Panegyrick of the King of *Navarre:* and here I am ſure they are in earneſt, when they take ſuch Over-pains to prove there is no Likeneſs, where they ſay I intended it. The *Heroe* at whom their Malice is levell'd, does but laugh at it, I believe: And amongſt the other Virtues of that Predeceſſor, wants neither his *Juſtice* nor his *Clemency*, to forgive all the Heads of the *League*, as faſt as they ſubmit: As for obliging them, (which our Authors wou'd fain hook in for an Ingredient) let them be ſatisfied, that no more Enemies are to be bought off with Places and Preferments: the Tryal which has been made in two Kings Reigns will warn the Family from ſo *fruitleſs* and *dangerous* an *Expedient*. The reſt is already anſwer'd, in what I have ſaid to Mr. *Hunt*; but I thank them, by the way, for their Inſtance of the Fellow whom the King of *Navarre* had pardon'd, and done good to, *yet he wou'd not love him:* for that Story reaches home ſomewhere.

I muſt make haſte to get out of hearing from this *Billinſgate Oratory*; and indeed, to make an end with theſe Authors, except I could call Rogue and Raſcal as faſt as they. Let us examine the little Reaſon they produce concerning the *Excluſion*.

Did the Pope, *the* Clergy, *the* Nobility *and* Commonalty *of* France *think it reaſonable to exclude a Prince for profeſſing*

ſeſſing a different Religion; and will the Papiſts be angry if the Proteſtants be of the ſame Opinion? No ſure, they cannot have the Impudence.

Firſt, here's the *different Religion* taken for *granted*, which was never *prov'd* on *one* Side: Though in the King of *Navarre*, it was *openly profeſs'd*. Then the *Pope*, and the *Three Eſtates of France* had no Power to alter the *Succeſſion*, neither did the King in being conſent to it: Or afterwards, did the greater Part of the *Nobility*, *Clergy*, and *Gentry* adhere to the *Excluſion*, but maintain'd the *Lawful King* ſucceſsfully againſt it; as we are bound to do in *England*, by the Oaths of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy*, made for the Benefit of our Kings, and their Succeſſors? The Objections concerning which Oath, are fully anſwer'd by Doctor *Hicks*, in his Preface to *Jovian*, and thither I refer the Reader.

They tell us, that what it concerns Proteſtants to do in that Caſe, enough has been heard by us in *Parliament Debates*.

I anſwer, that *Debates* coming not by an *Act* to any *Iſſue*, conclude, that there is nothing to be done againſt a *Law eſtabliſh'd*, and *Fundamental* of the *Monarchy*. They dare not infer a Right of Taking up *Arms*, by Virtue of a *Debate* or *Vote*, and yet they tacitly *inſinuate* this. I ask them, what it does concern Proteſtants to do in this Caſe, and whether they mean any Thing by that Expreſſion? They have hamper'd themſelves before they were aware; for they proceed in the very next Lines to tell us, They believe *the Crown of* England *being hereditary, the next in Blood have an undoubted Right to ſucceed, unleſs God make them, or they make themſelves, uncapable of Reigning:* So that according to them, if either of thoſe two Impediments ſhall happen, then it concerns the Proteſtants of *England* to do that Something, which if they had ſpoken out, had been direct *Treaſon*. Here's fine *Legerdemain* amongſt them; they have acknowledg'd a *Vote* to be no more than the Opinion of an *Houſe*, and yet from a *Debate*, which was abortive before it quicken'd into a *Vote*, they argue after the old Song, *That there's ſomething more to be done, which you cannot chuſe but gueſs.* In the next Place, there's no ſuch Thing as *Incapacity* to

to be ſuppos'd, in the immediate *Succeſſor* of the Crown; That is, the *rightful* Heir cannot be made uncapable on any Account whatſoever to ſucceed. It may pleaſe God, that he may be *inhabilis*, or *inidoneus ad gerendam Rempublicam, unfit or unable to govern the Kingdom*; but this is no *Impediment* to his *Right* of Reigning; he cannot either be *excluded* or *depos'd* for ſuch Imperfection: For the Laws which have provided for *private* Men in this Caſe, have alſo made Proviſion for the *Sovereign* and for the *Publick:* And the Council of State, or the next of the Blood, is to adminiſter the Kingdom for him. *Charles the Sixth King of France*, (for I think we have no *Engliſh* Examples which will reach it) forfeited not his Kingdom by his *Lunacy*, though a Victorious King of *England* was then knocking at his Gates; but all Things under his Name, and by his Authority, were manag'd. The Caſe is the ſame, betwixt a King *non compos mentis*, and one who is *nondum compos mentis*, a diſtracted or an Infant-King. Then the People cannot incapacitate the King, becauſe he derives not his Right from them, but from God only: Neither can any *Action*, much leſs *Opinion* of *a* Sovereign, render him uncapable, for the ſame Reaſon; excepting only a *voluntary Reſignation* to his *immediate Heir*, as in the Caſe of *Charles the Fifth:* For that of *our Richard the Second* was *invalid*, becauſe *forc'd*, and not made to the *next Succeſſor*.

Neither does it follow, as our Authors urge, that *an unalterable Succeſſion ſuppoſes* England *to be the King's Eſtate, and the People his Goods and Chattels on it:* For the Preſervation of his *Right*, deſtroys not *our Property*, but maintains us in it. He has ty'd himſelf by *Law*, not to invade our Poſſeſſions, and we have oblig'd our ſelves as *Subjects* to him and all his *lawful Succeſſors:* By which irrevocable *Act* of ours, both for our ſelves and our Poſterity, we can no more exclude the *Succeſſor*, than we can depoſe the *preſent King*. The Eſtate of *England* is indeed the King's, and I may ſafely grant their Suppoſition, as to the *Government* of *England:* But it follows not, that the *People* are his *Goods* and *Chattels* on it; for then he might ſell, alienate,

or

or deſtroy them as he pleas'd, from all which he has ty'd himſelf by the *Liberties* and *Privileges* which he has granted us by Laws.

There's little elſe material in this Pamphlet: For to ſay, *I wou'd inſinuate into the King, a Hatred to his capital City*, is to ſay, he ſhou'd hate his beſt Friends, the laſt and the preſent Lord-Mayor, our two Honourable Sheriffs, the Court of Aldermen, the Worthy and Loyal Mr. Common Serjeant, with the reſt of the Officers, who are generally well affected, and who have kept out their factious Members from its Government. To ſay, I wou'd inſinuate a Scorn of Authority in the City, is in Effect to grant the *Parallel* in the *Play:* For the Authority of *Tumults* and *Seditions* is only ſcorn'd in it: An Authority which they deriv'd not from the *Crown*, but exercis'd againſt it. And for them to confeſs I expos'd this, is to confeſs, that *London* was like *Paris*.

They conclude with a Prayer to *Almighty God:* (in which I therefore believe the Poet did not club:) To libel the King through all the Pamphlet, and to pray for him in the Concluſion, is an Action of more Prudence in them than of Piety: Perhaps they might hope to be forgiven, as one of their Predeceſſors was by King *James*; who, after he had rail'd at him abundantly, ended his *Lampoon* with theſe two Verſes:

Now God preſerve our King, Queen, Prince and Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.

To take a ſhort Review of the *whole*; 'Tis manifeſt, that there is no ſuch *Parallel* in the *Play*, as the *Faction* have *pretended:* That the *Story* wou'd not *bear* one where they have *plac'd* it; and that I cou'd not reaſonably *intend* one, ſo contrary to the *Nature* of the *Play*, and ſo repugnant to the *Principles* of the *Loyal Party*. On the other Side, 'tis clear that the *Principles* and *Practices* of the *publick Enemies*, have both *formerly reſembled* thoſe of the *League*, and *continue* to hold the *ſame Reſemblance*. It appears by the Outcry of the

Party

Party before the *Play* was *Acted*, that they *dreaded* and *foreſaw* the bringing of the *Faction* upon the *Stage:* And by the haſty printing of Mr. *Hunt*'s *Libel*, and the *Reflections*, before the *Tragedy* was *publiſh'd*, that they were infinitely concern'd to prevent any farther Operation of it. It appears from the general Conſent of the *Audience*, that *Their Party* were *known* to be *repreſented*; and *Themſelves* own'd openly by their *hiſſings*, that they were incens'd at it, as an Object which they cou'd not bear. 'Tis evident by their Endeavours to *ſhift off* this *Parallel* from *Their Side*, that their Principles are too ſhameful to be maintain'd: 'Tis notorious, that *They*, and *They only* have made the *Parallel* betwixt the Duke of *Guiſe* and the Duke of *M.* And that in *Revenge* for the *manifeſt Likeneſs* they find in the *Parties themſelves*, they have carried up the *Parallel* to the *Heads* of the *Parties*, where there is *no Reſemblance at all.* Under which Colour, while they pretend to *advert* upon *One Libel*, they *ſet up Another:* For what *Reſemblance* cou'd they ſuggeſt betwixt two Perſons ſo *unlike* in their *Deſcent*, the Qualities of their *Minds*, and the Diſparity of their warlike *Actions*, if they grant not, that there is a *Faction here*, which is like that other that was in *France?* ſo that if they do not firſt acknowledge *one Common Cauſe*, there is no Foundation for a *Parallel.* The *Dilemma* therefore lies ſtrong upon them; and let them avoid it, if they can: That either they muſt *avow* the *Wickedneſs* of their *Deſigns*, or *diſown* the *Likeneſs* of *thoſe two Perſons.* I do further charge thoſe audacious Authors, that *they themſelves* have *made* the *Parallel* which they call *Mine*, and that under the *Covert* of this *Parallel* they have odiouſly compar'd our *preſent King* with King *Henry the Third.* And farther, that they have *forc'd this Parallel expreſly* to wound His *Majeſty* in the *Compariſon.* For ſince there is a *Parallel* (as they would have it) it muſt be either *Theirs* or *Mine.* I have prov'd that it cannot poſſibly be *Mine:* and in ſo doing, that it muſt be *Theirs* by Conſequence. Under this Shadow all the *Vices* of the *French* King are charg'd by thoſe Libellers (by a Side-Wind) upon *Ours:*

And

And 'tis indeed the Bottom of their Deſign to make the *King*, cheap; his *Royal Brother*, odious; and to alter the Courſe of the *Succeſſion*.

Now after the *Malice* of this *ſputtering Triumvirate* (Mr. *Hunt*, and the *Two Reflectors*) againſt the Perſon and Dignity of the *King*, and againſt all that endeavour to *ſerve* him (which makes their Hatred to his Cauſe apparent,) the very *charging* of our *Play* to be a *Libel*, and ſuch a *Parallel* as theſe *Ignoramus's* wou'd render it, is almoſt as great an *Affront* to His *Majeſty*, as the *Libellous Picture it ſelf*, by which they have expos'd him to his *Subjects:* For it is no longer our *Parallel*, but the *King*'s, by whoſe *Order* it was *Acted*, without any *Shuffling* or *Importunity* from the *Poets*; The *Tragedy* (cry'd the Faction) is a *Libel* againſt *ſuch and ſuch Illuſtrious Perſons*. Upon this the *Play* was *ſtopt*, *examin'd*, *acquitted*, and order'd to be brought upon the *Stage:* Not one Stroke in't of a *Reſemblance*, to anſwer the *Scope* and Intent of the *Complaint*. There were ſome *Features* indeed, that the *Illuſtrious* Mr. *Hunt* and his Brace of Beagles (the Reflectors) might ſee reſembling theirs. And no *other Parallel* either *found* or *meant*, but betwixt the *French Leaguers and Ours:* And ſo far the Agreement held from Point to Point, as true as a couple of *Tallies*. But when neither the *King*, nor my Lord *Chamberlain*, with other honourable Perſons of Eminent Faith, Integrity and Underſtanding, upon a ſtrict Peruſal of the Papers, cou'd find one Syllable to countenance the *Calumny*; up ſtarts the *Defender of the Charter*, *&c. opens his Mouth, and ſays, What d'ye talk of the* King? *he's* abus'd, *he's* impos'd upon. *Is my Lord* Chamberlain *and the* Scrutineers *that ſucceed him*, to tell US, when the *King* and the *Duke of York* are *abus'd?* What ſays my *Lord Chief Baron of Ireland* to the Buſineſs? What ſays the *Livery-Man Templer?* What ſays *Og the King of Baſan* to't? We are Men that ſtand up for the *King's Supremacy* in *all Cauſes*, and over *all Perſons*, as well *Eccleſiaſtical* as *Civil*, next and immediately under *God* and the PEOPLE. We are for eaſing His *Royal Highneſs* of his *Title* to the *Crown*, and the *Cares* that attend any ſuch Proſpect;

Proſpect; and ſhall we ſee the *King* and the *Royal Family parallel'd* at this Rate, and not *reflect* upon't?

But to draw to an End. Upon the laying of Matters fairly together, what a *King* have theſe *Balderdaſh Scriblers* given us, under the *Reſemblance* of *Henry the Third!* How ſcandalous a Character again, of His Majeſty, in telling the World that he is *Libell'd*, and *Affronted* to his *Face*, *told on't*, *pointed to't*; and yet neither *He*, nor thoſe *about* him can be brought to *ſee* or *underſtand* it! There needs no more to expound the Meaning of theſe People, than to *compare* them with *Themſelves:* When it will evidently appear, that their *Lives* and *Converſations*, their *Writings* and their *Practices* do all take the *ſame Biaſs:* And when they dare not any longer revile his Majeſty or his Government *point blank*, they have an Intention to play the Libellers in *Maſquerade*, and do the *ſame Thing* in a Way of *Myſtery* and *Parable*. This is the true Caſe of the *pretended Parallel*. They lay their Heads together, and compoſe the Lewdeſt Character of a *Prince* that can be imagin'd, and then exhibit that Monſter to the *People* as the *Picture* of the King in the *Duke of Guiſe:* So that the *Libel* paſſes for *current* with the *Multitude*, whoever was the *Author* of it: And it will be but Common Juſtice to give the Devil his Due. But, the Truth is, their Contrivances are now ſo manifeſt, that their Party moulders both in Town and Country: (for I will not ſuſpect that there are any of them left in Court.) Deluded *Well-meaners* come over out of *Honeſty*, and *ſmall* Offenders out of common *Diſcretion*, or Fear. None will ſhortly remain with them, but Men of *deſperate Fortunes* or *Enthuſiaſts:* Thoſe who dare not ask Pardon, becauſe they have *tranſgreſs'd beyond it*, and thoſe who gain by *Confuſion*, as Thieves do by *Fires:* To whom *Forgiveneſs* were as vain, as a *Reprieve* to *condemn'd Beggars*; who muſt hang without it, or ſtarve with it.

Gravelot inv. G. Vander Gucht Sculp

ALBION
AND
ALBANIUS:
AN
OPERA.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Discite Justitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON in the *Strand.*

MDCCXXXV.

THE PREFACE.

IF Wit has truly been defin'd a Propriety of Thoughts and Words, then that Definition will extend to all Sorts of Poetry; and amongſt the reſt, to this preſent Entertainment of an *Opera*. Propriety of Thought is that Fancy which ariſes naturally from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. Propriety of Words, is the cloathing of thoſe Thoughts with ſuch Expreſſions as are naturally proper to them: And from both theſe, if they are judiciouſly perform'd, the Delight of Poetry reſults. An *Opera* is a Poetical Tale, or Fiction, repreſented by Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, and Dancing. The ſuppos'd Perſons of this Muſical *Drama* are generally ſupernatural, as Gods, and Goddeſſes, and Heroes, which at leaſt are deſcended from them, and are in due time to be adopted into their Number. The Subject therefore being extended beyond the Limits of Humane Nature, admits of that ſort of marvellous and ſurprizing Conduct, which is rejected in other Plays. Humane Impoſſibilities are to be receiv'd, as they are in Faith; becauſe where Gods are introduc'd, a Supreme Power is to be underſtood, and ſecond Cauſes are out of doors: Yet Propriety is to be obſerv'd even here. The Gods are all to manage their

peculiar Provinces; and what was attributed by the Heathens to one Power, ought not to be perform'd by any other. *Phœbus* muſt foretel, *Mercury* muſt charm with his *Caduceus*, and *Juno* muſt reconcile the Quarrels of the Marriage-Bed. To conclude, they muſt all act according to their diſtinct and peculiar Characters. If the Perſons repreſented were to ſpeak upon the Stage, it wou'd follow of neceſſity, That the Expreſſions ſhould be Lofty, Figurative, and Majeſtical: But the Nature of an *Opera* denies the frequent uſe of thoſe Poetical Ornaments: For Vocal Muſick, though it often admits a Loftineſs of Sound; yet always exacts an harmonious Sweetneſs: or to diſtinguiſh yet more juſtly, the Recitative Part of the *Opera* requires a more Maſculine Beauty of Expreſſion and Sound: The other, which (for want of a proper *Engliſh* Word) I muſt call *The Songiſh Part*, muſt abound in the Softneſs and Variety of Numbers; its principal Intention being to pleaſe the Hearing, rather than to gratify the Underſtanding. It appears indeed prepoſterous at firſt ſight, That Rhyme, on any conſideration, ſhould take place of Reaſon. But in order to reſolve the Problem, this fundamental Propoſition muſt be ſettled, That the firſt Inventors of any Art or Science, provided they have brought it to Perfection, are, in reaſon, to give Laws to it; and according to their Model, all After-Undertakers are to build. Thus in Epique Poetry, no Man ought to diſpute the Authority of *Homer*, who gave the firſt Being to that Maſter-piece of Art, and endued it with that Form of Perfection in all its Parts, that nothing was wanting to its Excellency. *Virgil* therefore, and thoſe very few who have ſucceeded him, endeavour'd not to introduce or innovate any thing in a Deſign already perfected, but imitated the Plan of the Inventor; and are only ſo far true Heroick Poets, as they have built on the Foundations of *Homer*. Thus *Pindar*, the Author of thoſe Odes, (which are ſo admirably reſtor'd by Mr. *Cowley* in our Language,) ought for ever to be the Standard of them; and we are bound, according to the practice of *Horace* and Mr. *Cowley*, to copy him. Now, to apply this Axiom to our preſent Purpoſe, whoſoever undertakes

the

the writing of an *Opera*, (which is a Modern Invention, though built indeed on the Foundations of Ethnick Worſhip,) is oblig'd to imitate the Deſign of the *Italians*, who have not only invented, but brought to Perfection, this ſort of Dramatick Muſical Entertainment. I have not been able by any ſearch, to get any light either of the Time when it began, or of the firſt Author. But I have probable Reaſons which induce me to believe, that ſome *Italians* having curiouſly obſerv'd the Gallantries of the *Spaniſh Moors* at their *Zambra's* or Royal Feaſts, where Muſick, Songs, and Dancing were in Perfection; together with their Machines, which are uſual at their *Sortiia's*, or running at the Ring, and other Solemnities, may poſſibly have refin'd upon thoſe Moreſque Divertiſements, and produc'd this delightful Entertainment, by leaving out the warlike part of the Carouſels, and forming a Poetical Deſign for the uſe of the Machines, the Songs, and Dances. But however it began, (for this is only conjectural,) we know that for ſome Centuries, the Knowledge of Muſick has flouriſh'd principally in *Italy*, the Mother of Learning and of Arts; that Poetry and Painting have been there reſtor'd, and ſo cultivated by *Italian* Maſters, that all *Europe* has been enrich'd out of their Treaſury, and the other Parts of it in relation to thoſe delightful Arts, are ſtill as much Provincial to *Italy*, as they were in the time of the *Roman* Empire. Their firſt *Opera*'s ſeem to have been intended for the Celebration of the Marriages of their Princes, or for the Magnificence of ſome general time of Joy. Accordingly the Expences of them were from the Purſe of the Sovereign, or of the Republick, as they are ſtill practis'd at *Venice*, *Rome*, and at other Places at their Carnivals. *Savoy* and *Florence* have often us'd them in their Courts, at the Weddings of their Dukes. And at *Turin* particularly, was perform'd the *Paſtor Fido*, written by the famous *Guarini*, which is a Paſtoral *Opera* made to ſolemnize the Marriage of a Duke of *Savoy*. The Prologue of it has given the Deſign to all the *French*; which is, a Compliment to the Sovereign Power by ſome God or Goddeſs; ſo that it looks no leſs than a kind of Embaſſy from Heaven to Earth. I

ſaid in the beginning of this Preface, that the Perſons repreſented in *Opera's* are generally Gods, Goddeſſes, and Heroes deſcended from them, who are ſuppos'd to be their peculiar Care; which hinders not, but that meaner Perſons may ſometimes gracefully be introduc'd, eſpecially if they have relation to thoſe firſt Times, which Poets call the *Golden Age:* wherein by reaſon of their Innocence, thoſe happy Mortals were ſuppos'd to have had a more familiar Intercourſe with Superior Beings; and therefore Shepherds might reaſonably be admitted, as of all Callings the moſt innocent, the moſt happy, and who by reaſon of the ſpare Time they had, in their almoſt idle Employment, had moſt Leiſure to make Verſes, and to be in Love; without ſomewhat of which Paſſion, no *Opera* can poſſibly ſubſiſt.

'Tis almoſt needleſs to ſpeak any thing of that noble Language, in which this Muſical *Drama* was firſt invented and perform'd. All, who are converſant in the *Italian*, cannot but obſerve, that it is the ſofteſt, the ſweeteſt, the moſt harmonious, not only of any Modern Tongue, but even beyond any of the Learned. It ſeems indeed to have been invented for the ſake of Poetry and Muſick; the Vowels are ſo abounding in all Words, eſpecially in Terminations of them, that excepting ſome few Monoſyllables, the whole Language ends in them. Then the Pronunciation is ſo Manly, and ſo Sonorous, that their very Speaking has more of Muſick in it than *Dutch Poetry* and *Song*. It has withal deriv'd ſo much Copiouſneſs and Eloquence from the *Greek* and *Latin*, in the Compoſition of Words, and the Formation of them, that (if after all we muſt call it Barbarous) 'tis the moſt Beautiful and moſt Learned of any Barbariſm in Modern Tongues. And we may, at leaſt, as juſtly praiſe it, as *Pyrrhus* did the *Roman* Diſcipline and Martial Order, that it was of *Barbarians*, (for ſo the *Greeks* call'd all other Nations) but had nothing in of Barbarity. This Language has in a manner been refin'd and purify'd from the *Gothick*, ever ſince the time of *Dante*; which is above Four Hundred Years ago; and the *French*, who now caſt a longing Eye to their Country, are not leſs ambitious to poſſeſs their Elegance in Poetry

and

and Muſick; in both which they labour at Impoſſibilities. 'Tis true indeed, they have reform'd their Tongue, and brought both their Proſe and Poetry to a Standard; the Sweetneſs as well as the Purity is much improv'd by throwing off the unneceſſary Conſonants, which made their Spelling tedious, and their Pronunciation harſh: But after all, as nothing can be improv'd beyond its own *Species*, or farther than its original Nature will allow; as an ill Voice, though never ſo thoroughly inſtructed in the Rules of Muſick, can never be brought to ſing harmoniouſly, nor many an honeſt Critick ever arrive to be a good Poet, ſo neither can the natural Harſhneſs of the *French*, or their perpetual ill Accent be ever refin'd into perfect Harmony like the *Italian*. The *Engliſh* has yet more natural Diſadvantages than the *French*; our original *Teutonick* conſiſting moſt in Monoſyllables, and thoſe incumbred with Conſonants, cannot poſſibly be freed from thoſe Inconveniencies. The reſt of our Words, which are deriv'd from the *Latin* chiefly, and the *French*, with ſome ſmall Sprinklings of *Greek*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*, are ſome Relief in Poetry, and help us to ſoften our uncouth Numbers; which together with our *Engliſh Genius*, incomparably beyond the Trifling of the *French*, in all the nobler Parts of Verſe, will juſtly give us the Prehemineence. But, on the other hand, the Effeminacy of our Pronunciation (a Defect common to us and to the *Danes*,) and our Scarcity of Female Rhymes have left the Advantage of Muſical Compoſition for Songs, tho' not for Recitative, to our Neighbours.

Through theſe Difficulties, I have made a ſhift to ſtruggle in my Part of the Performance of this *Opera*; which, as mean as it is, deſerves at leaſt a Pardon, becauſe it has attempted a Diſcovery beyond any former Undertaker of our Nation; only remember, that if there be no North-Eaſt Paſſage to be found, the Fault is in Nature, and not in me. Or, as *Ben Johnſon* tells us in the *Alchymiſt*, when Projection had fail'd, and the Glaſſes were all broken, there was enough however in the Bottoms of them to cure the Itch; ſo I may thus be poſitive, That if I have not ſucceeded, as I deſire, yet there is ſomewhat ſtill re-

maining, to ſatisfy the Curioſity or Itch of Sight and Hearing. Yet I have no great Reaſon to deſpair; for I may, without Vanity, own ſome Advantages, which are not common to every Writer; ſuch as are the Knowledge of the *Italian* and *French* Language, and the being converſant with ſome of their beſt Performances in this Kind; which have furniſh'd me with ſuch Variety of Meaſures, as have given the Compoſer Monſieur *Grabut* what Occaſions he cou'd wiſh, to ſhew his extraordinary Talent, in diverſifying the Recitative, the Lyrical Part, and the Chorus: In all which, (not to attribute any Thing to my own Opinion,) the beſt Judges, and thoſe too of the beſt Quality, who have honour'd his Rehearſals with their Preſence, have no leſs commended the Happineſs of his Genius than his Skill. And let me have the Liberty to add one Thing; that he has ſo exactly expreſs'd my Senſe, in all Places, where I intended to move the Paſſions, that he ſeems to have enter'd into my Thoughts, and to have been the Poet as well as the Compoſer. This I ſay, not to flatter him, but to do him Right; becauſe amongſt ſome *Engliſh* Muſicians, and their Scholars, (who are ſure to judge after them,) the Imputation of being a *French-man*, is enough to make a Party, who maliciouſly endeavour to decry him. But the Knowledge of *Latin* and *Italian* Poets, both which he poſſeſſes, beſides his Skill in Muſick, and his being acquainted with all the Performances of the *French Opera's*, adding to theſe the good Senſe to which he is born, have rais'd him to a Degree above any Man, who ſhall pretend to be his Rival on our Stage. When any of our Countrymen excel him, I ſhall be glad, for the Sake of old *England*, to be ſhewn my Error; in the mean time, let Virtue be commended, though in the Perſon of a Stranger.

If I thought it convenient, I cou'd here diſcover ſome Rules which I have given to my ſelf in writing of an *Opera* in general; and of this *Opera* in particular: But I conſider, that the Effect would only be, to have my own Performance meaſur'd by the Laws I gave; and conſequently to ſet up ſome little Judges, who not underſtanding throughly, wou'd be ſure to fall upon the Faults,

and

and not to acknowledge any of the Beauties; (an hard Meaſure, which I have often found from falſe Criticks.) Here therefore, if they will criticiſe, they ſhall do it out of their own *Fond*; but let them firſt be aſſur'd, that their Ears are nice; for there is neither writing nor judging on this Subject, without that good Quality. 'Tis no eaſy Matter in our Language to make Words ſo ſmooth, and Numbers ſo harmonious, that they ſhall almoſt ſet themſelves. And yet there are Rules for this in Nature: And as great a Certainty of Quantity in our Syllables, as either in the *Greek* or *Latin:* But let Poets and Judges underſtand thoſe firſt, and then let them begin to ſtudy *Engliſh*. When they have chaw'd awhile upon theſe Preliminaries, it may be they will ſcarce adventure to tax me with want of Thought and Elevation of Fancy in this Work; for they will ſoon be ſatisfied, that thoſe are not of the Nature of this Sort of Writing: The Neceſſity of double Rhimes, and ordering of the Words and Numbers for the Sweetneſs of the Voice, are the main Hinges on which an *Opera* muſt move; and both of theſe are without the Compaſs of any Art to teach another to perform; unleſs Nature in the firſt Place has done her Part, by enduing the Poet with that Nicety of Hearing, that the Diſcord of Sounds in Words ſhall as much offend him, as a Seventh in Muſick wou'd a good Compoſer. I have therefore no Need to make Excuſes for Meanneſs of Thought in many Places: The *Italians*, with all the Advantages of their Language, are continually forc'd upon it; or rather they affect it. The chief Secret is in the Choice of Words; and by this Choice I do not here mean Elegancy of Expreſſion, but Propriety of Sound, to be varied according to the Nature of the Subject. Perhaps a Time may come, when I may treat of this more largely, out of ſome Obſervations which I have made from *Homer* and *Virgil*, who amongſt all the Poets, only underſtood the Art of Numbers, and of that which was properly call'd *Rhythmus* by the Ancients.

The ſame Reaſons which depreſs Thought in an *Opera*, have a ſtronger Effect upon the Words; eſpecially in our Language: For there is no maintaining the Purity

of

of *Engliſh* in ſhort Meaſures, where the Rhime returns ſo quick, and is ſo often Female, or double Rhime, which is not natural to our Tongue, becauſe it conſiſts too much of Monoſyllables, and thoſe too, moſt commonly clogg'd with Conſonants; for which Reaſon I am often forc'd to coin new Words, revive ſome that are antiquated, and botch others; as if I had not ſerv'd out my Time in Poetry, but was bound 'Prentice to ſome Doggrel Rhimer, who makes Songs to Tunes, and ſings them for a Livelihood. 'Tis true, I have not been often put to this Drudgery; but where I have, the Words will ſufficiently ſhew, that I was then a Slave to the Compoſition, which I will never be again: 'Tis my Part to invent, and the Muſician's to humour that Invention. I may be counſell'd, and will always follow my Friend's Advice, where I find it reaſonable; but will never part with the Power of the *Militia*.

I am now to acquaint my Reader with ſomewhat more particular concerning this *Opera*, after having begg'd his Pardon for ſo long a Preface to ſo ſhort a Work. It was originally intended only for a Prologue to a Play, of the Nature of the *Tempeſt*; which is a Tragedy mix'd with *Opera*; or a *Drama* written in Blank Verſe, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, Songs and Dances: So that the Fable of it is all ſpoken and Acted by the beſt of the Comedians; the other Part of the Entertainment to be perform'd by the ſame Singers and Dancers who are introduc'd in this preſent *Opera*. It cannot properly be call'd a Play, becauſe the Action of it is ſuppos'd to be conducted ſometimes by ſupernatural Means, or Magick; nor an *Opera*, becauſe the Story of it is not ſung. But more of this at its proper Time: But ſome intervening Accidents having hitherto deferr'd the Performance of the main Deſign, I propos'd to the Actors, to turn the intended Prologue into an Entertainment by it ſelf, as you now ſee it, by adding two Acts more to what I had already written. The Subject of it is wholly Allegorical; and the Allegory it ſelf ſo very obvious, that it will no ſooner be read than underſtood. 'Tis divided according to the plain and natural Method of every Action,

tion, into Three Parts. For even *Ariſtotle* himſelf is contented to ſay ſimply, That in all Actions there is a Beginning, a Middle, and an End; after which Model, all the *Spaniſh* Plays are built.

The Deſcriptions of the Scenes, and other Decorations of the Stage, I had from Mr. *Betterton*, who has ſpar'd neither for Induſtry, nor Coſt, to make this Entertainment perfect, nor for Invention of the Ornaments to beautify it.

To conclude, though the Enemies of the Compoſer are not few, and that there is a Party form'd againſt him of his own Profeſſion, I hope, and am perſwaded, that this Prejudice will turn in the End to his Advantage. For the greateſt Part of an Audience is always unintereſs'd, though ſeldom knowing; and if the Muſick be well compos'd, and well perform'd, they who find themſelves pleas'd, will be ſo wiſe as not to be impos'd upon, and fool'd out of their Satisfaction. The Newneſs of the Undertaking is all the Hazard: When *Opera's* were firſt ſet up in *France*, they were not follow'd over eagerly; but they gain'd daily upon their Hearers, 'till they grew to that Height of Reputation, which they now enjoy. The *Engliſh*, I confeſs, are not altogether ſo Muſical as the *French*; and yet they have been pleas'd already with the *Tempeſt*, and ſome Pieces that follow'd, which were neither much better written, nor ſo well compos'd as this. If it finds Encouragement, I dare promiſe my ſelf to mend my Hand, by making a more pleaſing Fable: In the mean Time, every loyal *Engliſh-man* cannot but be ſatisfy'd with the Moral of this, which ſo plainly repreſents the Double Reſtoration of his Sacred Majeſty.

POSTSCRIPT.

THis Preface being wholly written before the Death of my late Royal Maſter, (quem ſemper acerbum, ſemper honoratum, ſic Dii voluiſtis, habebo,) *I have now lately review'd it, as ſuppoſing I ſhou'd find many Notions in it, that wou'd require Correction on cooler Thoughts.*

After

After four Months lying by me, I look'd on it as no longer mine, becauſe I had wholly forgotten it; but I confeſs with ſome Satisfaction, and perhaps a little Vanity, that I found my ſelf entertain'd by it; my own Judgment was new to me, and pleas'd me when I look'd on it as another Man's. I ſee no Opinion that I wou'd retract or alter, unleſs it be, that poſſibly the Italians *went not ſo far as* Spain, *for the Invention of their* Opera's. *They might have it in their own Country; and that by gathering up the Ship-wrecks of the* Athenian *and* Roman *Theatres; which we know were adorn'd with Scenes, Muſick, Dances and Machines, eſpecially the* Grecian. *But of this the learned Monſieur* Voſſius, *who has made our Nation his ſecond Country, is the beſt, and perhaps the only Judge now living: As for the* Opera *it ſelf, it was all compos'd, and was juſt ready to have been perform'd, when he, in Honour of whom it was principally made, was taken from us.*

He had been pleas'd twice or thrice to command, that it ſhou'd be practis'd before him, eſpecially the Firſt and Third Acts of it; and publickly declar'd more than once, That the Compoſition and Chorus's were more juſt, and more beautiful, than any he had heard in England. *How nice an Ear he had in Muſick, is ſufficiently known; his Praiſe therefore has eſtabliſh'd the Reputation of it, above Cenſure, and made it in a manner ſacred. 'Tis therefore humbly and religiouſly dedicated to his Memory.*

It might reaſonably have been expected, that his Death muſt have chang'd the whole Fabrick of the Opera; *or at leaſt a great Part of it. But the Deſign of it originally was ſo happy, that it needed no Alteration, properly ſo call'd; for the Addition of twenty or thirty Lines in the Apotheoſis of* Albion, *has made it entirely of a Piece. This was the only Way which cou'd have been invented, to ſave it from a botch'd Ending; and it fell luckily into my Imagination: As if there were a Kind of Fatality, even in the moſt trivial Things concerning the Succeſſion; a Change was made, and not for the worſe, without the leaſt Confuſion or Diſturbance: And thoſe very Cauſes which ſeem'd to threaten us with Troubles, conſpir'd to produce our laſting Happineſs.*

PROLOGUE.

FUll twenty Years, and more, our lab'ring Stage
Has loſt, on this incorrigible Age:
Our Poets, the John Ketches *of the Nation,*
Have ſeem'd to laſh ye, ev'n t' Excoriation:
But ſtill no Sign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like Heroes, or you brib'd like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a Fop,
Like beating Nut-Trees, makes a larger Crop?
'Faith we'll e'en ſpare our Pains; and to content you,
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.
Satyr was once your Phyſick, Wit your Food;
One nouriſh'd not, and t'other drew no Blood.
We now preſcribe, like Doctors in Deſpair,
The Diet your weak Appetites can bear.
Since hearty Beef and Mutton will not do,
Here's Julep-dance, Ptiſan of Song and Show:
Give you ſtrong Senſe, the Liquor is too heady;
You're come to Farce, that's Aſſes Milk, already.
Some hopeful Youths there are, of callow Wit,
Who one Day may be Men, if Heav'n think fit;
Sound may ſerve ſuch, ere they to Senſe are grown;
Like Leading-ſtrings, 'till they can walk alone.
But yet to keep our Friends in Count'nance, know,
The wiſe Italians *firſt invented Show;*
Thence, into France *the noble Pageant paſt;*
'Tis England's *Credit to be cozen'd laſt.*
Freedom and Zeal have chous'd you o'er and o'er,
Pray give us Leave to bubble you once more;
You never were ſo cheaply fool'd before;
We bring you Change, to humour your Diſeaſe;
Change for the worſe has ever us'd to pleaſe:
Then 'tis the Mode of France, *without whoſe Rules,*
None muſt preſume to ſet up here for Fools:

In

PROLOGUE.

In France, *the oldeſt Man is always young,*
Sees Opera's *daily, learns the Tunes ſo long,*
'Till Foot, Hand, Head, keep Time with ev'ry Song.
Each ſings his Part, echoing from Pit and Box,
With his hoarſe Voice, half Harmony, half Pox.
Le plus grand Roy du Monde, *is always ringing:*
They ſhow themſelves good Subjects by their Singing.
On that Condition, ſet up every Throat;
You Whigs *may ſing, for you have chang'd your Note.*
Cits and Citeſſes, raiſe a joyful Strain,
'Tis a good Omen to begin a Reign:
Voices may help your Charter to Reſtoring,
And get by Singing, what you loſt by Roaring.

Names of the Perſons, repreſented in the ſame Order as they appear firſt upon the Stage.

Mercury.
Auguſta. *London.*
Thameſis.
Democracy.
Zelota. *Feign'd Zeal.*
Archon. *The General.*
Juno.
Iris.
Albion.
Albanius.
Pluto.
Alecto.
Apollo.
Nereids.
Acacia. *Innocence.*
Tyranny.
Aſebia. *Atheiſm*, or *Ungodlineſs.*
Proteus.
Venus.
Fame.
A Chorus of Cities.
A Chorus of Rivers.
A Chorus of the People.
A Chorus of Furies.
A Chorus of Nereids and *Tritons.*
A Grand Chorus of Heroes, Loves, and Graces.

THE

THE

FRONTISPIECE.

THE Curtain riſes, and a new Frontiſpiece is ſeen, join'd to the great Pilaſters, which are on each Side of the Stage: On the Flat of each Baſis is a Shield, adorn'd with Gold: In the middle of the Shield on one Side, are two Hearts, a ſmall Scrowl of Gold over 'em, and an Imperial Crown over the Scrowl: on the other, in the Shield are two Quivers full of Arrows Saltyre, &c. *Upon each Baſis ſtands a Figure bigger than the Life, one repreſents* Peace, *with a Palm in one, and an Olive-Branch in the other Hand; t'other* Plenty, *holding a* Cornucopia, *and reſting on a Pillar. Behind theſe Figures are large Columns of the* Corinthian *Order, adorn'd with Fruit and Flowers: Over one of the Figures on the Trees is the King's Cypher; over the other, the Queen's: Over the Capitals, on the Cornice, ſits a Figure on each Side; one repreſents* Poetry, *crown'd with Lawrel, holding a Scrowl in one Hand, the other with a Pen it, and reſting on a Book; the other,* Painting, *with a Pallat and Pencils,* &c. *On the Sweep of the Arch lies one of the Muſes, playing on a Baſs-Viol; another of the Muſes, on the other Side, holding a Trumpet in one Hand, and the other on a Harp. Between theſe Figures, in the middle of the Sweep of the Arch, is a very large Pannel in a Frame of Gold; in this Pannel is painted on one Side a Woman repreſenting the City of* London, *leaning her Head on her Hand in a dejected Poſture, (ſhewing her Sorrow and Penitence for her Offences;) the other Hand holds the Arms of the City, and*

a Mace lying under it: On the other Side is a Figure of the Thames, *with his Legs ſhackl'd, and leaning on an empty Urn: Behind theſe are Two Imperial Figures; one repreſenting His preſent Majeſty; and the other the Queen: By the King ſtands* Pallas, (*or Wiſdom and Valour,*) *holding a* Charter *for the City, the King extending his Hand, as raiſing her drooping Head, and reſtoring her to her ancient Honour and Glory: Over the City are the envious devouring* Harpies *flying from the Face of Majeſty: By the Queen ſtand the* Three Graces, *holding Garlands of Flowers, and at her Feet* Cupids *bound, with their Bows and Arrows broken, the Queen pointing with her Scepter to the River, and commanding the* Graces *to take off their Fetters. Over the King, in a Scrowl, is this Verſe of* Virgil,

Diſcite Juſtitiam, moniti, & non temnere Divos.

Over the Queen, this of the ſame Author,

Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.

Albion

Albion and *Albanius*:

An OPERA.

Decorations of the STAGE in the Firſt Act.

THE Curtain riſes, and there appears on either ſide of the Stage, next to the Frontiſpiece, a Statue on Horſe-back of Gold on Pedeſtals of Marble, enrich'd with Gold, and bearing the Imperial Arms of England. *One of theſe Statues is taken from that of the late King at* Charing-Croſs; *the other from that Figure of his preſent Majeſty (done by that noble Artiſt Mr.* Gibbons) *at* Windſor.

The Scene is a Street of Palaces, which lead to the Front of the Royal-Exchange; *the great Arch is open, and the View is continued through the open part of the* Exchange, *to the Arch on the other ſide, and thence to as much of the Street beyond, as could properly be taken.*

MERCURY deſcends in a Chariot drawn by Ravens.

He comes to Auguſta *and* Thameſis. *They lie on Couches at a diſtance from each other in dejected Poſtures; She attended by Cities, He by Rivers.*

On

On the ſide of Auguſta's *Couch are Painted Towers falling, a Scarlet Gown, and a Gold Chain, a Cap of Maintenance thrown down, and a Sword in a Velvet Scabbard thruſt through it, the City Arms, a Mace with an old uſeleſs Charter, and all in diſorder. Before* Thameſis *are broken Reeds, Bull-ruſhes, Sedge,* &c. *with his Urn Reverſt.*

ACT I.

MERCURY *Deſcends.*

MERCURY.

THOU glorious Fabrick! ſtand for ever, ſtand:
Well worthy Thou to entertain
The God of Traffick, and of Gain,
To draw the Concourſe of the Land,
And Wealth of all the Main.
But where the Shoals of Merchants meeting?
Welcome to their Friends repeating,
Buſie Bargains deafer Sound!
Tongue Confus'd of every Nation?
Nothing here but Deſolation,
Mournful Silence reigns around.

Aug. O *Hermes!* pity me!
I was, while Heav'n did ſmile,
The Queen of all this Iſle,
Europe's Pride,
And *Albion*'s Bride;
But gone my Plighted Lord! ah, gone is He!
O *Hermes!* pity me!

Tham. And I the Noble Flood, whoſe tributary Tide
Does on her Silver Margent ſmoothly glide;
But Heaven grew jealous of our happy State:
And bid revolving Fate
Our Doom decree;

No

No more the King of Floods am I,
No more the Queen of *Albion*, She!
[*The two Lines are ſung by Repriſes betwixt* Aug. *and* Tham.
Aug. O *Hermes!* pity me! } *Sung by* Auguſta *and* Tha-
Tham. O *Hermes!* pity me! } meſis *together.*
Aug. Behold!
Tham. Behold!
Aug. My Turrets on the Ground
That once my Temples crown'd!
Tham. The Sedgy Honours of my Brows diſpers'd!
My Urn revers'd!
Merc. Riſe, riſe, *Auguſta*, riſe!
And wipe thy weeping Eyes:
Auguſta! for I call thee ſo!
Tis lawful for the Gods to know
Thy future Name,
And growing Fame.
Riſe, riſe, *Auguſta*, riſe.
Aug. O never, never will I riſe,
Never will I ceaſe my Mourning,
Never wipe my weeping Eyes,
Till my plighted Lord's returning!
Never, never will I riſe!
Merc. What brought Thee, Wretch, to this Deſpair?
The Cauſe of thy Misfortune ſhow
Aug. It ſeems the Gods take little Care
Of Humane Things below,
When even our Suffrings here they do not know!
Merc. Not unknowing came I down,
Diſloyal Town!
Speak! didſt not Thou
Forſake thy Faith, and break thy Nuptial Vow?
Aug. Ah 'tis too true! too true!
But what cou'd I, unthinking City, do?
Faction ſway'd me,
Zeal allur'd me,
Both aſſur'd me,
Both betray'd me!
Merc. Suppoſe me ſent
Thy *Albion* to reſtore. Can'ſt

Can'ſt thou repent?

Aug. My Falſhood I deplore!

Tham. Thou ſeeſt her mourn, and I
With all my Waters will her Tears ſupply.

Merc. Then by ſome Loyal Deed regain
Thy long-loſt Reputation,
To waſh away the Stain
That blots a noble Nation!
And free thy famous Town again
From force of Uſurpation.

Chor. } We'll waſh away the Stain
of all. } That blots a noble Nation,
And free this famous Town again
From force of Uſurpation.

[*Dance of the Followers of* Mercury.

Aug. Behold *Democracy* and *Zeal* appear;
She that allur'd my Heart away,
And he that after made a Prey.

Merc. Reſiſt, and do not fear!

Chor. of all. Reſiſt, and do not fear!

Enter Democracy *and* Zeal *attended by* Archon.

Democ. Nymph of the City! bring thy Treaſures,
Bring me more
To waſte in Pleaſures.

Aug. Thou haſt exhauſted all my Store,
And I can give no more.

Zeal. Thou Horny Flood, for *Zeal* provide
A new Supply; and ſwell thy Moony Tide,
That on thy buxom Back the floating Gold may glide.

Tham. Not all the Gold the Southern Sun produces,
Or Treaſures of the fam'd *Levant*,
Suffice for pious Uſes,
To feed the ſacred Hunger of a Saint!

Democ. Woe to the Vanquiſh'd, Woe!
Slave as thou art,
Thy Wealth impart,
And me thy Victor know!

Zeal. And me thy Victor know.
Reſiſtleſs Arms are in my Hand,
Thy Bars ſhall burſt at my Command,

Thy

Thy Towry Head lie low.
Woe to the Vanquiſh'd, Woe!
Aug. Were I not bound by Fate
For ever, ever here,
My Walls I would tranſlate
To ſome more happy Sphere,
Remov'd from Servile Fear,
Tham. Remov'd from Servile Fear.
Wou'd I could diſappear,
And ſink below the Main;
For Commonwealth's a Load
My old Imperial Flood
Shall never never bear again.
A Commonwealth's a Load
Our old Imperial Flood
Shal never never never bear again. } Thames. *and* Aug. *together.*
Dem. Pull down her Gates, expoſe her bare;
I muſt enjoy the proud, diſdainful Fair.
Haſte, *Archon*, haſte
To lay her waſte!
Zeal. I'll hold her faſt
To be embrac'd!
Dem. And ſhe ſhall ſee
A Thouſand Tyrants are in thee,
A Thouſand Thouſand more in me!
Archo. to *Aug.* { From the *Caledonian* Shore
Hither am I come to ſave thee,
Not to force or to enſlave thee,
But thy *Albion* to reſtore:
Hark! the Peals the People ring,
Peace, and Freedom, and a King.
Chorus. Hark! the Peals the People ring,
Peace, and Freedom, and a King.
Aug. Tham. To Arms! to Arms!
Archon. I lead the way!
Merc. Ceaſe your Alarms!
And ſtay, brave *Archon*, ſtay!
'Tis doom'd by Fate's Decree!
'Tis doom'd that *Albion*'s Dwelling,
All other Iſles excelling,

By

By Peace ſhall happy be!

Archon. What then remains for me?

Merc. Take my *Caduceus!* Take this awful Wand,
With this th' Infernal Ghoſt I can command,
And ſtrike a Terror through the *Stygian* Land.
Commonwealth will want Pretences,
Sleep will creep on all his Senſes;
Zeal that lent him her Aſſiſtance, } Archon *touches* Demo-
Stand amaz'd without Reſiſtance. } cracy *with a Wand.*

Dem. I feel a lazy Slumber lays me down!
Let *Albion!* let him take the Crown!
Happy let him reign,
Till I wake again. [*Falls aſleep.*

Zeal. In vain I rage, in vain
I rouze my Powers;
But I ſhall wake again,
I ſhall, to better Hours.
Ev'n in Slumber will I vex him;
Still perplex him,
Still incumber:
Know, you that have ador'd him,
And Sovereign Power afford him,
We'll reap the Gains
Of all your Pains,
And ſeem to have reſtor'd him! [Zeal *falls aſleep.*

Aug. and *Tham.* A ſtupifying Sadneſs
Leaves her without Motion;
But Sleep will cure her Madneſs,
And cool her to Devotion.

A double Pedeſtal riſes: On the Front of it is painted in Stone-Colour, Two Women; One holding a doubleface'd Vizor; the other a Book, repreſenting Hypocriſy *and* Phanaticiſm; *when* Archon *has charmed* Democracy *and* Zeal *with the* Caduceus *of* Mercury, *they fall aſleep on the Pedeſtal, and it ſinks with them.*

Merc. Ceaſe, *Auguſta!* Ceaſe thy Mourning,
Happy Days appear,
God-like *Albion* is returning
Loyal Hearts to cheer!

Every

Every Grace his Youth adorning,
Glorious as the Star of Morning,
Or the Planet of the Year.
Chor. God-like *Albion* is returning, *&c.*
Merc. } Haſte away, Loyal Chief, haſte away.
Arch. } No Delay, but obey:
To receive thy lov'd Lord! haſte away, [*Ex.* Arch.
Tham. *Medway* and *Iſis*, you that augment me,
Tides that encreaſe my Watry Store,
And you that are Friends to Peace and Plenty,
Send my merry Boys all aſhore;
Seamen Skipping,
Mariners Leaping,
Shouting, Tripping,
Send my merry Boys all aſhore!

A Dance of Watermen in the King's and Duke's Liveries.

The Clouds divide, and Juno *appears in a Machine drawn by Peacocks; while a Symphony is playing, it moves gently forward, and as it deſcends, it opens and diſcovers the Tail of the Peacock, which is ſo large, that it almoſt fills the opening of the Stage between Scene and Scene.*

Merc. The Clouds divide; what Wonders,
What Wonders do I ſee!
The Wife of *Jove!* 'Tis She,
That Thunders, more than Thundring He!
Juno. No, *Hermes*, no;
'Tis Peace above
As 'tis below:
For *Jove* has left his wandring Love.
Tham. Great Queen of gathering Clouds,
Whoſe Moiſture fills our Floods,
See, we fall before Thee,
Proſtrate we adore Thee!
Aug. Great Queen of Nuptial Rites,
Whoſe Pow'r the Souls unites,
And fills the Genial Bed with chaſte Delights,

See; we fall before Thee,
Proſtrate we adore Thee!

Juno. 'Tis ratify'd above by every God,
And *Jove* has firm'd it with an awful Nod;
That *Albion* ſhall his Love renew:
But oh, ungrateful Fair,
Repeated Crimes beware,
And to his Bed be true!

Iris *appears on a very large Machine. This was really ſeen the* 18th *of* March, 1684, *by Capt.* Chriſtopher Gunman, *on Board his R. H. Yacht, then in* Calais Pierre: *He drew it as it then appear'd, and gave a Draught of it to us. We have only added the Cloud where the Perſon of* Iris *ſits.*

Juno. Speak, *Iris*, from *Batavia*, ſpeak the News!
Has ſhe perform'd my dread Command,
Returning *Albion* to his longing Land,
Or dare the Nymph refuſe?

Iris. Albion, by the Nymph attended,
Was to *Neptune* recommended.
Peace and Plenty ſpread the Sails:
Venus in her Shell before him,
From the Sands in Safety bore him,
And ſupply'd *Eteſian* Gales. [*Retornella.*
Archon on the Shore commanding,
Lowly met him at his Landing,
Crowds of People ſwarm'd around;
Welcome rang the Peals of Thunder;
Welcome, rent the Skies aſunder:
Welcome, Heav'n and Earth reſound.

Juno. Why ſtay we then on Earth,
When Mortals laugh and love?
'Tis Time to mount above,
And ſend *Aſtræa* down,
The Ruler of his Birth,
And Guardian of his Crown.
'Tis Time to mount above,
And ſend *Aſtræa* down.

Mer.

Mer. Ju. Ir. 'Tis Time to mount above,
And ſend *Aſtræa* down. [Mer. Ju. *and* Ir. *aſcend.*
Aug. and *Tham.* The Royal Squadron marches,
Erect Triumphal Arches,
For *Albion* and *Albanius:*
Rejoyce at their returning.
The Paſſages adorning:
The Royal Squadron marches,
Erect Triumphal Arches
For *Albion* and *Albanius.*

Part of the Scene diſappears, and the Four Triumphal Arches, erected at his Majeſty's Coronation, are ſeen.

Albion *appears,* Albanius *by his Side, preceded by* Archon, *follow'd by a Train,* &c.

Full Chorus. Hail, Royal *Albion,* Hail!
Aug. Hail, Royal *Albion,* Hail to thee,
Thy longing People's Expectation!
Tham. Sent from the Gods to ſet us free
From Bondage and from Uſurpation!
Aug. To pardon and to pity me,
And to forgive a guilty Nation!
Tham. Behold the differing Climes agree,
Rejoycing in thy Reſtauration.

Entry. *Repreſenting the Four Parts of the World rejoycing at the Reſtauration of* Albion.

ACT II.

The Scene is a Poetical Hell. The Change is Total. *The Upper Part of the Houſe, as well as the Side-Scenes. There is the Figure of* Prometheus *chain'd to a Rock, the Vulture gnawing his Liver.* Siſyphus *rowling the Stone; the* Belides, *&c. Beyond, Abundance of Figures in various Torments. Then a great Arch of Fire. Behind this, three Pyramids of Flames in perpetual Agitation. Beyond this, glowing Fire, which terminates the Proſpect.*

Pluto, *the Furies; with* Alecto, Democracy, *and* Zelota.

Plu. INfernal Off-ſpring of the Night,
Debarr'd of Heav'n your Native Right,
And from the glorious Fields of Light,
Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,
And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain;
Since Pleaſures here are none below,
Be Ill our Good, our Joy be Woe;
Our Work t'embroil the Worlds above,
Diſturb their Union, diſ-unite their Love,
And blaſt the beauteous Frame of our Victorious Foe.
Dem. and *Zel.* O thou for whom thoſe Worlds are made,
Thou Sire of all Things, and their End,
From hence they ſpring, and when they fade,
In ſhuffled Heaps they hither tend;
Here humane Souls receive their Breath,
And wait for Bodies after Death.
Dem. Hear our Complaint, and grant our Pray'r.
Plu. Speak what you are,
And whence you fell?
Dem. I am thy firſt-begotten Care,
Conceiv'd in Heaven, but born in Hell.

When

When thou didſt bravely undertake in Fight
Yon' Arbitrary Pow'r,
That rules by Sovereign Might,
To ſet thy Heav'n-born Fellows free,
And leave no difference in Degree,
In that Auſpicious Hour
Was I begot by thee.

Zel. One Mother bore us at a Birth,
Her Name was *Zeal* before ſhe fell;
No fairer Nymph in Heav'n or Earth,
'Till Saintſhip taught her to rebel:
But loſing Fame,
And changing Name;
She's now the *Good Old Cauſe* in Hell.

Plu. Dear Pledges of a Flame not yet forgot,
Say, what on Earth has been your Lot?

Dem. and *Zel.* The Wealth of *Albion*'s Iſle was ours,
Auguſta ſtoop'd with all her ſtately Tow'rs!

Dem. Democracy kept Nobles under.

Zel. Zeal from the Pulpit roar'd like Thunder.

Dem. I trampled on the State.

Zel. I lorded o'er the Gown.

Dem. and *Zel.* We both in Triumph ſate
Uſurpers of the Crown.
But oh prodigious Turn of Fate!
Heaven controuling,
Sent us rowling, rowling down.

Plu. I wonder'd how of late our *Acherontick* ſhore
Grew thin, and Hell unpeopl'd of her Store;
Charon, for want of Uſe, forget his Oar.
The Souls of Bodies dead flew all ſublime,
And hither none return'd to purge a Crime:
But now I ſee ſince *Albion* is reſtor'd,
Death has no Buſ'neſs, nor the vengeful Sword.
'Tis too too much that here I lie
From glorious Empire hurl'd;
By *Jove* excluded from the Sky;
By *Albion* from the World.

Dem. Were Common-wealth reſtor'd again,
Thou ſhouldſt have Millions of the Slain
To fill thy dark Abode.

Zel. For he a Race of Rebels ſends,
And *Zeal* the Path of Heav'n pretends;
But ſtill miſtakes the Road.
Plu. My lab'ring Thought
At length hath wrought
A bravely bold Deſign,
In which you both ſhall join;
In borrow'd Shapes to Earth return;
Thou *Common-wealth*, a Patriot ſeem,
Thou *Zeal*, like true Religion burn,
To gain the giddy Crowd's Eſteem.
Alecto, thou to fair *Auguſta* go,
And all thy Snakes into her Boſom throw.
Dem. Spare ſome, to ſling
Where they may ſting
The Breaſt of *Albion*'s King.
Zel. Let Jealouſies ſo well be mix'd,
That Great *Albanius* be unfix'd!
Plu. Forbear your vain Attempts, forbear;
Hell can have no Admittance there:
The People's Fear will ſerve as well,
Make him ſuſpected, them rebel.
Zel. Y'have all forgot
To forge a Plot,
In ſeeming Care of *Albion*'s Life;
Inſpire the Crowd
With Clamours loud,
T'involve his Brother and his Wife.
Al. Take of a Thouſand Souls at thy Command,
The baſeſt, blackeſt of the *Stygian* Band:
One that will ſwear to all they can invent,
So throughly damn'd, that he can ne'er repent:
One often ſent to Earth,
And ſtill at every Birth
He took a deeper Stain:
One that in *Adam*'s Time was *Cain*:
One that was burnt in *Sodom*'s Flame,
For Crimes ev'n here too black to name:
One, who through every Form of Ill has run:
One, who in *Naboth*'s Days, was *Belial*'s Son:

One

One, who has gain'd a Body fit for Sin;
Where all his Crimes
Of former Times,
Lie crowded in a Skin.
Plu. Take him;
Make him
What you pleaſe;
For he
Can be
A Rogue with Eaſe.
One for mighty Miſchief born:
He can ſwear, and be forſworn.
Plu. and *Alect.* } Take him, make him what you pleaſe;
For he can be a Rogue with Eaſe.
Plu. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our Woes,
The Wretch that is damn'd has nothing to loſe.
Ye Furies advance
With the *Ghoſts* in a Dance.
'Tis a Jubilee when the World is in Trouble.
When People Rebel, } *A ſingle Entry of a Devil follow'd*
We frolick in Hell; } *by an Entry of* 12 *Devils.*
But when the King falls, the Pleaſure is double.
Chorus. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our
The Wretch that is damn'd hath nothing to loſe. [Woes,

The Scene changes to a Proſpect taken from the middle of the Thames; *one Side of it begins at* York-Stairs, *thence to* White-Hall, *and the* Mill-bank, *&c. The other from the* Saw-Mill, *thence to* Biſhop's Palace, *and on as far as can be ſeen in a clear Day.*

Enter Auguſta: *She has a Snake in her Boſom, hanging down.*

Aug. O Jealouſy, thou raging Ill,
Why haſt thou found a Room in Lovers Hearts,
Afflicting what thou canſt not kill,
And poiſoning Love himſelf, with his own Darts?
I find my *Albion*'s Heart is gone,
My firſt Offences yet remain,

Nor can Repentance Love regain;
One writ in Sand, alas, in Marble one.
I rave, I rave, my Spirits boil
Like Flames increas'd, and mounting high with pouring Oil:
Diſdain and Love ſucceed by Turns; [Oil:
One freezes me, and t'other burns; it burns.
Away ſoft Love, thou Foe to Reſt,
Give Hate the full Poſſeſſion of my Breaſt.
Hate is the nobler Paſſion far,
When Love is ill repay'd;
For at one Blow it ends the War,
And cures the Love-ſick Maid.

Enter Democracy *and* Zelota; *one repreſents a* Patriot, *the other*, Religion.

Dem. Let not thy generous Paſſion waſte its Rage,
But once again reſtore our Golden Age;
Still to weep and to complain,
Does but more provoke Diſdain.
Let publick Good
Inflame thy Blood;
With Crowds of Warlike People thou art ſtor'd,
And Heaps of Gold;
Reject thy old,
And to thy Bed receive another Lord.
Zel. Religion ſhall thy Bonds releaſe,
For Heav'n can looſe, as well as tie all;
And when 'tis for the Nation's Peace,
A King is but a King on Tryal;
When Love is loſt, let Marriage end,
And leave a Huſband for a Friend.
Dem. With Jealouſy ſwarming
The People are arming,
And Frights of Oppreſſion invade them.
Zel. If they fall to relenting,
For fear of repenting,
Religion ſhall help to perſwade 'em.
Aug. No more, no more Temptations uſe
To bend my Will;

How

How hard a Taſk 'tis to refuſe
A pleaſing Ill!

Dem. Maintain the ſeeming Duty of a Wife,
A modeſt Show with jealous Eyes deceive,
Affect a Fear for hated *Albion*'s Life,
And for imaginary Dangers grieve.

Zel. His Foes already ſtand protected,
His Friends by publick Fame ſuſpected,
Albanius muſt forſake his Iſle:
A Plot contriv'd in happy Hour
Bereaves him of his Royal Pow'r,
For Heav'n to mourn, and Hell to ſmile.

The former Scene continues.

Enter Albion *and* Albanius *with a Train.*

Alb. Then Zeal and Common-wealth infeſt
My Land again;
The Fumes of Madneſs that poſſeſt
The People's giddy Brain,
Once more diſturb the Nation's Reſt,
And dye Rebellion in a deeper Stain.

II.

Will they at length awake the ſleeping Sword,
And force Revenge from their offended Lord?
How long, ye Gods, how long
Can Royal Patience bear
Th' Inſults and Wrong
Of Mad-Mens Jealouſies, and cauſeleſs Fear?

III.

I thought their Love by Mildneſs might be gain'd,
By Peace I was reſtor'd, in Peace I reign'd:
But Tumults, Seditions,
And haughty Petitions,
Are all the Effects of a merciful Nature;

Forgiving and granting,
E're Mortals are wanting,
But leads to Rebelling againſt their Creator.

Mercury *deſcends.*

Mer. With Pity *Jove* beholds thy State,
But *Jove* is circumſcrib'd by Fate;
Th' o'erwhelming Tide rowls on ſo faſt,
It gains upon this Iſland's Waſte:
And is oppos'd too late! too late!
Alb. What then muſt helpleſs *Albion* do?
Mer. Delude the Fury of the Foe,
And to preſerve *Albanius*, let him go;
For 'tis decreed,
Thy Land muſt bleed,
For Crimes not thine, by wrathful *Jove*:
A Sacred Flood
Of Royal Blood,
Cries Vengeance, Vengeance loud above.

Mercury *aſcends.*

Alb. Shall I, t'aſſwage
Their brutal Rage,
The Regal Stem deſtroy?
Or muſt I loſe,
(To pleaſe my Foes,)
My ſole remaining Joy?
Ye Gods, what worſe,
What greater Curſe,
Can all your Wrath employ?
Alban. Oh *Albion!* hear the Gods and me!
Well am I loſt, in ſaving thee.
Not Exile or Danger can fright a brave Spirit
With Innocence guarded,
With Virtue rewarded;
I make of my Sufferings a Merit.
Alb. Since then the Gods, and Thou wilt have it ſo;
Go: (Can I live once more to bid Thee?) go,

Where

Where thy Misfortunes call thee, and thy Fate:
Go, guiltleſs Victim of a guilty State,
In War my Champion to defend,
In peaceful Hours, when Souls unbend,
My Brother, and what's more, my Friend!
Born where the foamy Billows roar,
On Seas leſs dang'rous than the Shore:
Go, where the Gods thy Refuge have aſſign'd:
Go from my Sight; but never from my Mind.

Alban. Whatever hoſpitable Ground
Shall be for me, unhappy Exile, found,
'Till Heav'n vouchſafe to ſmile;
What Land ſoe'er,
Tho' none ſo dear
As this ungrateful Iſle;
O think! O think! no Diſtance can remove
My vow'd Allegiance, and my loyal Love.

Albi. and *Alban.* The roſy-finger'd Morn appears,
And from her Mantle ſhakes her Tears,
In promiſe of a glorious Day:
The Sun, returning, Mortals chears,
And drives the riſing Miſts away,
In Promiſe of a glorious Day. [*Ritornelle.*

The farther Part of the Heaven opens, and diſcovers a Machine; as it moves forwards, the Clouds which are before it divide, and ſhew the Perſon of Apollo, *holding the Reins in his Hand. As they fall lower, the Horſes appear with the Rays, and a great Glory about* Apollo.

Apol. All Hail, ye Royal Pair!
The Gods peculiar Care:
Fear not the Malice of your Foes;
Their dark Deſigning,
And Combining,
Time and Truth ſhall once expoſe:
Fear not the Malice of your Foes.

II.

My ſacred Oracles aſſure,
The Tempeſt ſhall not long endure;

Ihre

But when the Nation's Crimes are purg'd away,
Then ſhall you both in Glory ſhine:
Propitious both, and both Divine:
In Luſtre equal to the God of Day.

} Apollo *goes forward out of Sight.*

Neptune *riſes out of the Water, and a Train of Rivers,* Tritons, *and Sea-Nymphs attend him.*

Tham. Old Father Ocean calls my Tide:
Come away, come away;
The Barks upon the Billows ride,
The Maſter will not ſtay;
The merry Boſon from his Side
His Whiſtle takes, to check and chide
The lingring Lad's Delay,
And all the Crew aloud has cry'd,
Come away, come away.

See the God of Seas attends thee,
Nymphs Divine, a Beauteous Train:
All the calmer Gales befriend thee
In thy Paſſage o'er the Main:
Every Maid her Locks is binding,
Every *Triton*'s Horn is winding,
Welcome to the watry Plain.

Chacon.

Two Nymphs and Tritons *ſing.*

Ye Nymphs, the Charge is Royal,
Which you muſt convey;
Your Hearts and Hands employ all,
Haſten to obey;
When Earth is grown diſloyal,
Shew there's Honour in the Sea.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus of Nymphs and Tritons *repeat the ſame Verſes.*

The Chacon *continues.*

Two Nymphs and Tritons

Sports

Sports and Pleaſures ſhall attend you
Through all the watry Plains,
Where *Neptune* reigns:
Venus ready to defend you,
And her Nymphs to eaſe your Pains.
No Storm ſhall offend you,
Paſſing the Main;
Nor Billow threat in vain,
So Sacred a Train,
'Till the Gods that defend you,
Reſtore you again.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus *repeat the ſame Verſes,* Sports and Pleaſures, *&c.*

The Chacon *continues.*

The two Nymphs and Triton *ſing.*

See at your bleſt Returning
Rage diſappears;
The Widow'd Iſle in Mourning
Dries up her Tears,
With Flowers the Meads adorning
Pleaſure appears,
And Love diſpels the Nation's cauſeleſs Fears.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus *of Nymphs and* Triton *repeat the ſame Verſes,* See at your bleſt Returning, *&c.*

The Chacon *continues.*

Then the Chorus *repeat,* See the God of Seas, *&c. And this* Chorus *concludes the Act.*

ACT

ACT III.

The Scene is a View of Dover, *taken from the Sea. A Row of Cliffs fill up each Side of the Stage, and the Sea the Middle of it, which runs into the* Peer: *Beyond the* Peer, *is the Town of* Dover: *On each Side of the Town, is ſeen a very high Hill; on one of which is the Caſtle of* Dover; *on the other, the great Stone which they call the* Devil's-Drop. *Behind the Town ſeveral Hills are ſeen at great Diſtance, which finiſh the View.*

Enter Albion *bare-headed:* Acacia *or* Innocence *with him.*

Alb. BEhold, ye Powers! from whom I own
A Birth immortal, and a Throne:
See a Sacred King uncrown'd,
See your Off-ſpring, *Albion*, bound:
The Gifts you gave with laviſh Hand,
Are all beſtow'd in vain:
Extended Empire on the Land,
Unbounded o'er the Main.

Ac. Empire o'er the Land and Main,
Heav'n that gave, can take again;
But a Mind that's truly brave,
Stands deſpiſing
Storms ariſing,
And can ne'er be made a Slave.

Alb. Unhelp'd I am, who pity'd the Diſtreſs'd,
And none oppreſſing, am by all oppreſs'd;
Betray'd, forſaken, and of Hope bereft.

Ac. Yet ſtill the Gods, and Innocence are left.

Alb. Ah! what canſt thou avail,
Againſt Rebellion arm'd with Zeal,
And fac'd with publick Good!

O Monarch ſee
Your Fate in me!
To rule by Love,
To ſhed no Blood,
May be extoll'd above;
But here below,
Let Princes know,
'Tis fatal to be good.

Chorus of both. To rule by Love, &c.

Ac. Your Father *Neptune* from the Seas
Has *Nereids* and blue *Tritons* ſent,
To charm your Diſcontent.

Nereids *riſe out of the Sea, and ſing,* Tritons *dance.*

From the low Palace of old Father Ocean,
Come we in Pity your Cares to deplore:
Sea-racing Dolphins are train'd for our Motion,
Moony Tides ſwelling to rowl us a-ſhore.

II.

Ev'ry Nymph of the Flood, her Treſſes rending,
Throws off her Armlet of Pearl in the Main;
Neptune in Anguiſh his Charge unattending,
Veſſels are found'ring, and Vows are in vain.

Enter Tyranny, Democracy, *repreſented by Men, attended by* Aſebia *and* Zelota, *Women.*

Tyr. Ha, ha, 'tis what ſo long I wiſh'd and vow'd,
Our Plots and Deluſions
Have wrought ſuch Confuſions,
That the Monarch's a Slave to the Crowd.
Dem. A Deſign we fomented,
Tyr. By Hell it was new!
Dem. A falſe Plot invented,
Tyr. To cover a true.
Dem. Firſt with promis'd Faith we flatter'd.
Tyr. Then Jealouſies and Fears we ſcatter'd.
Aſeb. We never valu'd Right and Wrong,
But as they ſerv'd our Cauſe.

Zel.

Zel. Our Buſineſs was to pleaſe the Throng,
And court their wild Applauſe:
Aſeb. For this we brib'd the Lawyer's Tongue,
And then deſtroy'd the Laws.
Cho. For this, &c.
Tyr. To make him ſafe, we made his Friends our Prey;
Dem. To make him great, we ſcorn'd his Royal Sway,
Tyr. And to confirm his Crown, we took his Heiraway.
Dem. T' encreaſe his Store,
We kept him poor:
Tyr. And when to Wants we had betray'd him,
To keep him low,
Pronounc'd a Foe,
Whoe'er preſum'd to aid him.
Aſeb. But you forget the nobleſt Part,
And Maſter-piece of all your Art,
You told him he was ſick at Heart.
Zel. And when you could not work Belief
In *Albion* of th' imagin'd Grief;
Your perjur'd Vouchers in a Breath,
Made Oath, that he was ſick to Death;
And then five hundred Quacks of Skill
Reſolv'd, 'twas fit he ſhould be ill.
Aſeb. Now hey for a Common-Wealth,
We merrily drink and ſing,
'Tis to the Nation's Health,
For every Man's a King.
Zel. Then let the Mask begin,
The *Saints* advance,
To fill the Dance,
And the Property Boys come in.

The Boys in white begin a Fantaſtick Dance.

Cho. Let the Saints aſcend the Throne.
Dem. Saints have Wives, and Wives have Preachers,
Gifted Men, and able Teachers;
Theſe to get, and thoſe to own.
Cho. Let the Saints aſcend the Throne.

Aſeb.

Aſeb. Freedom is a Bait alluring;
Them betraying, us ſecuring,
While to Sov'reign Pow'r we ſoar.
Zel. Old Deluſions new repeated,
Shews them born but to be cheated,
As their Fathers were before.

Six Sectaries begin a formal affected Dance, the two graveſt whiſper the other Four, and draw 'em into the Plot: They pull out and deliver Libels to them, which they receive.

Dem. See friendleſs *Albion* there alone,
Without Defence
But Innocence;
Albanius now is gone.
Tyr. Say then, what muſt be done?
Dem. The Gods have put him him in our Hand.
Zel. He muſt be Slain!
Tyr. But who ſhall then command?
Dem. The People: For the Right returns to thoſe,
Who did the Truſt impoſe.
Tyr. 'Tis fit another Sun ſhou'd riſe,
To cheer the World, and light the Skies.
Dem. But when the Sun
His Race has run,
And neither cheers the World, nor lights the Skies;
'Tis fit a Common-wealth of Stars ſhould riſe.
Aſeb. Each noble Vice
Shall bear a Price,
And Virtue ſhall a Drug become:
An empty Name
Was all her Fame,
But now ſhe ſhall be dumb.
Zel. If open Vice be what you drive at,
A Name ſo broad we'll ne'er connive at.
Saints love Vice, but more refin'dly,
Keep her cloſe, and uſe her kindly.
Tyr. Fall on:
Dem. Fall on: E'er *Albion*'s Death, we'll try,
If one or many ſhall his Room ſupply.

The

The white Boys dance about the Saints: The Saints draw out the Aſſociation, and offer it to them: They refuſe it, and quarrel about it: Then the white Boys and Saints fall into a confus'd Dance, imitating Fighting. The white Boys, at the End of the Dance, being driven out by the Sectaries with Proteſtant *Flails.*

Alb. See the Gods my Cauſe defending,
When all humane Help was paſt!
Acac. Factions mutually contending,
By each other fall at laſt.
Alb. But is not yonder *Proteus'* Cave,
Below that Steep,
Which riſing Billows brave?
Acac. It is: And in it lies the God aſleep:
And ſnorting by,
We may deſcry,
The Monſters of the Deep.
Alb. He knows the Paſt,
And can reſolve the Future too.
Acac. 'Tis true!
But hold him faſt,
For he can change his Hue.

The Cave of Proteus *riſes out of the Sea, it conſiſts of ſeveral Arches of Rock-work adorn'd with Mother of Pearl, Coral, and abundance of Shells of various kinds. Thro' the Arches is ſeen the Sea, and Parts of* Dover-Pier: *In the Middle of the Cave is* Proteus *aſleep on a Rock adorn'd with Shells,* &c. *like the Cave.* Albion *and* Acacia *ſeize on him; and while a Symphony is playing, he ſinks as they are bringing him forward, and changes himſelf into a Lion, a Crocodile, a Dragon, and then to his own Shape again; He comes toward the Front of the Stage, and ſings.*

Symphony.

Pro. Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men,
Prince of Peace, too mildly reigning,

Ceaſe

Ceaſe thy Sorrrow and Complaining;
Thou ſhalt be reſtor'd again:
Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men.

II.

Still thou art the Care of Heav'n,
In thy Youth to Exile driv'n:
Heav'n thy Ruin then prevented,
'Till the guilty Land repented:
In thy Age, when none could aid thee,
Foes conſpir'd, and Friends betray'd thee;
To the Brink of Danger driv'n,
Still thou art the Care of Heav'n.

Alb. To whom ſhall I my Preſervation owe?
Pro. Aſk me no more! for 'tis by *Neptune*'s Foe.

Proteus *deſcends.*

Democracy *and* Zelota *return with their Faction.*

Dem. Our ſeeming Friends, who join'd alone,
To pull down one, and build another Throne,
Are all diſpers'd and gone:
We brave Republick Souls remain.

Zel. And 'tis by us that *Albion* muſt be ſlain:
Say, whom ſhall we employ
The Tyrant to deſtroy?

Dem. That Archer is by Fate deſign'd,
With one Eye clear, and t'other blind.

Zel. He comes inſpir'd to do't.

Omnes. Shoot, holy *Cyclop*, ſhoot.

The One-Ey'd Archer advances, the reſt follow: A Fire ariſes betwixt them and Albion. [*Ritornel.*

Dem. Lo! Heav'n and Earth combine
To blaſt our bold Deſign.
What Miracles are ſhown!
Nature's alarm'd,

And

And Fires are arm'd,
To guard the Sacred Throne.

Zelota. What help, when jarring Elements conſpire
To puniſh our audacious Crimes?
Retreat betimes,
To ſhun th' avenging Fire.

Chor. To ſhun th' avenging Fire. [*Ritor.*

As they are going back, a Fire ariſes from behind: They all ſink together.

Alb. Let our tuneful Accents upwards move,
Till they reach the vaulted Arch of thoſe above;
Let us adore 'em;
Let us fall before 'em:

Acac. Kings they made, and Kings they love.
When they protect a rightful Monarch's Reign,
The Gods in Heav'n, the Gods on Earth maintain.

Both. When they protect, &c.

Alb. But ſee what Glories gild the Main.

Acac. Bright *Venus* brings *Albanius* back again,
With all the Loves and Graces in her Train.

A Machine riſes out of the Sea: It opens and diſcovers Venus *and* Albanius *ſitting in a great Scallop-ſhell, richly adorn'd:* Venus *is attended by the Loves and Graces,* Albanius *by Heroes: The Shell is drawn by Dolphins: It moves forward, while a Symphony of Flutes-Doux,* &c. *is playing, till it lands 'em on the Stage, and then it cloſes and ſinks.*

VENUS *Sings.*

Albion, Hail; the Gods preſent Thee
All the richeſt of their Treaſures,
Peace and Pleaſures,
To content Thee, } *Graces and Loves*
Dancing their Eternal Meaſures. } *Dance an Entry.*

Venus. But above all Humane Bleſſing,
Take a Warlike Loyal Brother,
Never Prince had ſuch another,
Conduct, Courage, Truth expreſſing, } *Here the Heroes*
All Heroick Work poſſeſſing. } *Dance is perform'd.*

Chor. of all. But above all, &c. [*Ritor.*

Whilſt

Whilſt a Symphony is playing; a very large, and a very glorious Machine deſcends: The figure of it Oval, all the Clouds ſhining with Gold, abundance of Angels and Cherubins flying about 'em, and playing in 'em; in the midſt of it ſits Apollo *on a Throne of Gold: he comes from the Machine to* Albion.

Phœb. From *Jove*'s Imperiul Court,
Where all the Gods reſort;
In awful Council met,
Surprizing News I bear:
Albion the Great,
Muſt change his Seat,
For he's adopted there.
Venus. What Stars above ſhall we diſplace?
Where ſhall he fill a Room Divine?
Nept. Deſcended from the Sea-God's Race,
Let him by my *Orion* ſhine.
Phœb. No, not by that tempeſtuous Sign:
Betwixt the *Balance* and the *Maid*,
The Juſt,
Auguſt,
And peaceful Shade,
Shall ſhine in Heav'n with Beams diſplay'd,
While Great *Albanius* is on Earth obey'd.
Venus. Albanius, Lord of Land and Main,
Shall with fraternal Virtues reign;
And add his own,
To fill the Throne;
Ador'd and fear'd, and lov'd no leſs:
In War victorious, mild in Peace,
The Joy of Man, and *Jove*'s Increaſe.
Acac. O Thou! who mount'ſt th' Æthereal Throne,
Be kind and happy to thy own;
Now *Albion* is come,
The People of the Sky
Run gazing, and cry
Make Room, make Room,
Make Room for our New Deity.

Here

Here Albion *mounts the Machine, which moves upward ſlowly.*

A full Chorus of all that Acacia *ſung.*

Ven. Behold what Triumphs are prepar'd to grace
Thy glorious Race,
Where Love and Honour claim an equal place;
Already they are fix'd by Fate,
And only ripening Ages wait.

The Scene changes to a Walk of very high Trees: At the end of the Walk is a view of that part of Windſor, *which faces* Eton: *In the midſt of it is a row of ſmall Trees, which lead to the Caſtle-Hill: In the firſt Scene, part of the Town and part of the Hill: In the next, the Terrace Walk, the King's Lodgings, and the upper part of St.* George's *Chapel, then the Keep; And, Laſtly, that part of the Caſtle beyond the Keep.*

In the Air is a Viſion of the Honours of the Garter; the Knights in Proceſſion, and the King under a Canopy: Beyond this, the upper end of St. George's *Hall.*

Fame *riſes out of the middle of the Stage, ſtanding on a Globe; on which is the Arms of* England: *The Globe reſts on a Pedeſtal: On the Front of the Pedeſtal is drawn a Man with a long, lean, pale Face, with Fiends Wings, and Snakes twiſted round his Body: He is encompaſs'd by ſeveral Phanatical Rebellious Heads, who ſuck Poiſon from him, which runs out of a Tap in his Side.*

Fame. Renown, aſſume thy Trumpet!
From Pole to Pole reſounding
Great *Albion*'s Name;
Great *Albion*'s Name ſhall be
The Theme of Fame, ſhall be Great *Albion*'s Name,
Great *Albion*'s Name; Great *Albion*'s Name.
Record the Garter's Glory:
A Badge for Heroes, and for Kings to bear:
For Kings to bear!
And ſwell th' Immortal Story,

With

With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear;
And ſwell th' Immortal Story,
With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear;
For Gods to hear.

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments: Trumpets and Hautboys make Ritornello's of all Fame *ſings; and Twenty four Dancers all the time in a Chorus, and Dance to the end of the* Opera.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

After our Æsop's Fable shown to-day,
I come to give the Moral of the Play.
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier Pace;
But the last Heat, Plain Dealing *won the Race;*
Plain Dealing *for a Jewel has been known;*
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown.
When Heav'n made Man, to show the Work Divine,
Truth was his Image, stamp'd upon the Coin:
And when a King is to a God refin'd,
On all he says and does he stamps his Mind:
This proves a Soul without Allay, and pure;
Kings, like their Gold, should every Touch endure.
To dare in Fields is Valour; but how few
Dare be so throughly Valiant to be True!
The Name of Great, let other Kings affect:
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct.
His Subjects know him now, and trust him more,
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws before.
What Safety could their publick Acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his Word.
So great a Trust to him alone was due;
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, securely trod,
While he believ'd the Beckning of his God;
But when his Faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our Native Character maintain,
'Tis of our growth, to be sincerely plain.
T' excel in Truth we loyally may strive;
Set Privilege against Prerogative:
He plights his Faith, and we believe him Just;
His Honour is to promise, ours to trust.
Thus Britain's *Basis on a Word is laid,*
As by a Word the World itself was made.